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Collier's

THE NATI EKLY

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"We think any merchant can use your plan to get more farm trade"

ROGER W. CURFMAN, *who increased his sales 130% with a Farm & Fireside week*

Big stores grow in small towns when the right method is used to develop farm trade. It pays to feature the high quality merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside

The H. R. Cross Drug Store of Winchester, Indiana, easily increased its sales 25% with a Farm & Fireside Week. Mr. Cross says the plan has "great value as an advertising scheme"

O. Frank Ward not only featured products advertised in Farm & Fireside but displayed the advertisements too. His sales showed a marked increase

Farm & Fireside Exhibition
H. R. CROSS DRUGS STATIONERY
H. R. CROSS DRUGS CANDIES

It wasn't over-enthusiasm that led Roger W. Curfman of Libertytown, Maryland, to write us the message above. True, his store had just completed a banner week with a Farm & Fireside exhibition—as he says, "the most profitable sales plan we have ever used." He had brought some two thousand people into his store, and 1,852 of them bought merchandise. He had boosted his sales that week from $856.25 to $1,968.27—an increase of 130%.

But he knows *why* the plan worked for him, and he knows that there are thousands of merchants with sales problems and sales opportunities just like his.

For Curfman's Store is a small town store. In Libertytown itself there are only 850 people. Around it, however, as around your town, there is a big market for quality merchandise—the farmers and their families. Curfman's Store simply reached out *straight* for more of this farm trade and got it—as you can, for we offer you the very same plan.

It makes no difference what type of store yours may be or where it is located, if you carry any of the products listed below and want to increase your sale of them, the Farm & Fireside plan will help you.

Read what these dealers in your line have done

Do you sell hardware? The Pelahatchie Hardware Co. of Pelahatchie, Mississippi (population 1,212), during a period of heavy rains when high water delayed the rural delivery of their announcements for two days, made an increase of 30% in sales with the Farm & Fireside plan. And 40% of this increase was secured on merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside.

O. Frank Ward, hardware dealer in Fountain City, Indiana (population less than 500), drew 1,000 people into his store with a Farm & Fireside Week. In writing us, he makes special comment on the fact that his sales for the week *after* the exhibition showed a gain of 33⅓% over the week before it.

Perhaps yours is a village general store. Would the Farm & Fireside plan work for you? J. L. Whitmire tried it in Ganado, Texas (population 716), and reports a sales increase of 55% over the preceding week—this on top of his regular farm business that averages well over $1,200 a week.

A drug store? The H. R. Cross Drug Store of Winchester, Indiana (population 4,021), increased its sales 25% with a Farm & Fireside Week. O. J. Lundemo of Watkins, Minnesota (population less than 500), boosted his sales 30% and he says the exhibition was "certainly the best kind of advertising."

Then here's the report from the Sabinal Drug Co., Sabinal, Texas (population 1,458). It shows a sales increase for Farm & Fireside Week of 43% over the preceding week, 58% over the corresponding week of last year.

Small town stores selling various lines of merchandise in widely separated rural communities, yet, like scores of other stores we've told about on these pages and have still to tell you about, they all prove Mr. Curfman's belief that "any merchant can use your plan to get more farm trade."

Why the plan works

The Farm & Fireside plan works because it makes a direct contact between the merchant and the most prosperous farmers in his trade territory—the five hundred, the thousand or two thousand readers of Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine.* (Within the trading area of the Curfman store, for instance, there are 3,817 farm families—2,561 owning their farms, 2,683 owning automobiles—and 3,725 of these 3,817 families read Farm & Fireside!) The plan points out to these farm people the store where they can see and examine and buy the products they read about month after month in their favorite magazine.

We cordially invite you to get the details of this plan for increasing your farm trade. Just write "How can we put on a Farm & Fireside Week," and name the products in the list below which you carry. Even if you handle only a few of these products, write for the plan. Levi S. Levor of Attica, Indiana, sold just *one* of them, but he used the Farm & Fireside plan to push the sale of that one item. He got seven *new* customers, and before he had reported his results most of them had come back to buy again!

Please write for complete information to Retail Sales Director, Suite 14-B, at the address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Gypsum
American Chain Co. (*Weed Chains*)
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Boss Stoves and Ovens
Brown's Beach Jacket
Buckeye Incubators
Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
Canadian Government—(Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough "*Vaseline*" Products
Chevrolet Cars and Trucks
Chilean Nitrate of Soda
Clark Grave Vaults
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Collis Process Pure Dried Buttermilk
Columbia Dry Cells & Batteries
Congoleum Rugs
Corn Products Refining Co. (Karo)
Crescent "*Mapleine*"
Crescent Tools
Crosley Radio Corporation
Dandelion Butter Color
DeLaval Separators & Milkers
DeVoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dietz Lanterns
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries
Ford Automobiles and Ford Trucks
General Electric Co.
General Motors Corporation
Glastenbury Underwear
Great Northern Ry.
Hall, Hartwell & Company, Inc. (Collars, Shirts, and Underwear)
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream
Hires Root Beer and Ginger Ale Extract
Hohner Harmonicas
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jell-O
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kow-Kare
Landers, Frary & Clark—"*Universal*"
Lee Unionalls
Luden's Menthol Cough Drops
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments.
Magnavox Co., The
Mellin's Food
Midwest Radio Co., "*Miraco*"
Monitor Furnace Co., "*Caloric*"
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Music Master Corp.
Natco Hollow Tile Silos and Farm Buildings
Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove
Nesco Royal GRANITE Enameled Ware
New Perfection Oil Ranges
Nujol
Northern Pacific Ry.
Overland Cars
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Planet Jr. Implements
Remington Arms Co., Inc. (Firearms, Ammunition, & Cutlery)
Reo Speed Wagons
Royal Fence
Ruckstell Axle
Savage Arms
Semi-Solid Buttermilk
Sloan's Liniment
Smith Brothers Cough Drops
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stevens' Shotguns
Stewart Clipping and Shearing Machine
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift's Products
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Victor Talking Machine
Westclox
Whiting-Adams Co. (Brushes)
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

NOW READY!

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at a *saving* of 46%

THE publication of the Encyclopædia Britannica in a New Form at a sweeping reduction in price marks a new epoch in the history of this great work.

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This is perhaps the most important announcement that has been made in the 156 years that the Britannica has been published, and it records one of the greatest publishing achievements of all time.

Summed up, it means that it is now possible for us to offer you the complete Britannica printed in large type from the original plates at a reduction of nearly one-half—by far the lowest price at which the newest and latest large type Britannica has ever been sold to the general public.

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The steps by which the New Form has been made a successful reality is a fascinating story. Leading printers and publishers said: "If you can do it, it will be a big success." Here was an entirely new idea involving revolutionary changes in the publication of the Britannica.

But we knew we were right. This idea was the logical outcome of years of experience; it crystallized the recommendations of thousands of users and owners of the Britannica. We gave the specifications to our experts and told them to go ahead. Their success has been beyond all expectations.

These were the specifications—and they have been carried out to the letter:

(1) **Large type, easy to read.**

(2) **Complete and latest text.**
(Nothing omitted, nothing altered.)

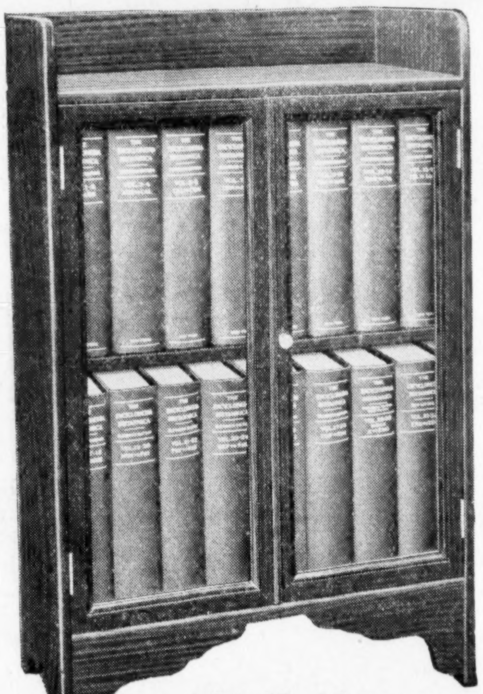
(3) **Fully illustrated.**
(All the original plates, maps, etc.)

(4) **Sweeping reduction in price.**

Why the price is so low

First of all, the experts made a striking innovation—they decided to bind this issue of the Britannica in 16 double volumes instead of 32 single volumes. That one change enabled us to save nearly 50 per cent of the binding cost.

This innovation was made possible by the use of the famous Britannica Opacity Paper, which is very thin but beautifully white and opaque. We placed an order for 1200 tons—sufficient for 10,000,000 books of ordinary size—at a time when prices in the paper market were at their lowest.



This Handsome BOOKCASE FREE

This handsome bookcase, in dark mahogany finish, especially designed for us by Maple & Co. of London, will be given FREE with each set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in the New Form while this offer lasts. But you must act promptly. Mail the coupon to-day.

Contents identical with issues selling for twice as much

Then it was determined to print this issue from the plates of the famous Cambridge issue, which sells for nearly twice as much. By doing this it was possible to save thousands of dollars, because we did not have to reset 33,000 pages of type.

The use of these plates is your guarantee that the text is identical with that of the finest de luxe sets.

The Encyclopædia Britannica in the New Form is the newest and latest issue, containing not only a full and authoritative account of the World War and its momentous consequences, but all the latest developments in industry, art, science, invention, etc. It contains 49,000,000 words, 33,000 pages and 15,600 illustrations—as much material as 476 books of average size printed on ordinary paper.

Only 20,000 sets of the Encyclopædia Britannica in the New Form have been printed and more than 3000 of these were sold before a single volume was off the press!

Only a limited edition at this 46% saving

Announcement of the New Form is being made in London, Paris and other capitals simultaneously with this announcement in America. Of the 17,000 sets hardly more than half will be available for the United States. These sets will go fast. The first subscribers will, of course, be served first. We urge you, therefore, to mail the coupon to-day for full particulars if you want to get one of these sets at the unprecedented saving of 46 per cent.

But you must act promptly! The special Handy Volume issue (*which was offered last fall and which will never be reprinted*) was sold out long before the date originally fixed for the end of the sale, and thousands of people who meant to order but put it off were disappointed. There is no doubt that this present issue in the New Form will be sold just as quickly.

Easy terms—small first payment

A very small first payment will put the complete set of 16 double volumes in your home immediately and you can pay the balance in easy monthly payments, so small that they will never be missed.

Seize this opportunity before it is too late. The time is now—it is the opportunity for which you have been waiting—to-morrow may be too late. We have only 17,000 sets to fill a world-wide demand. Make sure of your set. Before you turn the page sign the attached coupon (it commits you in no way) and we will send you full particulars of this wonderful offer.

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It tells all about the Encyclopædia Britannica in the New Form, reproduces a number of specimen pages (many in color), explains the easy terms of payment, and tells the fascinating story of how our experts made possible such an amazing reduction in price. 56 pages of interesting, instructive reading. Free on request if you mail the coupon promptly.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your 56-page book describing the Encyclopædia Britannica in the New Form at the special 46 per cent saving and full details of your easy plan of payment.

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Mail the coupon today!

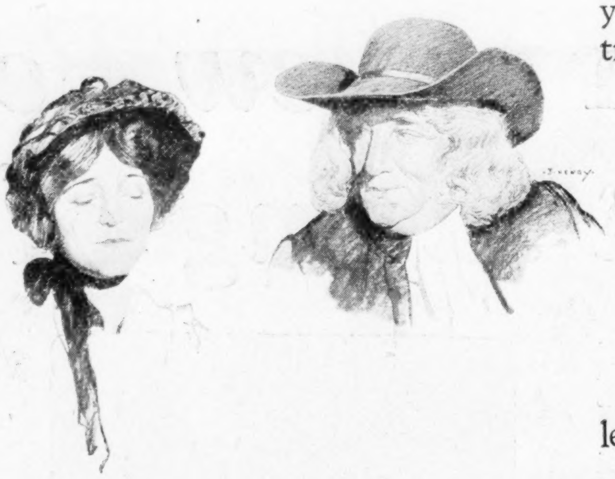
Mind-health, first

Do you know about the new phase of warfare against disease called Mental Hygiene? It is teaching people to guard their *mental* health—just as they have been taught to guard their *physical* health.

Physical health depends to a great extent upon mental health. Excessive anger, hatred, envy, jealousy, fear, revolt, malice—a hundred and one mental conflicts if persisted in—often cause serious mental and physical trouble. With continuing wrong thoughts and emotions we can't be well. That is one of the first things that Mental Hygiene teaches. Its underlying idea is as old as Time. The only new thing about it is that it has now been developed into a science that can be used to prevent mind-sickness and to solve individual mental problems.

Frequently people who are ill take remedy after remedy, travel north, south, east or west—all to no avail. Why? Because the *source* of the trouble—wrong thinking, false beliefs, distorted imagination, misdirected emotion—never has been touched. Such illnesses are not physical diseases although they may be accompanied by physical pain and may be manifested by sleeplessness, nervousness, indigestion and many other physical symptoms.

If you were physically ill—if anyone in your family were threatened with diphtheria or scarlet fever—you would do something about it. Mental sickness is quite as real and likewise should have prompt attention.



Perhaps the old Quaker was wiser than he knew when he said, "Everybody's queer except thee and me—and sometimes I think *thee* is a *little* queer".

Modern science agrees with the Quaker. *No one* has a mind that runs continuously with clock-like precision. All of us are *a little* queer at times. What mental hygiene does is to minimize our individual queerness.

There are men and women—graduate physicians—trained especially to treat troubles of the mind and to teach Mental Hygiene. Their work is known as psychiatry and all over the country wise and successful physicians are practicing it. At the first sign of mental disorder it is the part of wisdom to consult a doctor who understands psychiatry.

Wrong thinking and feeling frequently lead first to unhappiness—then to illness and sometimes even to insanity and criminality.

Dr. William J. Mayo, of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn., says that mental ailments are the cause of more misery than tuberculosis or cancer.

If you are feeling ill and find no physical reason for your discomfort, your doctor may discover that the real trouble is with your mind. This may be true, also, of those who have difficulty in maintaining a happy personal relationship with family, friends or business associates. Chronic worriers and pessimists show evidence of unhealthy mental operations. The million little demons of discontent, fear, disappointment, depression and all the rest are powerless against a healthy mind.

Frequently it is possible to straighten out your own mental difficulties. Sometimes talking them over with some wise man or woman who is by nature a mental hygienist will help to solve the problem. If you have a serious trouble do not keep it bottled up. Repression often is harmful.

Associate with happy, normal people. Exercise and have all the fun you can. Don't devote every minute to work. Take time for recreation—*re*-creation.

For centuries religion, philosophy and inspirational writings have helped men and women to gain poise and mental control—to know themselves. Healthy-minded people who have learned how to plan and direct their lives harmoniously are consciously or unconsciously employing mental hygiene.

Mental Hygiene is needed to help millions of people to think right, act right and feel right.

The time has come when Mental Hygiene—the science of mental health—should take its place with other major activities in the great field of preventive medicine. As the work of prevention progresses, much of the mental suffering, mental deficiency, criminality and insanity in the world will be reduced.

The cost of caring for the patients in mental hospitals alone is nearly $75,000,000 a year. The economic loss, because of their disability, is more than $200,000,000 annually. In several states, one out of twenty of all people who die in adult life dies in a hospital for the insane. The number of beds in public hospitals for the insane in this country equals those occupied by all other sick persons combined.

In 26 states in the Union, in Canada and in many European countries Mental Hygiene Societies have been formed to help those who are mentally troubled. It will be worth your while to get in touch with them. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly tell you where they are located and will mail you a list of books relating to Mental Hygiene if you will ask for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

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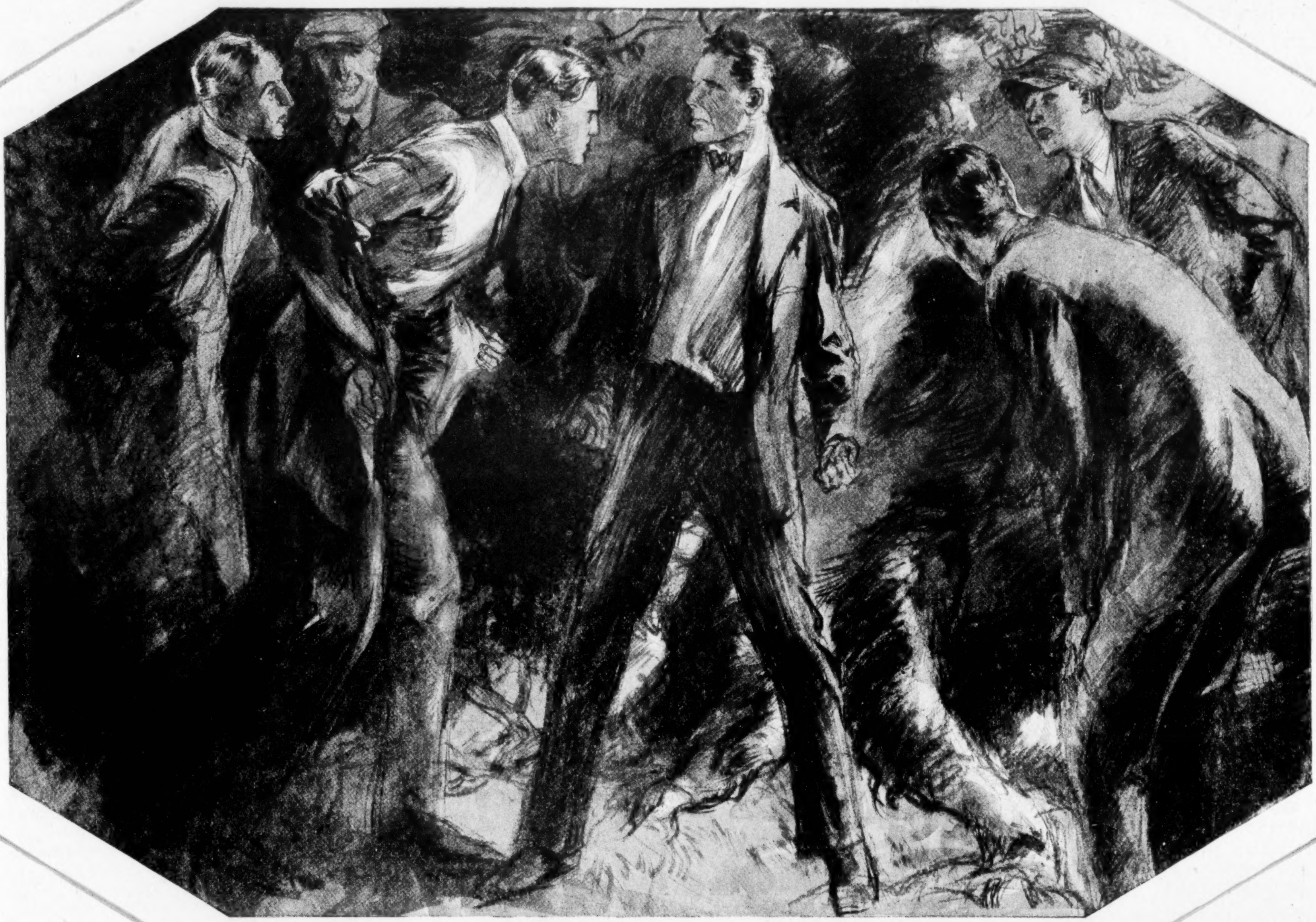


Simmons, the trained boxer, slipped off his jacket

The BARBARIAN

By WADSWORTH CAMP

ILLUSTRATED by JOHN LAGATTA

Chapter I

AFTERWARD Jefferson Harmon could trace his awakening to that tumultuous May evening at the State University, and he suspected that the impulse to fight savagely then sprang from his father's letter, which he had received that afternoon with its long-hoped-for news of an increase in value of the only property that the old man owned worth a penny. It was his fighting back, at any rate, that opened his eyes for the first time to the apparently limitless world beyond college through which he was destined to force so dramatic, exciting, and not infrequently dazzling a course.

The weather had its share, for that night the senior class of the law school suffered from the combination of a dull lecture and a vicious heat that had descended too early on the South. Instead of listening to the professor's bored drone, men stared helplessly at open windows which resembled the insatiable doors of a furnace. Wearily the lecturer endeavored to recapture their attention.

"Mr. Harmon, if you please!"

The class stirred, for no one knew who might be put on the carpet next. As Harmon got to his feet he was the focus of many glances, some curious, more contemptuous, while the majority were frankly unfriendly.

Tall and broad of body beyond the average, his poverty and untidiness seemed to have accommodated themselves to his size. In that room, indeed, crowded largely with rural and small-city types, there wasn't a single suit of clothes as shiny, as patched, or as ill-fitting as his; nor had any man there hair as thick or as untidy. His face resembled cut stone, and his lips were too straight, as if they had seldom smiled, but you couldn't make anything of the gray eyes, perhaps because they had not been fully opened.

The heat and inattention had stung the professor to a sinister sarcasm. "I dare say, Mr. Harmon," he sneered, "you can tell us what I have been talking about the past quarter of an hour."

Harmon's voice was deep, and failed to be musical only because of the conciseness of its intonation. "Practical politics, sir."

The class relaxed. It was a good thing Wilkins had hit on somebody who had listened. Trust Poler Harmon not to miss anything. The professor, perhaps conscious of his own dryness, seemed a trifle shocked at having had his aphorisms absorbed.

"Then," he challenged, "you might

tell us, Mr. Harmon, as briefly as possible, the outstanding quality on which a practical politician must depend for success."

Harmon's deep voice vibrated on one word: "Determination."

The professor's face disclosed thorough disapproval. Undoubtedly it was the quick, unforeseen answer that stimulated his sarcastic mood too far.

"When I suggested brevity, Mr. Harmon, I didn't ask a miracle. Don't you think you might spare a dozen words or so for the illumination of your groping classmates?"

In the room a snickering commenced and persisted, but Harmon remained stolid, motionless, answering without the slightest variation of voice.

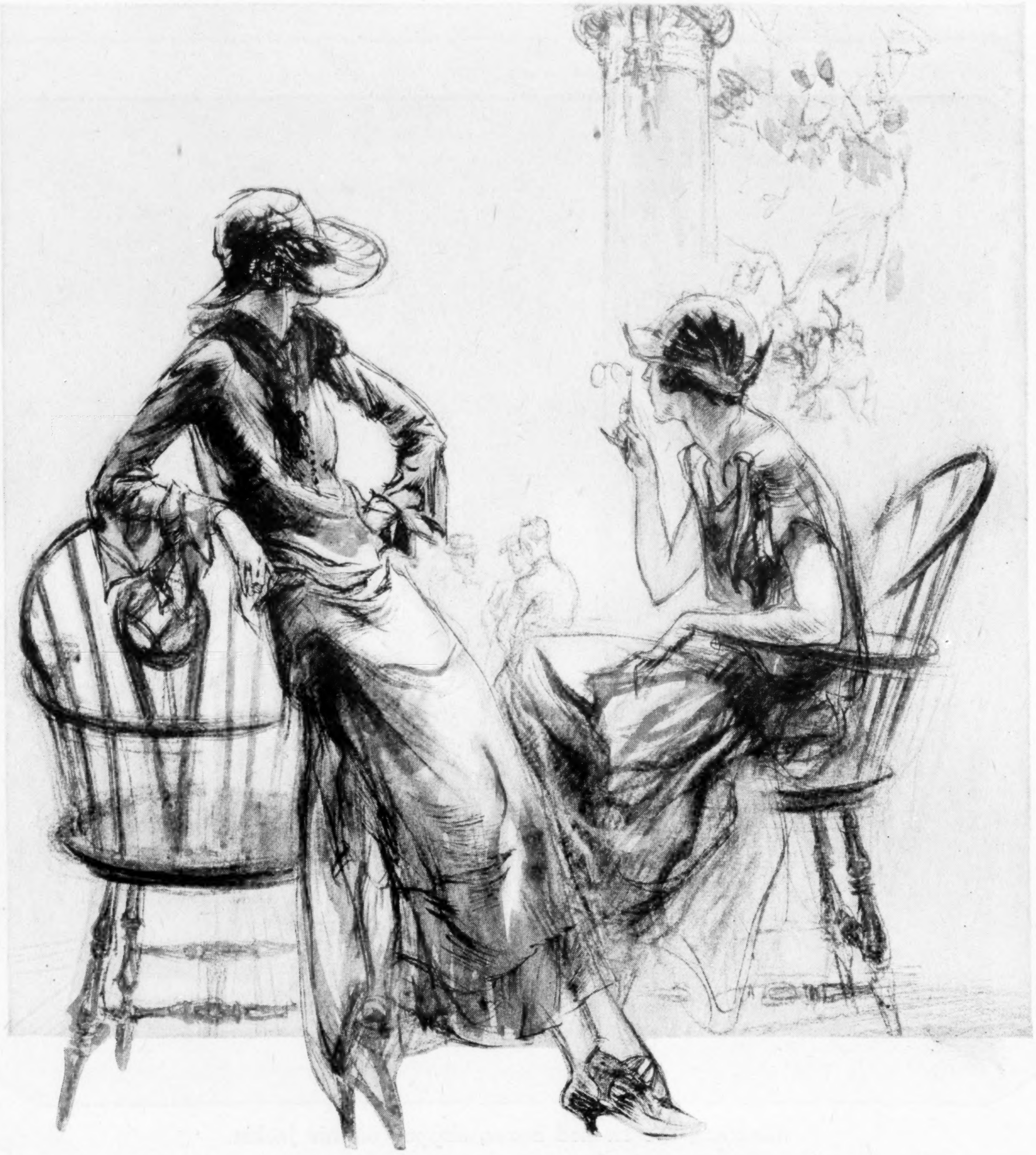
"I mean, sir, what a practical politician wants is the job. If he goes out for any job with all his might, he ought to land it."

THE professor stretched his arms with an appearance of drawing the class into his derisive confidence. His tone sharpened to a travesty of mirth.

"That, gentlemen, is, indeed, blinding light. If we follow Mr. Harmon's most profound wisdom to its logical conclusion, all a man has to do to become—shall we say President?—is to go after the job with all his might. Extremely useful ininformation for all of you, if true."

A gale of laughter swept the last indifference from the room.

"Or it may be," the professor went on, apparently as grateful as the class for this diversion, "Mr. Harmon has reserved that rather large plum for his own picking."



Jessie Millsdale and her mother were there, a gantlet Harmon saw he must run

He swung on Harmon. "If you believe in your theory, Mr. Harmon," he gibed, "it is only consistent that you should have. Need I point out that the most convincing proof you could furnish of that theory would be to permit us at some future date to honor you as the Chief Executive of our great nation?"

The laughter shrilled higher. From it a voice exploded: "Up from the gutter!"

Another, louder, emerged: "Hoo-ray for Honest Jeff!"

The professor lifted a deprecatory hand: "Quiet, please. Mr. Harmon, you may sit down."

But Harmon remained as rocklike as if he hadn't heard. There was color in his face now, and more life in his eyes. His hand in his pocket crushed his father's letter. Whether from the phenomenon of his persistence and solidity, or the professor's gesture, the class quieted.

"I think you misunderstood me, sir." The bass voice deepened, grew more concise. "I only meant that in this world a man can't get more than he aims for. If he doesn't aim high, he can't get anything worth having. I'd like to stand by that."

He sat down, a little confused from the beginning of his own awakening. Out of that burning ridicule he seemed to have fused a creed and attached it permanently to his mind. The professor accepted the rebuke it implied, passing his hand across his eyes with an air of bringing himself back to realities.

"Mr. Harmon," he said with an attempt at sternness, "is right. Determination in itself is an enviable quality. It happens, however, not to be precisely the one I had in mind. On the other hand, I had intended—"

He resumed the drone of his lecture, but no one now made a pretense of listening. Men nudged each other, murmured, shot prophetic glances at Harmon.

A sharp-faced student next him whispered secretly, as if afraid of being discovered in communion with one who'd made an ass of himself: "Better beat it after the lecture, Jeff. They'll run you ragged for that."

The broad, shiny shoulders shrugged, yet Harmon knew the warning was sound. He understood why his classmates had risen to the professor's weary mockery, and he wasn't sure a fair part of the fault wasn't his own, for these youths were no worse than the average group of small college undergraduates, nor more prone to condemn a man for mere poverty. He had made enemies of them really through his nearly brutal aloofness. He had had to do that, he believed, just because he was so poor and unknown; all along it had been a part of his system.

He realized, consequently, that he stood out from every man in the room, apart even from those who, like himself, had to slave for their education as they got it. That was because he was poorer than any, perceptibly older, and from the heart of the backwoods, of whose awkward souvenirs he had never found time to rid himself. During vacations, and between classes, he had tutored, or else labored in the town at what tasks he could find, for what wages he could get. The waking hours that remained he had devoted to his textbooks in order to cut a full year from his course.

HE HAD refused to waste a minute on friendships or undergraduate activities. When, because of his size and strength, he had been urged to play football or practice with the track team, he had invariably replied: "I can't afford it." When at first he had been rushed for fraternities he had used the same dampening phrase. Without actually uttering the words, he had impressed on the university the fact that, because he couldn't afford to, he wouldn't make friends with any man. How far shyness had held him to that stern course he had no idea, but his relations even with the neighbor who had just now warned him scarcely touched amity, being confined, in fact, to a minimum of gossip before and after tutoring. Yes, the other was right. These men, urged by a just resentment, would run him ragged out there on the campus, because a thoughtless professor had joined the general contempt for his unavoidable selfishness.

"So that will be all for this evening, gentlemen."

The dismissal aroused Harmon from his sullen reverie. The class sprang eagerly to life and made a rush for the door. The professor, with a gesture of recollection, halted the exodus.

"One moment, if you please. To-morrow evening at eight o'clock we will be fortunate enough to have an hour's talk on the state primary law from Mr. Clemson Turner, candidate for Congress from the First District, and junior member of the Martinsburg law firm of Millsdale & Turner."

AGAIN Harmon's fingers closed over the letter in his pocket. Even in the backwoods one heard of Millsdale & Turner, the most conservative firm in the state. In view of the news that letter carried, wasn't it just possible this great lawyer might have more business at the university than lecturing? Might he not even condescend to talk business with a student hermit who in a minute would be run ragged for answering a professor's misplaced humor?

"Why don't you beat it while you can, Jeff?"

It was the angular man who had warned him before. The sharp face was uneasy to the point of fear. Harmon's straight lips could smile, although with a curve of bitterness.

"You run along, Becking. You'll queer yourself hanging around me."

Through the open doorway he could see the class forming in two close lines down the steps and into the darkness. The silence was portentous. Becking ran out. Harmon clapped his cap on his head, squared his shoulders, and with an assumption of indifference, walked straight over the threshold. Someone slammed the door behind him, veiling the professor's disturbed eyes. The lines closed in a gantlet that Harmon would somehow have to run to reach his room. A voice cackled.

"Honest Jeff Harmon for President! What you say? One, two, three!"

Harmon's ears were crowded with boos, catcall, whistlings. Bodies jostled him as he started forward, unfriendly faces pressed close, a hand smacked against his back, nearly throwing him from balance.

"Ye-aah, old President Harmon!"

Another hand snatched his cap from his head, and sent it spinning. Harmon stopped, his bass voice rising, insistent and concise: "Give me my cap. I can't afford to lose my cap."

Laughter shrilled as at an old joke. Harmon started to seek his cap, and found that he couldn't, so tightly was he pressed by inimical bodies. An authoritative voice quieted the hubbub.

"Easy there, men. Maybe when Harmon's President he'll find time to do something for the university. I'd like an understanding with him about that."

Obediently the bodies ceased to press. The hecklers drew back until a lane was left down which Harmon's long legs could stride. But the end of the lane, he saw, was closed by the one who had spoken, a man as large as himself, who had replaced his awkwardness with the grace of the trained athlete; the state intercollegiate boxing champion, the captain of last autumn's defeated football team. There, Harmon knew, was the cause of the animus expressed by the expectant figure. That team had been a failure because of a weak line, yet Harmon, with just the build and muscle, stubbornly, almost silently, refused to strengthen the most vulnerable spot.

As Harmon came opposite, the athlete caught his arm in an iron grip.

"What about it, Harmon? Don't you think you ought to have a medal for all you've done for the university? I'd like to give you one made out of putrid leather."

Harmon's only desire was to get to his hermit's cell in the dormitory, but first this formidable barrier would have to be overthrown, and he had never had time to learn the first elements of scientific fighting.

"Let go my arm, Simmons. I've work to do."

"Not," Simmons grunted, "until you've told us what you think you've ever given the university."

"As much," Harmon burst out in a blind attempt at justification, "as the university's ever given me. Just nothing. I've worked and paid for what I've got out of it. Now will you let go my arm?"

A gasp went up as at noisome treason. Simmons's grasp tightened.

"You selfish animal—"

So Simmons wouldn't let him go. Then there was only one way past. Without reflection Harmon drew his free arm back and awkwardly flung his fist at Simmons's face. The silence snapped with the flat thud of flesh against flesh. An incredulous cry burst out. Feet shuffled. Men breathed with harsh resonance. Simmons, probably no less astonished than his supporters, relaxed his grip, but when Harmon glanced around he realized there was less chance of flight than before, because the shuffling had been caused by the forming of a circle three deep from which arose an incoherent satisfaction that the recluse, in learning what men thought of his egotism, would receive dire punishment.

SIMMONS slipped off his jacket, but Harmon didn't waste time with his. He had a bad job on his hands to be accomplished as quickly as possible, so he lurched forward blindly, and struck out again.

The trained boxer this time was on guard. With graceful skill he parried that lunge and many others; and Harmon's head, as he circled, swayed constantly to the force of Simmons's well-timed fists until there was red on his cheeks that obscured his vision and dripped warningly to his coat.

It was all the harder because the determined face opposite remained for a long time unmarked except by the opening contact; yet Harmon went on, striking grotesque, flail-like blows until one, through sheer luck, landed and sent Simmons staggering back.

"I'll say he can eat punishment," he heard Simmons mutter to the man who caught him.

Head down, dim-eyed, Harmon plunged in, and was met by a jab to the chin that sent him to his knees. To his dazed ears a voice came, and before his blurred eyes a face flitted, rotund, grinning, made a little ridiculously intelligent by huge tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses.

The voice, directed at Simmons, was raised in Harmon's behalf.

"Hasn't he had enough, Simmy? We're not a lot of Solomons to sit in judgment."

Harmon experienced a flash of gratitude, but that was no use. This thing had been started and would have to be gone through with. Miraculously he got to his feet, and through the sheer surprise of his recovery, landed again on the astounded Simmons's mouth.

Simmons boxed more carefully. Everyone except Harmon saw the killing blow coming. It shot the full length of Simmons's arm. His entire body was behind it. It struck beneath Harmon's ear, and he swayed for only a moment before collapsing to lie prone, legs and arms twitching convulsively.

The football captain stared down at him. He spoke with reluctant admiration: "Didn't know he had that much nerve."

Out of the amazed quiet a man shrieked hysterically:

"Look out, Simmy!"

Men glared as at the supernatural, for after the impact of that crushing fist Harmon was struggling to his knees, although with gestures that were no longer coördinated.

About Simmons's unforeseen reaction was a quality painfully and brutally mechanical. Swiftly he stooped, and before Harmon could rise, struck the wabbling head.

"Foul!"

Harmon, by his endurance and his torture, had earned that nearly universal justice; and Simmons's jaw fell open and his eyes stared as though he realized he had played the coward. Yet what was there to fear here unless it was that because of the determination he had talked of a little while ago in the lecture-room Harmon might beat him? Determination to become President of the United States! Determination to thrash the best amateur boxer in the state! One concept was as fantastic as the other.

AS HARMON collapsed again his arms clutched at and encircled Simmons's legs. The watchers saw them tighten and drag Simmons, tearing at stained head and shoulders, more and more from balance until he toppled heavily to the ground, striking his head against a man's boot. Fascinated, they knew that those hands, in spite of Simmons's resistance, were creeping moment by moment higher. At last, with a rush of fright, they realized the long fingers were at Simmons's throat, pressing tighter, squeezing close enough to kill.

Later those who put an end to the primeval combat swore that when they broke the viselike grip about Simmons's neck Harmon was quite unconscious. At least anyone with eyes could see that it was fully five minutes before he could stand alone. They circled around him then with curiosity as at some wayward monster. Simmons, who had pulled himself together, came over fingering his throat.

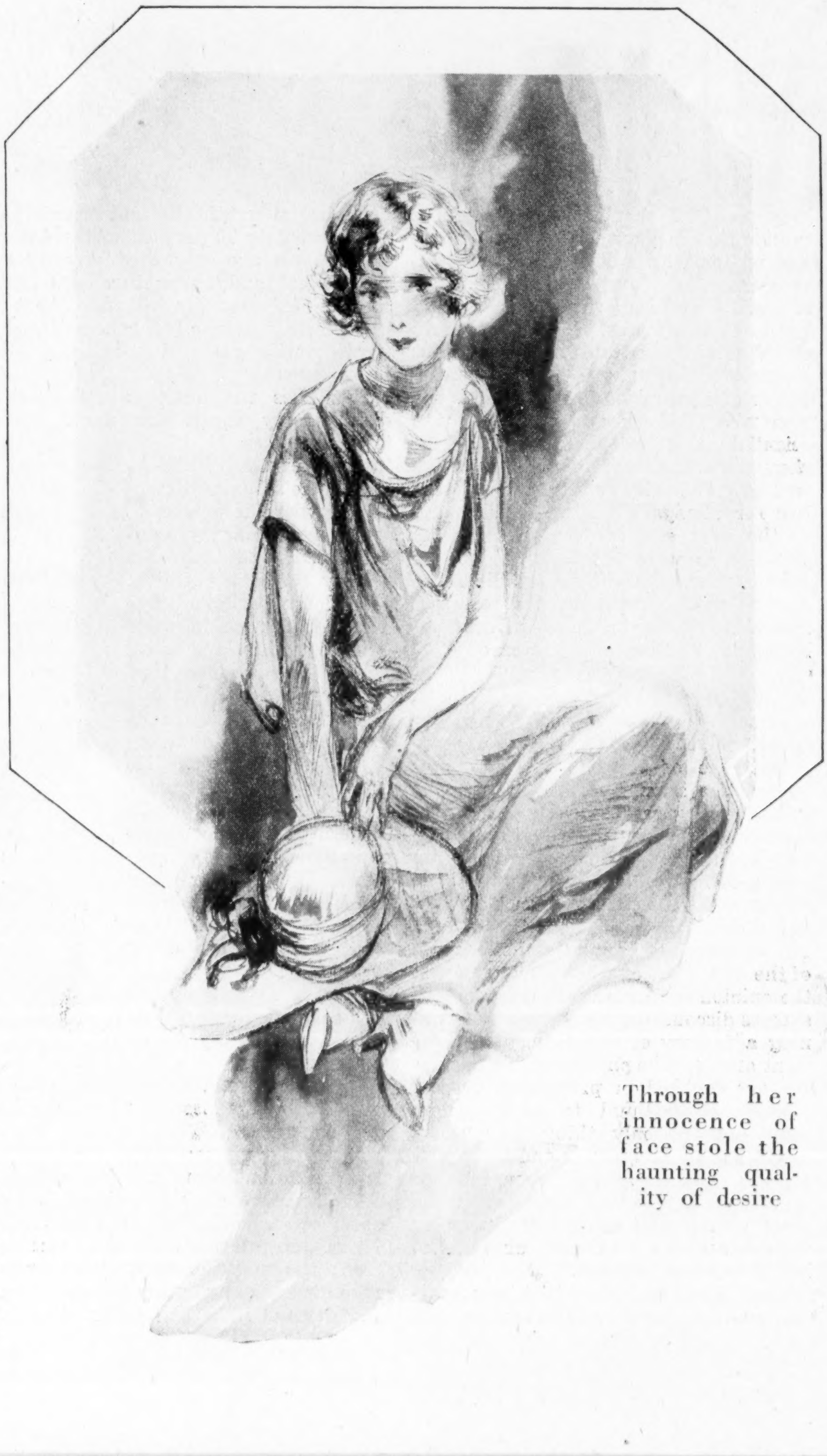
"You're right," he said thickly. "You earn what you get, and I deserve what you gave me."

Harmon tried to answer, but his voice wouldn't respond. Simmons walked away, surrounded by his friends. Harmon started to stagger toward his dormitory. Strangely, a number of men sprang forward and took his arms, but he managed to shake them off. Directly in front of him wavered the chubby smiling face with the huge glasses. "Don't be a stubborn ass, Harmon."

Harmon tried to reason. The other always had had a smile for him, but then Frog Marvel always had smiles for everyone. Words came at last: "Let me go—alone."

The grinning face came closer. A hand took his wrist. "You come with me. Personally I should say you need the staff of a good-sized hospital."

Harmon was too weary, too dazed to resist. He let the perpetually grinning man lead him to his entry, and up the stairs to the attic floor. He was confused most of all by this unusual solicitude. What had he done to deserve it? At the door he blurted out a word of thanks, and Marvel had the tact to leave him alone. For above everything else he longed to be alone. He wanted to grasp the significance of what had happened to-night.



Through her innocence of face stole the haunting quality of desire

HE FLUNG himself on his cot in the darkness. His breathing was harsh and difficult. His lips were no longer straight, his eyes no longer steely. In victory he had an appearance of defeat; a moment after proving his courage he conveyed an impression of unconditional timidity.

That was because of the agony of his awakening, the forcing open of eyes too long closed, for he understood now that to-night was revolutionary and terrifying. What had he said?

"If a man doesn't aim high, he can't get anything worth having."

Until to-night what had his aim been? To acquire a diploma with high standing in a minimum amount of time, because back home they had prophesied failure when, after finishing with a country school and reading at night, he had left to work his way to a law diploma. He had been too nearsighted to see beyond the immediate present. But to-night professor and students had made him understand there was a greater audience than the scoffers back home to convince, and a future in which he would have to make his boasts good, and show all the world that he could aim high and get what he wanted. He clenched his bruised fists. Somehow he would do it in spite of this initial weakness before the frightening task.

He was glad now of the fight because it had unveiled for him his latent power, had proved his own theory that determination can overthrow the seemingly impossible; for his crude strength, backed by sheer determination, had thrashed Simmons. The attitude of the onlookers had proved it; Simmons himself had tacitly admitted it.

He stirred at brisk steps on the landing, followed by a knock at his door. In calling he had to force the timidity from the voice, for he had become superstitious of to-night.

The door opened. The student, Becking, who had warned him at the lecture, spoke with an expansive cheeriness:

"In the dark, Jeff, because you're afraid to look at yourself?"

Surely (*Continued on page 33*)

If I Were a Business Man

By William Johnston

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

A Noted New York Journalist Tells Why He is Glad He is Not in Business

ALL my life people have been saying to me, half-pityingly, as if it were something I ought to be ashamed of: "But, of course, you're not a business man."

They always utter the phrase with a sort of self-conscious pride as if they consider being a business man the topmost height possible for human endeavor, yet each time they do it it is on my lips to retort (although never before have I said it out loud):

"No, thank God, I'm not."

You see, I haven't nearly as high an opinion of business men as most of them seem to have of themselves. In fact, I'm sorry for them. To me most business men seem to be just poor, stupid creatures, with one idea or part of one, who go through life missing so many things that they might have enjoyed, who look on this wonderful world of ours as just a place to gather dollars in.

Business, I am well aware, is America's sacred cow, or at least its golden calf. Not to take Business solemnly is likely to be considered treason. But my conception of life is utterly at variance with theirs. This world, it has always seemed to me, was meant for a place for us to be happy in and for us to try to make others happy in, but happiness seems to mean little to business men.

Are business men ever happy? I leave it to you. They start out in life trying to run a business; presently it begins to run them. They work and work and work, and try to keep other people working for them, always too tired or too busy to raise their heads and see the worth-while things all about them, and then presently each little business man, worn out by working, passes on, and about all that can be said of any one of them is:

"He left an estate consisting of ——"

Occasionally, it is true, one of them attempts to escape from his bondage. He gives up business because he has more money than he knows what to do with, or more probably because his doctor has frightened him into quitting, but generally it is too late. You see these retired business men gathered in pathetic little groups on the porches or the golf links at Palm Beach or Hot Springs, trying vainly to get some pleasure out of life while their hardening arteries last, but it is of no use. They can't get over being business men. They still think business, talk business, read about business and are miserable because they can't hear the clanking of the chains they have worn so long.

And to think that these poor fellows are sorry for me because I'm not a business man! I should like them all to realize that I pity them. As an editor and writer I have been observing business men for years, and there isn't a single one of them with whom I would like to change places. Maybe the world would not progress quite as fast without business men, but the real propelling power of civilization is supplied by the men who sit back and think—by the scientists, philosophers, biologists, chemists, astronomers, possibly even the writers. Posterity confirms my opinion too, for always it honors the thinkers of the past and forgets the business man. Who were the business men of Plato's time, of Galileo's, of Sir Isaac Newton's, of Shakespeare's, of Ben Franklin's? Do you know? Does anybody know? Does anybody care?

The B. M. Thinks He's Wise

THE business man's idea of the importance of the place he occupies while alive seems to me to be always greatly exaggerated. Having succeeded in business he seems to like to set himself up as an oracle. You find him trying to instruct the world about the future of Europe, the Mellon Tax Bill, the effects of prohibition, the divorce evil, or whatever happens to be the topic of the day. But of what consequence is the opinion of a man who has made a success discounting bank paper, or running a factory or managing a department store? The phrases of his reasoning are couched in production output, labor costs, annual turnover, when, after all, the only thing that really matters is human beings and their welfare. I know that for my own guidance I much prefer to be inspired by what some poorly paid college professor or some observant journalist or novelist has to say about things.

Right here I suspect that any business man who happens to be reading this will rise up wrathfully and assert that approximately 90 per cent of the American people are supported directly by mechanical and agricultural industry and by business. He will insist that it is business men who build the railroads, transport the grain, finance the public improvements.

But does the business man really deserve any credit for doing these things? Does he do them with the interest of the public as his motive? Why is he a business man? The answer is, for what he gets out of it himself.

Yes, sir, from my point of view, business men get mighty little out of life: just dollars, that's all—a lot of figures in their balance sheets and bank books. No wonder they gather together in stuffed shirt fronts at board of trade banquets and try to look important. No wonder they sit back ponderously and permit themselves to be interviewed on all sorts of subjects. No wonder they build hospitals and libraries to try to make themselves remembered. They *know!*

Now, if I were a business man, it seems to me that I should try to do things differently.

First—I would make sure that my business was of public service.

There are many forms of modern business that perform no useful service to the community. The grocer who unloads storage eggs at high prices, guaranteeing them to be strictly fresh; the stock speculator trying to make a fortune by cornering one of the necessities of life; the banker who cuts off the credit of a growing business in order to gain possession of it; the contractor bribing public officials to get jobs at double the price they are worth—they are all enemies of the people.

There Are Some Exceptions

ON THE other hand, business men whose methods are fair, men who produce better automobiles at cheaper prices, who market goods through honest advertising, who make their profits by performing useful service to the community, invariably are respected citizens.

Second—I would run my business on such a basis that I would not be ashamed if I were found out. I do not want the little business man to think that it is only big business I am talking about. All business men seem to get the idea that money will buy anything. The village merchant who has a supply contract in a town of five thousand is probably just as guilty of bribery as one of the big fellows. When you pass some little shop or factory and find the sidewalk blocked with boxes and crates in violation of the ordinances, don't you say to yourself:

"He must have squared the cop?"

If there is any business man, big or little, who takes exception to the kind of things I am saying about his ethics, there is one question I should like to put to him, something halfway between a categorical question put to a distinguished alienist at a murder trial and an Edison questionnaire. Answer me this, Mr. Business Man:

"Would you, or any other business man, planning to sell or supply something to the city, state, or national government, expect to get only such a reasonable price as you would ask in general trade, or would you work, connive, and obtain influence, by purchase or otherwise, to get a far higher price?"

Everybody knows how any "business" man would answer that question.

Third—I would try to be less ignorant.

Business men are almost invariably ignorant. Get one of them off his own line and ask him a few questions and you will be amazed at how little he knows. Perhaps if business men were a little better (*Continued on page 39*)

I Am a Business Man

By Irving T. Bush

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

A Well-Known and Successful Member of the Tribe Answers Mr. Johnston

CHAMPLAIN STUDIOS

THE average writer takes his conception of a business man from some novel. I think Mr. Johnston has been reading fiction.

On the theory that "there is nothing new under the sun," men such as he describes must exist, but to apply his description to business men as a class is as unfair as it would be to describe in the same glittering generalities any other class of men in this great country.

There are good business men with high ideals and fine minds, and there are bad business men with low ideals and ignorant minds. There are physicians who devote their lives to the service of mankind, and there are others engaged in extracting five-dollar bills from the poor man's purse without giving any return. There are lawyers who maintain the highest traditions of the American bar, and there are others who practice corrupt methods and have a low standard of honor.

There are writers whose aim in life is to uplift and promote the welfare of their fellow citizens, and there are some who write claptrap which will promote misunderstanding, because it is popular and they are paid for it. The people of the United States are a composite of all of these, but I am one of those who believe that higher standards of thought and life are increasing everywhere in this country.

This is true in every class and every profession. We still have a long road to travel, and new conditions create new needs. Practices which were permitted two generations ago are impossible to-day because the standard of honesty has so improved that they are not tolerated.

Idealists Aren't All Writers

WITH this elevation of public standards, which includes the ethics of all professional life, there has come an improvement in the standards of business honesty. Fifty years ago was the period of rebates, of railroad rate discrimination, and of many practices in ordinary business transactions which would not be countenanced to-day. The man who solicited business in some lines was expected to come home drunk at night.

There are still improvements to be made, and there will be, so long as human nature is short of perfection, but the man whose palm itches for the almighty dollar is not found alone among business men, and the man of high ideals, who dreams great dreams, is not confined to any one class.

The business man is not a popular figure. It is very easy to think of him as Mr. Johnston has described him, but most business men are just the same kind of human beings that the rest of us are. They have their families to support, their children to educate, and they carry on their work every day in the hope of giving a little more happiness to those whom they love and a better start in life to their children. My hat is off to the American writer, but I believe that he is actuated in most that he does by these same motives. They are not unworthy motives, and in the aggregate they make for the happiness of the people of this country and the elevation of its standards.

Mr. Johnston asks who were the business leaders of the days of Galileo. It seems almost unnecessary to reply that there were none. It was not an industrial age. Business had not developed beyond the scale of the small shopkeeper. If there had been a great business leader, he would probably either have been forgotten or classed in the public mind with Rockefeller of today as an evil genius. This would not mean that he was an evil genius. It would merely prove my contention that the business man is not a popular figure of imagination. Mr. Rockefeller has probably contributed as much to the advancement of human life and happiness as any one man in the United States. When he began the refining of oil, kerosene was worth something like $1.25 a gallon. When I knew something about the business twenty-five years ago, it was worth less than 10 cents a gallon. This was largely brought about by the organizing agency at the head of the Standard Oil Company. In the early days crude oil was brought to the seaboard from the Pennsylvania oil fields in barrels. Next it came down through the Erie Canal in canal boats. Finally pipe lines were built to carry it directly to the refineries on the Atlantic Coast. The process of transporting illuminating oil was the same. It was sent abroad at first in barrels, and the barrels were sent back empty and refilled and again reshipped. To-day the tank wagon delivers the oil at the door of the farmer, and the ocean-going tanker carries the product of American refineries to the four corners of the earth. This development was a great feat in organization, and was the first example of mass production and distribution, paving the way for many other industries which have followed in its wake. The accomplishment was only possible through a great organization.

Last year I traveled in Russia and the Balkans, and I met representatives of the Rockefeller Foundation, who were seeking ways in which they could serve the public health in far countries. I met a man, just returned from China, who told me of the work of the Rockefeller Foundation in that country. Is this sordid or is it the finest idealism?

Read the story of Jim Hill and his development of the Northwest, and tell me if there were no ideals in that man's life. The Carnegie Foundation is today quietly carrying forward many plans in the interest of public welfare. Read the list of directors in the public institutions of your own community. If you have an art gallery, a symphony orchestra, a hospital, or any other public institution, who are the men who manage it and support it? Is there not as great a percentage of business names among them as of any other class?

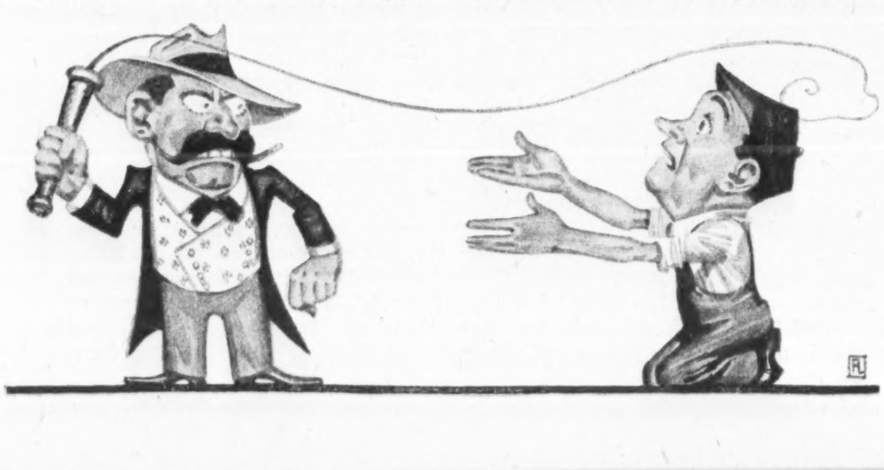
I am a business man, and I was chairman of the New York committee to raise funds to aid the undernourished German children. Ready response to our appeal came from all classes, but the business man, even granting his greater means, was not behind any of them. Investigate your own charity lists, in your own home town, and you will find that the business men of your own community are not money grubbers for the sake of holding the money, but maintain standards of public service equal to your own.

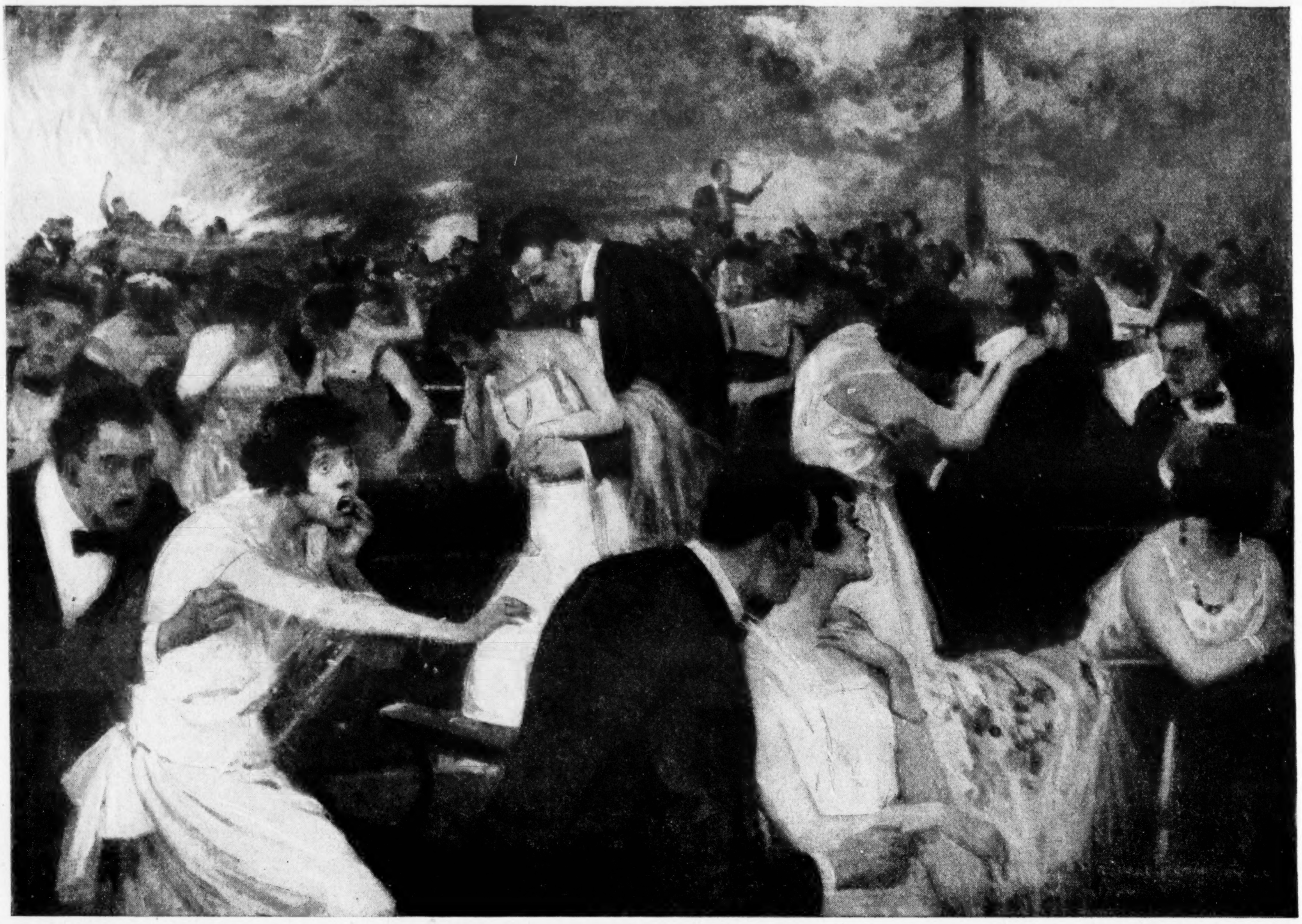
Business Must Be Honest

THERE are exceptions, of course, just as there are exceptions in every other class of society, but America is a great country because it is peopled by a great people who have great hearts. Criticizing the business men of this country, who have developed it and taken risks which others would not take, does not promote the welfare of anyone.

I do not say that the business man is more idealistic or more honest than others. I believe that the standard of honesty of the average sucessful business man is high because business cannot be made a success unless high standards of business honor are adhered to. There are many who will not believe this statement, but it is so true that I will not attempt to argue the point.

In the beginning most business men are actuated by the same motives as other classes of men—by a desire to succeed, to achieve a competence for themselves, and comfort for their families. As they climb the ladder of success, some become tired and others press on. Those who (*Continued on page 37*)





The manager started to explain that there was no danger, but the audience, with much unison, was making for the entrance

A Phrase and a Fire

By James Hopper

Illustrated by Robert E. Johnston

THIS is the record of the social rise, fall, and redemption of Hal Hannifin, which happened all in one year and during that year shook up the little town of Roseville considerably. The record ends in dénouement by sheer accident, the inartistry of which he was aware, without being able to do anything about it, Art succumbing here to the brutal insistence of hard Fact. We might plead, however, that if this ending is not according to the higher and more delicate canons, it is at least exciting.

Hal was one of those young men turned out by the universities of the country each year in no little number—young men who take so enthusiastically to those of the undergraduate activities which have little to do with lectures, with laboratories, and with books, that for the rest of their lives they remain college boys. With Hal particularly it is to be suspected the thing went deeper. Hal had been a freshman while at college, and he had remained a freshman. Also, in his junior year he had been yell leader at the football games, and there was still much of the yell leader about him.

So when, fresh from graduation, he established himself—and his automobile agency—in little high-brow Roseville, little high-brow Roseville, which had been secretly weeping with boredom, took him up avidly. He was novelty, and he was freshness; soon he was the town idol.

He was noisy as a band wagon and active as a circus. His glee-club tenor, albeit a little cracked, had a carrying quality to be measured only by streets and by blocks. He rang perpetually with the most extravagant pleasantries—puns good and bad, but always loud; jokes old and new, but always clarioned, and enormities so well rushed through by his stormy laughter that the demurest must smile, even though, later, thinking it over, she might rather regret having smiled.

Add to this a faultless memory for persons and names, so that in three days he knew everyone familiarly. Add to this a whirlwind facility for entering into new relations, "Hello, Dearie," being his favorite acknowledgment of an introduction. Add to this the fact that he was a wonderful dancer; that, long, supple, hung on wire strands, he could take the roundest matron, spin her like a dervish, break her to the most fantastic steps of the most delirious jazz, and toboggan her back to her seat pleased as Punch, only very dimly aware of the figure she had cut. Oh, yes, Hal took Roseville by storm.

In no time he was of all teas.

In no time he was of all theatricals and picnics.

In no time he was of all bridges and hops.

Hostesses fought for him; he was the lion of the hour.

HE HAD discovered, however, all by himself, a more dainty and intimate satisfaction. He had discovered Miss Clarabelle Luce.

In love, it is often the extremes that do meet. Where Hal was six feet two in height, Clarabelle was just four feet eleven and three quarters. Where he was angular, manipulated by wire strands, she was soft as rabbit down; while he laughed like a petrel in a hurricane, her amusement was like the murmuring of a brook through the cress. She was a gentle, gray-eyed little thing, exquisitely fine, all in tender low tones: at first sight of her, gesticulating Hal gathered her metaphorically—and also literally—in his long thin strong arms, whilst she, turning her long-lashed eyes up to him, and her red flower of a mouth up to him, proceeded straightway and ingenuously to adore him.

About this love there was no secrecy. Hal exuberantly heralded his happiness far and wide. All Roseville knew that Hal and Clarabelle were in love; all Roseville knew that Hal and Clarabelle were going to marry; all Roseville knew *when* they were going to marry—which was as soon as the automobile business reached six thousand dollars a year, which, according to all indications, would be soon.

All this, however, is digression, for the purpose of this writing is to tell, not of Hal's love life, but of the rise, fall, and redemption of his social fortunes. We are still on the subject of the rise. This, as it has been pointed out, had been rapid. He had landed into Roseville like a bomb, had shaken it up, delightfully had scandalized it, and had set it vibrating to the first bursts of Homeric laughter it had ever known. The rise had been rapid; the fall began almost as rapidly.

In three months it became obvious that a slight change in the relations between the town and the young man had begun.

Roseville, still a bit groggy, was beginning to make vague gestures toward the reclaiming of its soul. "Buts" began to appear in the daily appreciations of Hal. Hal was a dear—but. Hal, of course, was simply the life of the party—but.

As the "buts" were filled out variously by various persons, they made quite a list of buts. And added together, ended in making quite a big But.

The process, thus begun, did not stop there, however. The "buts," after increasing prodigiously, became "reallys."

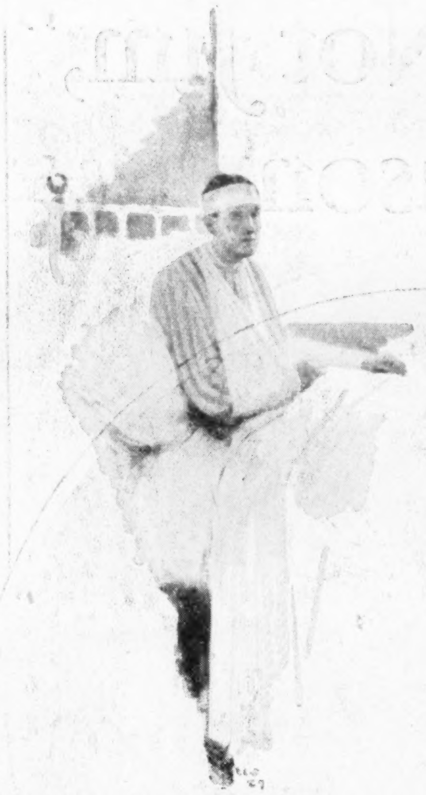
"Really, he was too noisy, altogether too noisy." "Really, the way he threw his hands about; he took up all the room." "*Really*, his manner was too familiar; really it was—well, there should be *some* limit." "Really, the way he danced; really, the way he did this; really, the way he did that." And patati and patata, as say the French.

Picnics began to happen without Hal, and hops without him. The annual benefit for the local branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came around, and he was not asked to sing "The Rosary."

He might still have been able to hang on to society's outskirts, had he not, about that time, made the unfortunate acquisition of a new phrase, a new saw which had a peculiar effect on everybody's nerves. He had invented the phrase all by himself; it was all his own and he loved it. But no one else did.

IT MUST be explained that this was the period in the history of America when a singular fashion of speech held sway. If anyone wished to speak of any event or circumstance as agreeable to himself, he said, "That's the cat's cream," or, "That's the doggie's little bone." And if he wished to hint that the event or circumstance was not much to his taste, he said, "That's the doc's pills," or "That's the landlady's gravy," or "That's the daily dozen."

The style had reached, in fact, the extravagant efflorescence which, in art, always precedes final decadence. Just as, in the past, the flamboyant had been the last kick of the Gothic, so now people took the greatest pleasure in such exaggerations as "That's the camel's telescope," or "That's the oyster's bicycle," or "That's the snake's mittens."



He was in the hospital the next morning, in a white bed, swathed in bandages, a bit tired, but quite alive

One day Hal invented such a phrase, and, thus having created, was taken with inordinate pride in his creation. There is little doubt that Hal considered the phrase delicately amusing—in which he was wrong. Forthwith he began to use the new phrase right and left, liberally and with prodigality.

If we could write this phrase of Hal's down, we would be saved much trouble. But we think we had better not write it down. Shouted at the top of Hal's voice, and backed up by the thunder of his laughter, it was one thing: written cold here on paper it would be another thing. It was a phrase built in the manner of which samples have been given above, on the model of, say, "That's the serpent's mittens." Only instead of *serpent*, the corresponding word was *bumble-bee;* and instead of *mittens* the corresponding word was—well, that is the trouble; we come here to the word that had better not be written. Instead of "That's the serpent's mittens," Hal would say, "That's the bumble-bee's —s," and we are obliged to leave the last word blank, which is certainly a handicap in telling the story.

Anyway, to go on, if, climbing a fence, Hal tore his knickers, he said petulantly, "That's the bumble-bee's blank!"

If someone confided to him a secret sorrow, he murmured sympathetically, "Well, that certainly *is* the bumblebee's blank!"

The phrase lacked in elegance, and Hal, with all the naïve admiration of the artist for his work, of the father for his child, displayed it overmuch; in a short time it had rallied all the vague dissatisfactions already started against him. People began to be taken, for that phrase, with a ferocious hatred and before he knew it he had become an exile —an exile from the Roseville centers, esthetic, intellectual, and social. His social downfall was now complete.

It cannot be said that he gave proof of immoderate concern at this. For one thing, he still had his love and Clarabelle Luce. But also he had a wider audience than the one he had lost, in the mart and the street, the garages and barber shops and Mr. Everyman. For some time he managed to survive.

Till finally one day, brutally, the general disconsideration from above reached down and hit him—well, altogether where he lived. Hit him in his love for Clarabelle Luce!

Although she really adored him, possessed a tender and humorous tolerance of those traits in him which were most unlike anything in her, and was little deceived as to what lay beneath the surface of her crazy boy, she had never absolutely accepted his new find and pet invention, the phrase about the resonant insect. And as time went on, began to incline more and more toward the point of view of the Roseville social leaders.

Really that new phrase was not very nice.

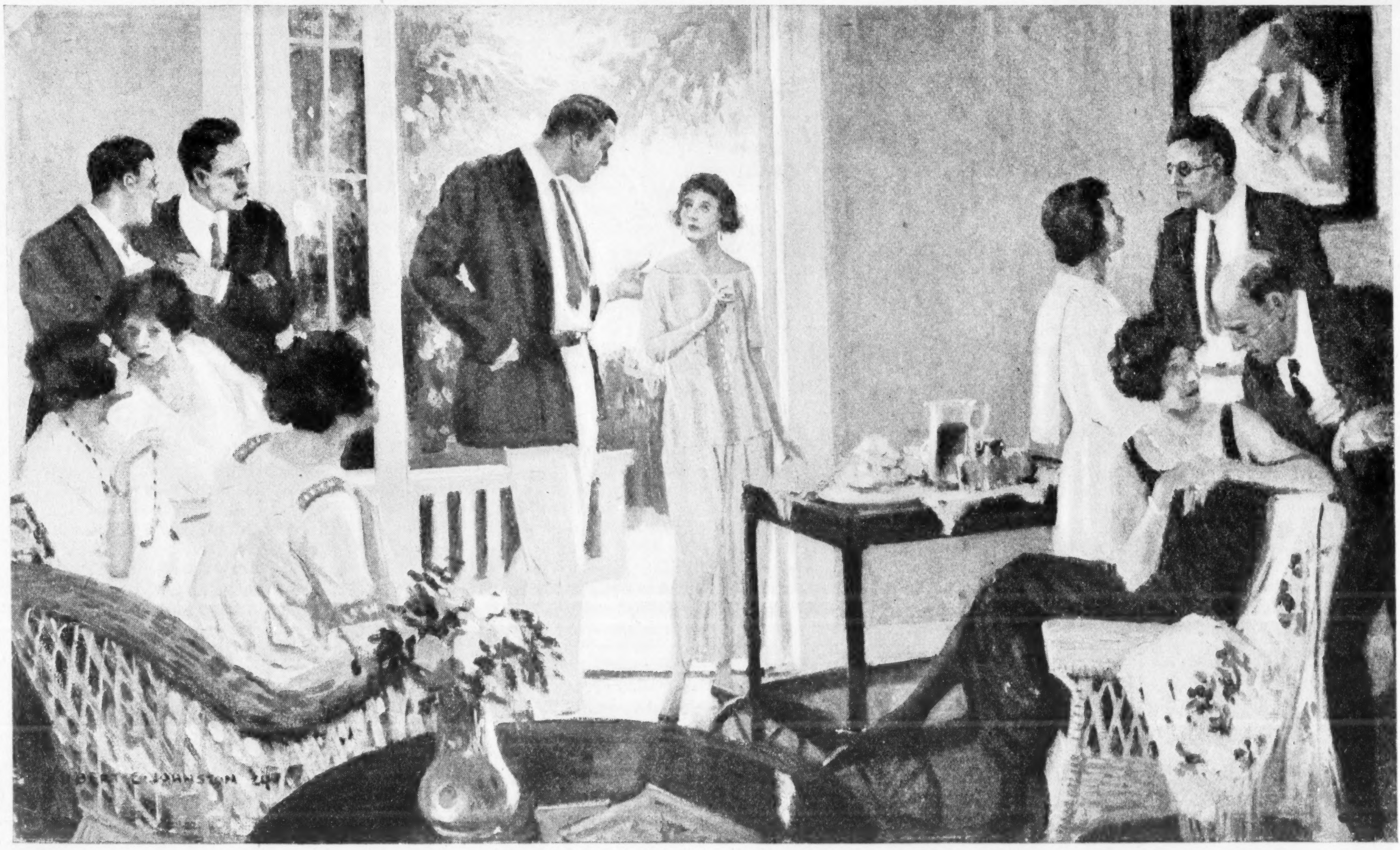
Really it was not very funny.

And he used it all the time—used it more and more; it was becoming a bad habit with him.

No, really, she must take him in hand. Really she must try to reform him a bit.

SHE set herself to this little self-imposed task, as they sat together on the lounge of her drawing-room one evening, and almost immediately, much to her surprise, brought up against something firm and hard—which was his philosophy. It seemed that he had one.

"If," he observed after listening to her patiently, "one has to be so *darned* careful in this life; if you can't be yourself in anything; if you can't let your arms fly, and your voice, and your wits; if you have to go along, tapping, tapping the ground in front like a blind man; if you've got to distrust everybody and be afraid to *talk*—then life isn't worth a (*Continued on page 36*)



His manner, whispered the Roseville social leaders, was too familiar; really, there should be some limit. But Clarabelle adored him

"I'll Be Governor, Not Jim," Says Ma Ferguson

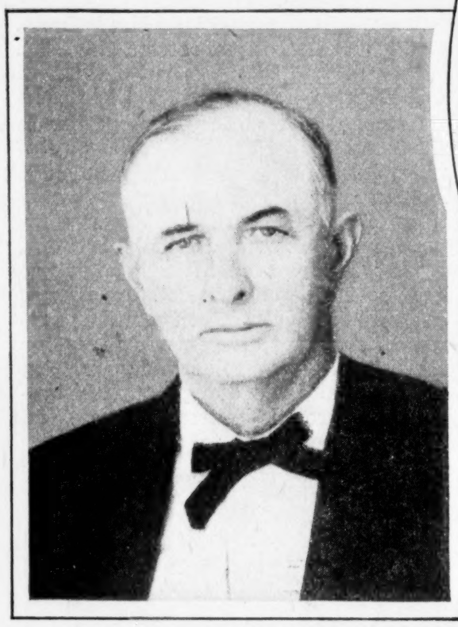
By Max Bentley

"MRS. FERGUSON, as governor of the largest state in the Union, what program will you offer to the people?"

"Ask Jim!"

I had that question—and the answer—already written when I went to Temple for Collier's to interview the successful candidate of the Texas Democratic gubernatorial primary and first of the sisterhood in American political history to win the nomination for the governorship of a state.

"I'll show them," says she



"Farmer Jim Ferguson"

© HOWELLS, TEMPLE, TEX.

With the slogan "Me for Ma!" the Texas anti-Klan Democrats have decided that the woman with the broom shall use it in the State Capitol

Hadn't her husband, Farmer Jim Ferguson, shouted from the stump day after day: "Elect Miriam, give her your votes, friends, but *I'll* be the governor"?

Hadn't he, in his platform—subsequently taken over bodily as *her* platform—said: "If the state has a Governor Ferguson we need not fall out about who signs on the dotted line"?

Hadn't she, while Jim was out campaigning, remained quietly at home "putting up" into jellies and preserves bushels of fruits sent in by admirers? Wasn't it commonly said that Miriam A. Ferguson was as much her husband's proxy as her opponent, Judge Felix D. Robertson, was the proxy of the Ku Klux Klan?

Jim Won't Be Governor

QUITE true; and I asked the question while anticipating the answer. But the girlish "Ma" Ferguson surprised me. Her pleasant hazel-brown eyes suddenly snapped as she smoothed her house dress of brown-and-white-check gingham and tucked away a flying strand of her only slightly graying hair.

"I know what you are thinking. I know what they are saying," she said. "Here is your answer: Miriam Ferguson will be Governor of Texas, not Jim Ferguson or anyone else. Jim's status in the new administration will be that of the husband of the governor. My program is this:

"First, to reduce expenses. I propose to lop off $14,000,000 from state expenditures, to cut the biennial appropriation from $44,000,000 to $30,000,000. It can be done, and I know just how to do it.

"Second, to apply enough of that saving to our rural common school system to put Texas where it should be in scholastic advancement. Jim has said that too many people are going hog-wild over higher education, and I agree with him. I am not opposed to higher education if it does not go too high.

"Third, to serve notice on the legislature that something to eat and something to wear have always been more important than making a row over something to drink. Jim is charged with being wet and I am charged with being Jim's echo. Well, I shall warn the legislature that I will veto any liquor legislation offered by pro or anti. Just let the pros set the example and the antis will be ashamed to violate the prohibition law. My father was one of the first prohibition agitators (that is what they were called in his day) in Texas. When Jim was governor liquors of any sort were absolutely taboo in the mansion. Jim neither drinks, smokes, nor chews, and never has."

How about the Ku Klux Klan? A sudden, still hardly comprehended but crushing reaction against masked government swept over Texas this summer to elect a woman governor over the official candidate of the Klan. Democratic nomination in Texas *is* election.

"I was coming to that," said Mrs. Ferguson. "Next to vindication for Jim, it is, in my mind, the biggest issue in our politics to-day.

"In my inaugural message I shall tell the legislature that the day of Texas's bondage is over. I shall ask for a law that will punish by a term in the county jail any person over the age of twenty-one found in a public place wearing a mask or other disguise; and where three or more persons over the age of twenty-one are found together masked, I shall ask that that be made a penitentiary offense. I would put on the tax rolls at full value any church property that is permitted to be used by parties in mask or in disguise.

"Then I shall ask for a law requiring all secret or fraternal organizations—Ku Klux, Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knights of Columbus—to file the names of their membership in the county clerk's office, to be kept in a bound volume open to public inspection; failure to file such names to be made a misdemeanor with heavy fine and revocation of charter.

"The power of the Klan in Texas politics has been broken at last. The people gave me their mandate to interpret their victory into law, and I shall not disappoint them."

The Texas democracy marched out to the polls Saturday, August 23d, under a bright blue cloud-flecked sky, from Brownsville, 1,100 miles, to Texline and from Texarkana, 850 miles, to El Paso, to bury Klansman Robertson under an enormous majority for a woman—for the wife of an impeached governor. Nearly three quarters of a million votes were cast, and the verdict against the Klan in politics was even more convincing than Louisiana's had been, or Oklahoma's, or Arkansas's, in earlier primaries this year.

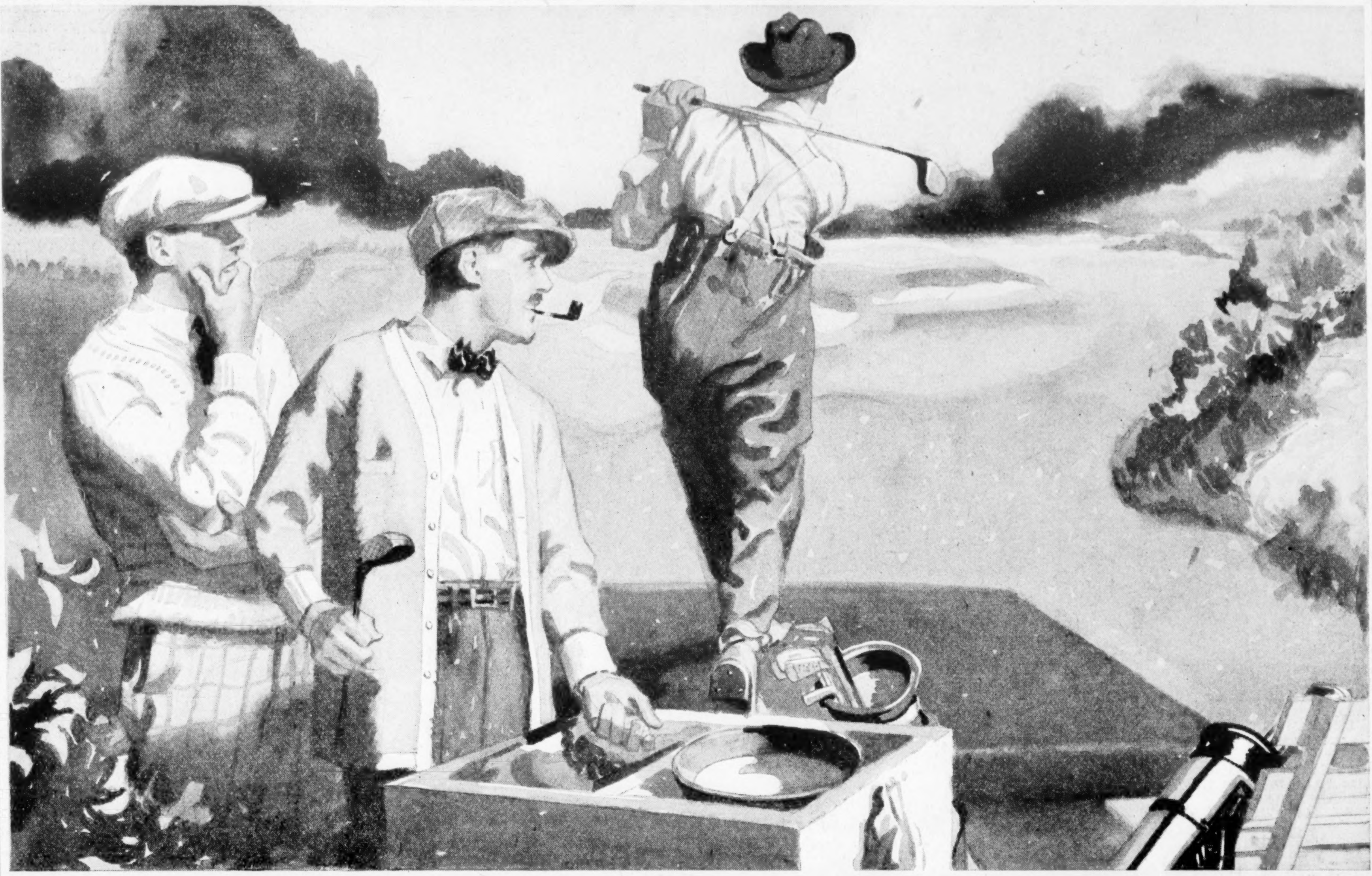
Mrs. Ferguson will take up her household duties in the Executive Mansion next January. She will be no stranger there. Nine years ago she entered it as the wife of Governor James E. Ferguson. Farmer Jim was reëlected in 1916, his majority being tremendous; but the next year he was impeached by the House of Representatives on charges of misapplication of state funds and removed by the Senate. And so in September of 1917 Governor Ferguson, presumably in disgrace, with his wife and two daughters, moved out of the mansion to make room for another.

Since his impeachment Mr. Ferguson has perennially run for office on a platform of vindication. In 1918 he opposed his successor, W. P. Hobby, for reëlection, and was soundly defeated. With many violent words and gestures he left the Democratic party to organize one of his own—the American party—whose candidate for President of the United States he was in 1920, when he received 80,000 votes. In 1922 he essayed a come-back which landed him in second place, in a field of six, in the Texas primary for United States senator. That put him into a run-off primary a month later as the opponent of Earle B. Mayfield, Ku Klux Klansman. He was again defeated.

Ma Enters the Arena

WHEN this year's gubernatorial campaign opened, Ferguson was among the candidates. His eligibility was promptly attacked, and the state Supreme Court ruled his name from the ticket on the ground that his impeachment debarred him from holding any office created under the Texas constitution. Mrs. Ferguson thereupon announced *her* candidacy, adopted her husband's platform in toto, and pleaded for a vote of vindication. But she waged no campaign of her own. Jim did all the speaking.

Texas polled 700,000 votes in the first of its two primaries. Of that number 192,000 went to Felix D. Robertson. They were Klan votes. There were eight other candidates, all anti-Klan, to divide the balance of some 510,000 votes. When the smoke cleared away Mrs. Ferguson was revealed holding down second (*Continued on page 32*)



Mr. Hemmingway nudged and Mr. Rawdon nodded. If Hawkins wanted deliberately to drive into the river, that was his lookout

A Trout a Hole

By Frederick White

Illustrated by Donald Gardner

"ONE of the attractive features of Eden," the prospectus states, "is the sporty nine-hole golf course along the banks of the famous Trout River. Golfers and fishermen find their favorite diversion almost at the inn door, and many of our patrons delight in combining the pursuit of the elusive golf ball with that of the wily trout."

The descriptive adjectives were well chosen. There were hazards on the Trout River golf course where a badly placed ball proved more than elusive and, at times, the educated trout of the river were not only wily but unprofitably disinclined to rise. But there was something satisfying about the place and the little valley.

"Show me," said Mr. Samuel Hemmingway, as his opponent, Mr. George Rawdon, somewhat pensively rubbed a grass-stained ball—"show me another tee in the world where you can drive with one hand and catch trout with the other."

Mr. Rawdon glanced in the direction of the distant sixth green. Then he looked down at the broken water of the stream.

"Possible," he admitted, "but a man's as likely to pull a ball into the river as to pull a trout out. I don't like this hole, and I don't like fishing in low water."

He teed his ball and made a preliminary wiggle or two. Then he straightened up and glanced along the hazardous line of river bank bordering the fairway.

"Look at that bird in the water," he said fretfully. "I wish he'd keep his blame rod still."

The "bird" referred to was a fisherman in canvas coat and waders, standing in midstream and casting under the willows of the far bank.

"Oh, forget it," Mr. Hemmingway urged. "Play to the right of the green; the approach is just as good from there."

Mr. Rawdon grunted. He drew back his club and smote lustily. It was a powerful stroke, and the ball flew down the course in the general direction of the pin. At the top of its rise it began to curve, not to the right and safety, but agonizingly to the left where the broad stretch of water between the river banks gaped hungrily to receive it.

"Pulled, by gum!" Mr. Hemmingway chortled. "Well, I'll be—" He broke off. "What do you know about *that?*"

"THAT" was the behavior of the fisherman upstream who, evidently mistaking the plump of the golf ball for the splash of a rising trout, had wheeled about and was placing a well-directed fly in the center of the widening ripples. Two casts he made; then unsnapping his landing net he plunged downstream and made a quick dab. Something glistened white in the dripping meshes.

"You coward!" Mr. Hemmingway charged. "You used a floater and spoiled the prettiest bit of sport I've seen in a dog's age. If you'd had nerve enough to play a regular ball, he'd have gone home and bragged about the big fish that splashed like a puppy dog. Anyway, he's coming over to give you your ball—or a bawling out."

They walked slowly along the bank to meet the fisherman.

He was a tall, lean individual with deeply tanned face and an aggressive set to his jaw.

"Say," he demanded, "ain't the fishing rotten enough without disturbing it with target practice?"

It was a double insult. Mr. Hemmingway and Mr. Rawdon were not only golfers and fishermen, but loyal Trout River men, and this opening roused an instant feeling of antagonism.

Mr. Hemmingway permitted his eyes to travel appraisingly over the almost unsullied accouterments of the outlander.

"The fishing's all right," he asserted. "Of course, like everything else, it's difficult for beginners."

"Beginners!" The stranger swelled with indignation. "Yeah," he retorted scornfully, "like golf it is—for beginners."

Mr. Rawdon interpreted this as a direct thrust at him. "If you understood either golf or fishing," he sputtered, "you'd—you'd—" he wobbled mentally —"you'd understand."

"Say," said the stranger, "maybe you got all the understanding. I've fished in Maine and Canada and caught trout —plenty of 'em. But here—hell—you're fished out! Show me a man that can *ketch* trout in this chub hole an' I'll take off my hat."

"Then take it off," snapped Mr. Hemmingway. "This gentleman"—he indicated Mr. Rawdon—"took twenty-one trout one day last week."

The stranger whistled: "Twenty-one trout," he repeated. "Him?"

"Yes," Mr. Hemmingway blustered. "Mr. Rawdon! Twenty-one trout!"

The stranger looked up and down the rock-broken stretch of pool and rapids and shook his head: "No *gentleman* never took twenty-one trout around here," he submitted. "The law limit's fifteen."

Mr. Rawdon danced over to the bank. He was a small man, not given to excited controversy, but now he was mad clear through. "I'll have you know," he shouted, "that I did catch twenty-one trout, on a dry fly, and I put back *six!* You don't have to tell me the law!"

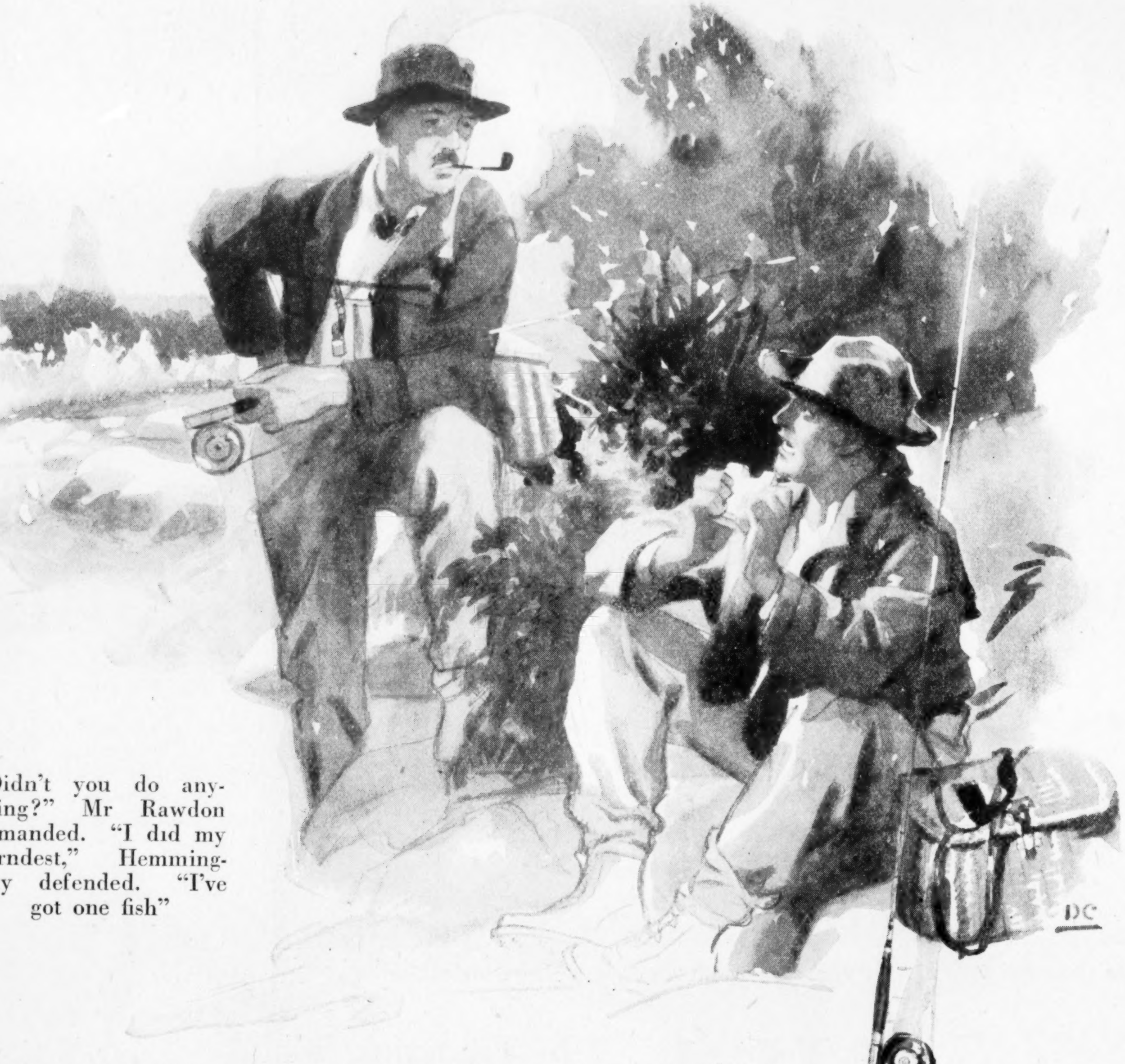
"And I'll have you know," said Mr. Hemmingway, shaking his balled fist, "that Mr. Rawdon is a gentleman and a sportsman and what he says *goes!*"

"Tut, tut," said the stranger. "No use gettin' excited. All I know about how good this here Mr. Rawdon is is seein' him whang a golf ball into the river, and I ask you, that ain't golf *or* fishin', is it?"

IT WAS a fair question, but the annoying implication made a fair answer impossible, and Mr. Rawdon, being a lawyer, defended himself by shifting to a quick attack.

"Maybe *you* never pulled a ball into a water hazard?" he snarled.

The stranger eyed Mr. Rawdon appraisingly. "Come to think of it," he



"Didn't you do anything?" Mr Rawdon demanded. "I did my darndest," Hemmingway defended. "I've got one fish"

said, "I don't believe I ever did *pull* a ball into any hazard. I'm a natural-born slicer."

"Then what you want to make nasty cracks at other people for?" demanded Mr. Hemmingway; and Mr. Rawdon, emboldened by this confession of human fallibility, sneered: "I'll bet you can't play around this course without putting a ball out of bounds—make it two balls—for anything you say."

"Five dollars or five trout," said the stranger promptly. "I've got the iron men; you claim you can produce the fish. Let's go!"

He clambered up the bank and began to strip off basket and fishing coat.

Mr. Rawdon, somewhat startled, looked at Mr. Hemmingway, and that gentleman winked gleefully. This was going to be good.

"My name's Hawkins," the stranger announced as he eased the straps of his baggy wading breeches. "Who's goin' to lend me a couple of clubs?"

Mr. Hemmingway was a born matchmaker. He specialized in unusual wagers and he saw here an opportunity for rare sport.

"Look," he suggested, "let's make a real competition out of this. You and Rawdon play nine holes for a trout a hole with the first bet standing. I'll umpire and you can use my clubs."

"Nine trout *and* five," Hawkins figured aloud. "That's gamblin'. I don't mind puttin' up fourteen silver fish, but how about collectin' fourteen trout—if I win?"

"If you win any trout, we'll produce them, and I'll go on Rawdon's note to that effect against your money," Mr. Hemmingway declared.

Hawkins thrust his hand into his shirt pocket and produced a roll of bills. He counted out a ten and a five. "Dollar extra on the match," he said. "I'm up."

Mr. Rawdon had been somewhat peeved over his friend's peremptory disposal of his services, but the sight of all this money made him view the arrangement in a more amiable light.

On the back of a score card he signed a hasty I. O. U. for blank trout, and handed it to Hawkins.

"We'll fill in the number after the match—if necessary," he said.

Hawkins read it. "You willin' to back that?" he asked Hemmingway.

"Certainly," he grinned, and added his signature to that of Mr. Rawdon.

As the least interested of the three, it was agreed that Mr. Hemmingway should hold the stakes, and as they were close to the sixth tee they decided to start playing from there and end on the fifth green.

"Say," Hawkins asked, "any wimmin play around here?"

"Plenty," Mr. Hemmingway grinned.

"Hell," said Hawkins, "guess I'll have to stagger around in this diving rig—I ain't got no pants under—but, believe me, it cramps my style."

AND his style did seem cramped when, at Mr. Rawdon's insistence, he accepted the honor and addressed that gentleman's "floater" with Mr. Hemmingway's driver. Whatever golfing form he may have possessed was blurred by the baggy waders extending from chest to ankles while his foot action seemed hampered by the clumsy fishing shoes. His stance too was unusual, for it indicated a line far to the left of the shortest direction from tee to green.

Mr. Hemmingway nudged his friend, and Mr. Rawdon nodded. If Hawkins wanted deliberately to drive into the river, that was his lookout.

And Hawkins drove. When well over the water the floater began to curve to the right, cleared an old apple tree on the bank, and landed safely over on the fairway. It had gone a long way around to cover a straight one hundred and fifty yards, but it was *safe.*

Hawkins stepped off the tee, looking very well satisfied, and Mr. Rawdon drove with his iron. It was a long, low ball, straight down the fairway, and it landed twenty yards beyond his opponent's.

Hawkins played his second with a mashie niblick when he should have used an iron, but he managed to land his ball on the edge of the green.

Mr. Rawdon's approach dropped on the green and ran to within five feet of the pin. He winked at Mr. Hemmingway.

Hawkins, still away, putt first—with the mashie niblick. The ball rose, fell, hopped along, and plunked into the hole; a birdie three.

"Hey!" exclaimed the amazed and disgusted Mr. Hemmingway, "it's a wonder you wouldn't use a putter on the green!"

"Green?" Hawkins echoed. "Why, so it is—*green.*"

The implication was obvious, for it must be confessed that the Trout River "greens" were little more than comparatively unlumpy areas of circumscribed extent cropped somewhat closer than the adjacent meadow.

Mr. Hemmingway glowered and turned to watch his entry try for a possible half. It was a good effort, but at the last moment the ball deflected and rolled around the edge of the cup.

"One trout!" Hawkins announced and, adding insult to injury, walked carefully around the edge of the green as if unwilling to mar that literally virgin surface with his hobnailed shoes.

THE seventh and eighth holes, lying in the middle of the course, offered no particular hazards. Hawkins again demonstrated his remarkable stance, but the ball, sliced as before, curled back to the line. Mr. Rawdon drove straight and true. Two perfect approaches left both balls close to the pin and they called it a half.

At the eighth Hawkins again hit a long slice far to the left, and his ball, curving to the right, ran down into a hollow and disappeared. "How about it?" he inquired as he stepped from the tee.

"Rotten!" said Mr. Hemmingway frankly. "You're on the green."

Mr. Rawdon used wood. He drove a good ball, but they found it in an uncut patch of thick grass which the mowing machine had overlooked. Hawkins was well on the green. Mr. Rawdon used a pitcher, but overdid it, the ball hurdling the green and landing well up on the slope beyond. He tapped it too gently with his putter and just made the green. His next putt lay dead.

"And one more in makes five," said Hawkins. "Want me to shoot?"

"Putt it out," said Mr. Hemmingway savagely. Mr. Rawdon was speechless.

Hawkins dragged the mashie niblick from his bag, and carelessly tapped the ball. "That's two," he counted. "And three—and four—and *in!* Two trout up, my guess."

"Listen," Mr. Hemmingway muttered as they walked over to the ninth tee. "He can't play that damn slice from now on without getting into trouble. Go to it."

The ninth green lay in the apex of a triangle. A good drive would put the ball within easy approaching distance, but there was peril in a long carry to right or left.

"Hey!" Hawkins complained. "How can I play my slice without getting into the trees, and if I aim straight I'll land across the road, sure."

Mr. Hemmingway grinned. He had seen many an erratic ball disappear forever either in the woods on the left or over the road on the right.

"You might play short and safe," he suggested. "It's done—by some."

"Some of *youse,*" Hawkins came back, and, stamping his heavy shoes into the tee, struck with all his strength.

The ball sped like a bullet, but with insufficient altitude. It clipped a shingle from the peak of an old sheep barn inside the line of fairway and shot far over into the woods to the left.

Hawkins, hand to ear, listened while it cracked and crackled through foliage and branches. Then he turned to Mr. Rawdon.

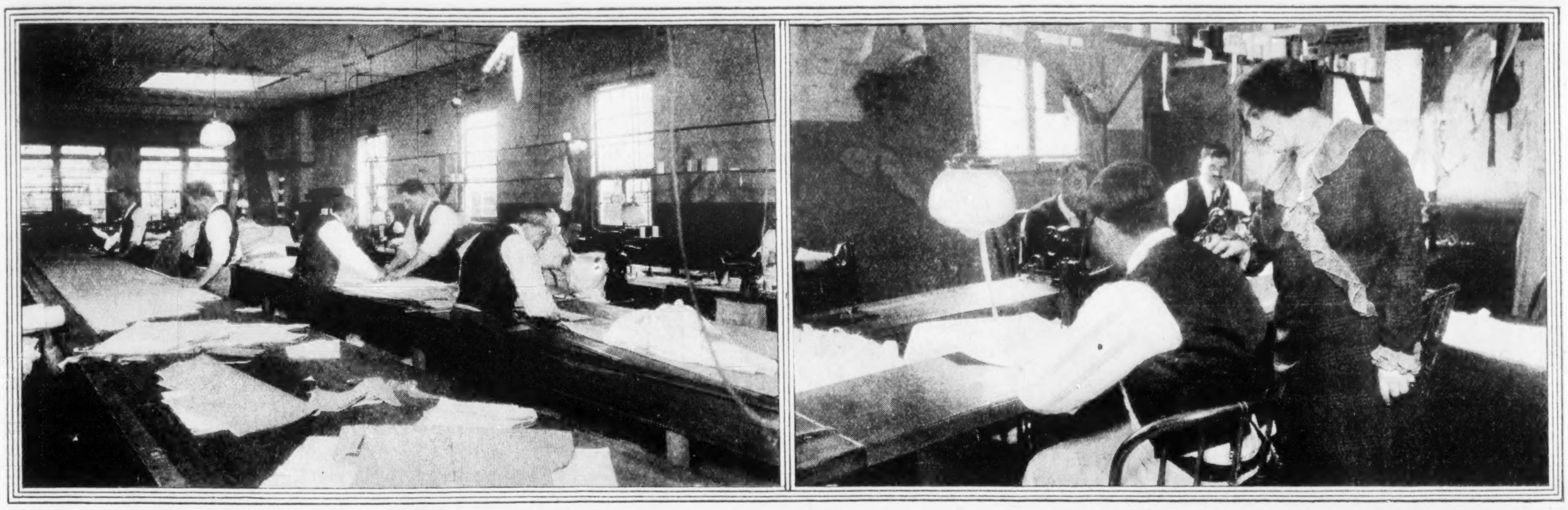
"Your hole," he conceded. "One trout up; one ball gone."

"*My* ball," Mr. Rawdon reminded him. But he smiled amiably for the first time and insisted on Hawkins' accepting a new ball.

"Where's the next green?" Hawkins asked.

"Right over there," Mr. Hemmingway replied, indicating a little plateau with the flag outlined against a high knoll, topped by the weather-worn stones of an ancient graveyard. "We'll walk over to the tee and play back."

"Wait a minute," said Hawkins. He sat down and, unlacing his wading shoes, heaved them over the plateau in the direction of the green. "Pick 'em up on the way back," he announced. "Wish I'd wore pants, and I'd shed more than them." (*Continued on page 30*)



All the workers in this New York garment factory are tuberculosis patients. None of them can do a full day's work. The nurse, dressed in plain clothes instead of a uniform, constantly watches the condition of her charges

This Time Clock's Worth Watching

By Will Irwin

Collier's regards this as an important piece of news. It tells how the sick may get well and earn a living at the same time. Mr. Irwin has seen a factory where all the workers are "T. B.'s" Instead of being dependent on somebody's bounty they are making good wages and helping to support their families.

YOUNG Mr. Hochhauser, brisk, and businesslike, entered last year the office of a firm which deals in time clocks and inquired the price of the latest models. The clerk, foreseeing a sale, launched into praise of his goods.

"With reasonable vigilance," he concluded, "it is impossible to beat this device. Your people can't play hooky on you. It compels them to work every minute of their full time."

"That isn't what I want," said Mr. Hochhauser. "I'm looking for a clock that will prevent them from working too much."

"Gee!" said the clerk. "That's a new one! Pretty soft for them. How do you get a good day's work out of them?"

"We don't," replied Mr. Hochhauser. "As soon as one of our men can do a good day's work, we fire him."

"You must be in business for your health," remarked the clerk.

"No," said Mr. Hochhauser, "for their health. All the same, last year we did very well, thank you!"

Whereupon the clerk, being Irish and understanding the insoluble nature of paradox, gave it up and set himself to prove that with his machine in the factory it was impossible for an employee to work overtime.

A Man Who Had a Hobby

HAVING introduced the story with fireworks, I am forced, for the better information of the reader, to go back and begin at the beginning. It is not only an interesting story in itself, but a really important one. That singular factory for which Mr. Hochhauser bought his time clock has been operating now for ten years; the experience it has gained and the principles it has demonstrated may open a new era in the business of organized charity. For one thing, we may, by studying and applying these principles, knock off many millions from our annual bill for the care of the disabled and unfit. And that, perhaps, will be the least of its benefits.

The story centers about a man, as these sudden advances in social progress always do. Fred M. Stein is a banker who found himself in his middle age with a fortune large enough to give him and his family all they might reasonably want for life. Instead of going on and accumulating money for love of power or love of the game, he cashed in, retired, and put his energies into his hobby—social service. Soon he was an original, driving force in the charities of New York. And he, as eventually do all social service workers of the metropolis, found himself involved in the tuberculosis question.

Here's the clock. When Isidor has worked his prescribed hours he is through for the day

The Federated Jewish Charities—one of his activities—had already provided sanitarium care enough to treat all active cases. But that, Stein saw, wasn't enough. "T. B." is a singularly treacherous and persistent disease. The best medical authorities agree that a patient discharged from a sanitarium with his case cured or arrested goes for about a year on 50 per cent vitality. The discharged patient of the class with which New York had to deal returned from the sanitarium to a tenement with all the unsanitary surroundings which tenement life implies. If he was a married man, he found his wife and children living in poverty or subsisting on charity.

The able men, like Mr. Stein and Rabbi Stephen Wise, who were studying this problem for their people, recognized another factor generally overlooked—the mental condition of the discharged patient. Mostly, they emerged from their medical treatment confirmed hypochondriacs. That could not be avoided. During a term of two or three years at the sanitarium the disease had been the great interest in their lives. Their conversation with fellow patients had consisted mainly in trading statistics on temperature and symptoms.

Restored to normal life, they tended to exaggerate a headache, a slight rheumatic pain, any of the little disorders which the normal man takes lightly, into a new onslaught of tuberculosis. Part of them tended in that first critical year to undervitalized inactivity wherein the sanitary and mental conditions about them grew steadily worse and worse. The other part, showing better self-respect than judgment, got jobs, plunged into hard work for eight hours a day, and used up that precious reserve of vitality in which lay the only chance of ultimate recovery.

The Committee for the Care of the Jewish Tuberculous gathered statistics over a two-year period on discharged cases. They found a 50 per cent relapse rate. That is: two years after the patients left the sanitarium with their weight normal, their lesions healed, and their sputum negative, just half of them were in worse shape than when they were discharged—or they were dead.

These figures, of course, apply only to patients living in tenement-house conditions, not to tuberculous convalescents in general.

The group of charities involved in this work spent much time, money, and effort on the problem of the convalescent. With examining physicians, visiting nurses, allowances of money to purchase the good and special food so necessary in such cases, they tried to give him the surroundings favorable to recovery. But the mental factor remained unsolved. The patient was either sinking to the state of a public charge or eating out his heart because he was doing nothing to support himself and his family.

Very well, said the committee, we shall arrange to give them work according to their needs and capacities—two hours a day for this one, three for that. They approached philanthropic employers, and ran at once into a web of difficulties. The public has been educated almost too well as to the infectious nature of T. B. Along with sound medical knowledge there have spread certain superstitions.

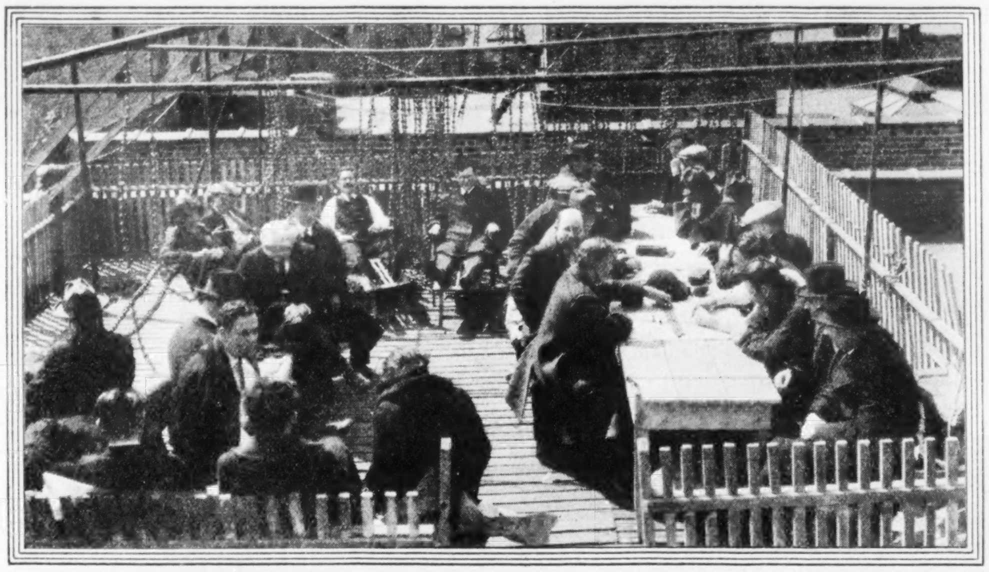
Most employers would not hire a man or woman branded as tuberculous. It was all right with them, they said, but the rest of the help—well, you know. And placing a man to advantage for a two-hour or three-hour job is difficult at best. In the close competition of modern manufacture the machine must pay its rent. He who lets a machine lie idle for two thirds of a working day is taking money out of his own pocket. Still further, the patient was away from medical supervision at the very time he most needed it.

The "T. B.'s" Start Work

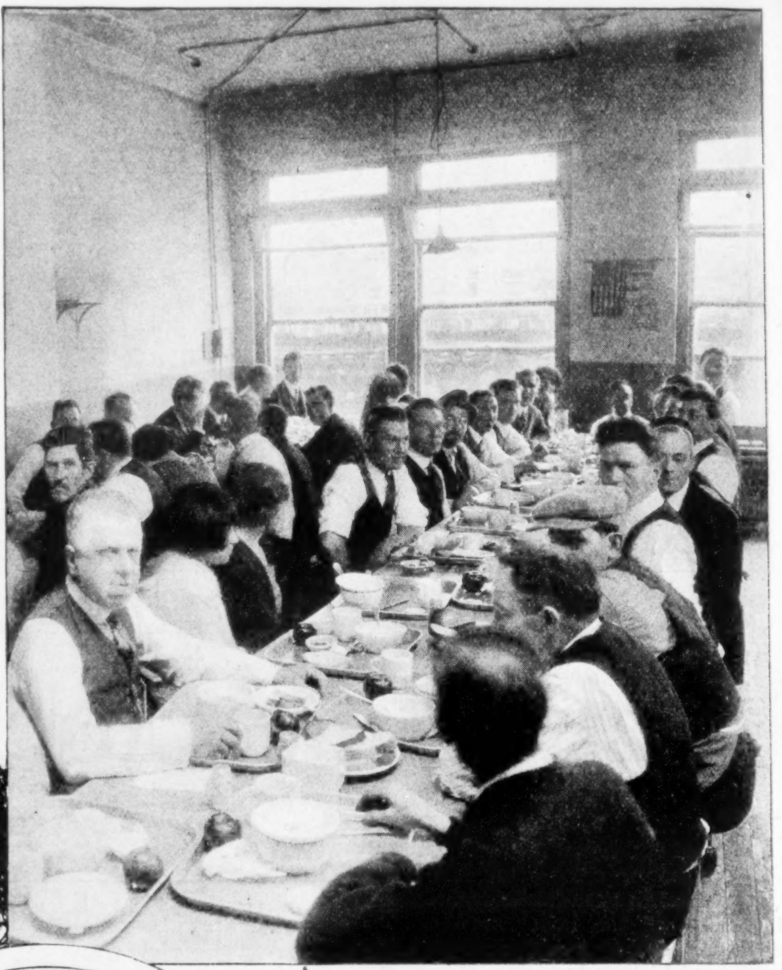
"WHAT we must have," said the committee finally, "is a factory of our own. It may sound insane; but I believe we could not only use it to increase the percentage of recoveries, but make it pay in the end." All agreed on that; but Mr. Stein, according to his associates, was the member who clung to the idea like a pup to a boot, and turned it into a reality.

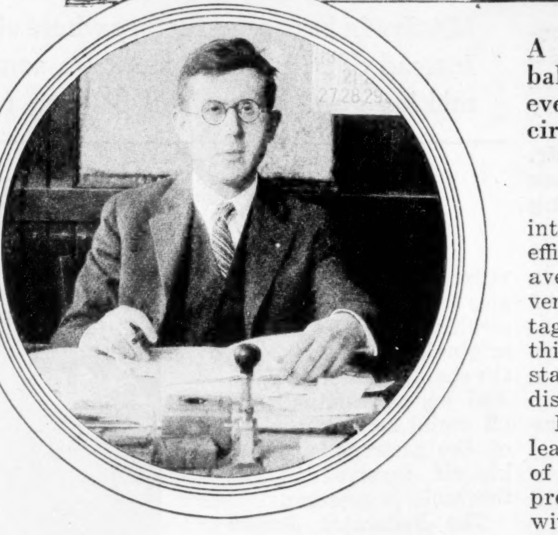
The tuberculosis specialists as a whole disagreed—especially when they learned that it was going to be a clothing factory. Clothing operatives work mainly at sewing machines and, therefore, in a stooping posture; and the job keeps them indoors.

The committee acknowledged all that, but other features of their "treatment," they contended, more than balanced the drawbacks. After a series of difficulties with landlords who would not rent their properties to "T. B.'s," they established themselves on the wide top floor of a dilapidated two-story building in the Bronx, put in a series of large win-



On fine days the workers can rest on the roof





A heavy and scientifically balanced meal is served every noon at cost. In the circle is Mr. Hochauser, the factory manager

dows, spotted the roof with skylights, and proceeded to business with forty patients, all lately released from the sanitarium, all pronounced by competent medical authority incapable of doing a full day's work. Now, the full complement is 90 patients.

The routine of the factory and the system of treatment, as laid out in the beginning, have not been greatly changed since. In the first place, the committee chose the needle trades, as a kind of common denominator for their people—the work to which, in their opinion, the greatest number of New York Jews could most easily adapt themselves. Most of the patients admitted then and now are heads of families. And the family is the unit of the job.

The Preliminaries

FIRST, the charity workers of the committee give all the members a thorough medical inspection—and if necessary medical treatment. Experts on that subject estimate how much money will maintain the family at a decent, hygienic standard of living. In this business, the committee is arbitrary, paternal, even dictatorial. If the family lives in dark, unsanitary quarters, it finds a better residence and moves it. The visiting nurse not only looks at the tongues of the children, but lifts the lid of the kettle and assures herself that the housewife is providing the proper food. If it be necessary the children are shipped off to the hospital to have tonsils and adenoids removed.

Meantime the breadwinner has been examined at the clinic; and the doctor has written his prescription of work. Usually he starts the patient in on two hours; at the most three. Paterfamilias spends a week or two learning how to operate an electrical sewing machine and to run a seam true. Then he goes on to the salary roll on a piecework basis. From the time when he begins to earn money, most of his weekly wage is deducted from the allowance to the family—most, but not all. There must be a stimulus to ambition.

Let us say that he has a large and wholly destitute family, which receives from the committee $30 a week. By the time he is making $6 a week on his two hours a day of piecework, the allowance from the Hebrew Charities and his pay envelope are so balanced that the family gets say, $31 a week; and so on until, in the course of years, he is so far recovered that he can accomplish a union-scale 44-hour week, earn full wages, and support his family without the assistance of charity.

At this stage of the game an ordinarily clever operative may be making as much as $45 a week. This method has been modified in the case of some very ambitious persons who tended to work at a furious pace during their allotted two or three hours. Such a patient is issued just so many pieces a day and ordered to quit when they are finished.

The human annex to the time clock is the trained nurse. For psychological effect, she does not wear a uniform, but a plain tailored suit. She watches the time clock like a hawk. When Isidor's or Abraham's prescribed two or four or six hours are up, she taps him on the shoulder and orders him home or sends him to a long siesta on a steamer chair in the rest room. When the doctor prescribes medicine she administers it. For the rest, she is constantly, though quietly, watching symptoms.

All "T. B. graduates"—the writer of these lines is one—knows the horror of hemorrhages. Now that distressing and terrifying symptom has its forerunners and warnings. The nurse watches for these; at the first sign, the patient is laid off. In ten years this factory has never experienced a hemorrhage. A heavy and scientifically balanced noon meal is served at cost price in the factory lunch rooms. The nurse supervises this also. And where the doctor's prescription calls for it, the patients have milk and raw eggs between meals—also at cost price.

As the nurse dresses in a tailored suit, so in every other way Mr. Hochauser, factory manager, avoids the appearance of a hospital. In the office stands a medicine chest, a set of bathroom scales and an unobtrusive cot. In cold or wet weather there is a row of steamer chairs in the lunch room. These, during warm days, stand on the roof. Otherwise you would not know this from any other small and humble clothing factory; only by the floods of sunshine from the skylight and the great windows, and by the fresh air, slightly pungent with disinfectants.

Sketchily, that is the medical situation. And now for results. As I have said, Mr. Stein, Rabbi Wise, and their associates found that under the old "home care" treatment the percentage of relapse among their discharged tuberculosis patients reached 50 per cent. This was calculated by observation of cases two years after their discharge from the sanitarium. The factory has been working ten years now. Recently it has tabulated its results. Its "percentage of relapse," computed on the same basis, is only 12 per cent. Let us say that 500 patients have passed through it and "graduated" to a permanent full-time job elsewhere or to hopeless invalidism and early death. Under the old system only 250 of these people would have been saved to life and industry. This new treatment has saved 440—a clean gain to society of 190 lives!

A Bad Place for Germs

WHEN I first heard of this factory, I shuddered to think of tuberculosis patients making clothing. Probably the reader has shuddered already. Everyone shudders—except the doctors, who know. This job, however, has the approval of the New York Board of Health. Indeed, as visiting hygienists have often remarked, its product is less dangerous to communal health than that of the ordinary "non-medical" clothing factory. The commercial factory has always with it the incipient or active T. B., concealing his disease for fear of losing his job. But it takes no precautions whatever.

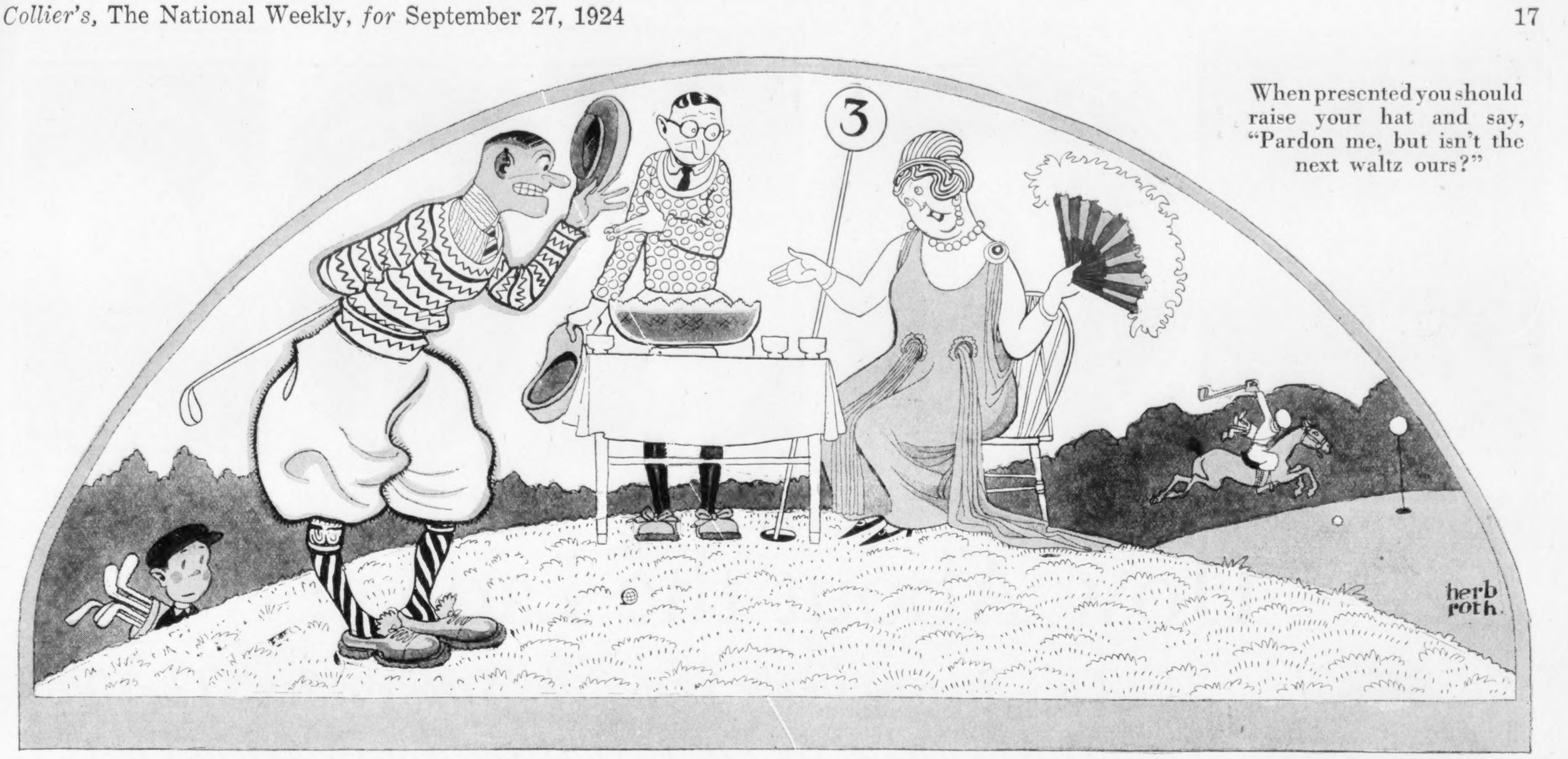
This hospital-factory is constantly disinfected. And the operatives, in the nature of things, are educated to the dangers of human sputum. They take care of that themselves—or get into trouble with the firm, vigilant, efficient girl who serves as nurse. The average factory has many cases of venereal diseases or other chronic contagious diseases. Every operator in this factory comes from a home constantly watched or treated for such diseases.

Finally each garment, before it leaves the shop, gets a dose of the best of all disinfectants—heat. It is pressed, unfolded, and then folded with an electric iron at a temperature just below the scorching point. Besides, modern medical experiment has shown that the danger of infection from old tuberculosis bacilli is very small. Most infection comes from close personal contact with fresh bacilli—like careless use of drinking cups and kissing.

This factory now produces only hospital garments, which it sells not only to Jewish institutions but to Protestant, Catholic, Municipal, and Federal. The customers all understand the origin of the goods, and being medical experts, understand also that they are not germ-tainted.

However, the public shudders; fear of sensational misunderstanding is the main reason why the committee has never before permitted its unique enterprise to be written up, why it operates under a trade name which I am pledged not to print, why it clamors for constant inspection by the authorities. And in the war, when the factory was working to capacity on Government contracts, the calamity happened. An enemy lodged complaint with all the boards of health in sight against "this menace to the lives of our boys."

The boards of health came with bacteriologists, epidemiologists, hygienists. They inspected and experimented. They injected bacilli into unfortunate guinea pigs; they subjected the same (*Continued on page 28*)



When presented you should raise your hat and say, "Pardon me, but isn't the next waltz ours?"

Twelve Rules For Any Golf Club

By H. I. Phillips

Illustrated by Herb Roth

FIRST. *Proper Entrance.* A player always should enter the grounds of a country club in a car above the so-called popular-priced class. He may, if he cares little for the conventions, enter in a taxi or flivver, but this is not done in our Best Golfing Families. Entering on a bicycle or on foot is very poor form. To do so is to invite snubbing from every professional golfer on the course and is almost certain to result in your getting only caddies of no prominence financially or socially. You should never enter a golf club alone, except in an extreme emergency. An extreme emergency is when you have forgotten to put the cork back into the gin bottle.

2. *Decorum and Conversation After Entering.* If you are entering a golf club for the first or second time as the guest of an accompanying member, you should look around with a look of dazed admiration and exclaim, "Well, this certainly is one wow of a club! *'Swonderful!"* It is a good idea to repeat this several times. The member should register unconcern and say, "Oh, it's pretty fair! I belong to a lot of other clubs even more magnificent."

You should then take another look around and say, "Oh! It's got lockers and showers and towels and everything! Pretty soft for you!" Your friend should reply, pulling his shirt over his head, "The thing I like about this club is that it's so hard to get into. So *exclusive.*"

You should, pulling off your shoes, say, "Yeah, I heard it was very select."

Etiquette prescribes he should reply to this as follows: "You'd be surprised how exclusive this club is, Eddie. We don't let in Hindus or Chinamen."

You reply, if you are golfically well bred, "That's good, but some Hindus and Chinamen are all right."

To which your friend should return, "Yes, I have a lot of good friends among the Hindus and the Chinese. There are a few in the office who are real good fellows. But you know how it is . . . if you start letting Chinamen and Hindus in you've got to let 'em all in."

This is about enough useless conversation. Great care should be taken to avoid saying, the first thing you are inside the club, "Gee, this is a terrible lookin' dump. Isn't there enough money in the treasury to give the walls a coat of paint and fix the leaky showers?" A crack like this will ruin you for all social register purposes.

3. *Getting Down to Business.* It is now proper for the host to say, "Have a drink?" As he makes this playful remark he should throw open his locker door and reveal about six quarts wrapped in pre-war tissue paper.

You may, without grossly violating the social code, reply in the affirmative, but it is better to say, "No, not now. Wait until we play the first nine holes."

Under no circumstances take more than two or three drinks, however, as the best golf clubs have rules this year penalizing golfers who try to play while lying down.

Whether you take a drink or not the host should, if well reared, show you the label and say quietly but with great credibility, "Private stock. President of the club let me have it. He's a millionaire. Great chum of mine. Had him over to the house Friday night for pinochle."

4. *Changing Clothes.* Precedent and established custom require that the first thing a player arriving in a business suit do is to change his clothes and get into a proper putting and driving uniform as sanctioned by the 1924 convention of the National Clothing Makers. There are no exceptions to this rule.

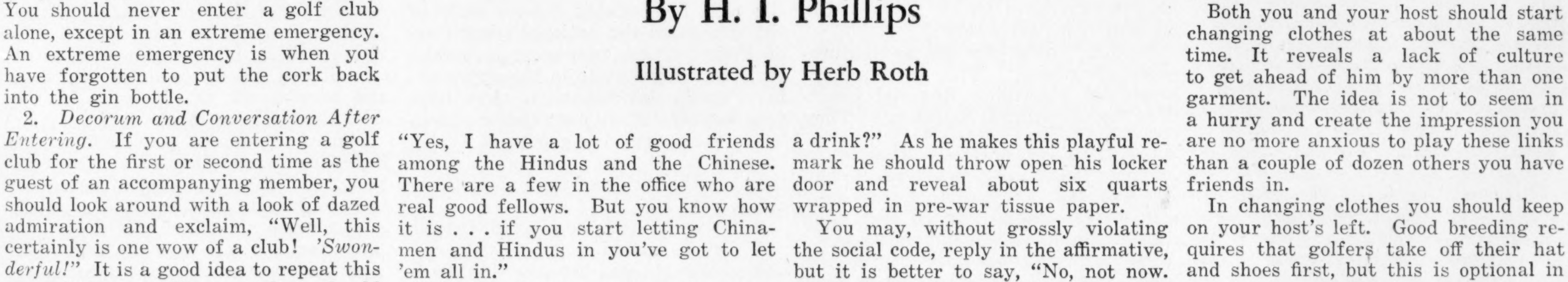
Both you and your host should start changing clothes at about the same time. It reveals a lack of culture to get ahead of him by more than one garment. The idea is not to seem in a hurry and create the impression you are no more anxious to play these links than a couple of dozen others you have friends in.

In changing clothes you should keep on your host's left. Good breeding requires that golfers take off their hat and shoes first, but this is optional in some clubs. Under no circumstances, however, should a golfer take off his clothes before removing his hat.

Great care should be taken to have on freshly laundered underwear and not to have one sock held up with a piece of string.

Red flannel shirts are taboo. Even the cheap and no account clubs having memberships as low as $10,000 will not tolerate them.

5. *Hanging Up Clothes in Locker.* This is very important. It is a matter to which many careless players pay too little attention. As each garment is removed it should be hung in the locker from left to right, and under the seniority rule. A player who hangs his clothes on a locker door end over end or pushes them under the bench will never get any bids to Southampton or Westchester. *(Continued on page 41)*



The best golf clubs have rules, this year, penalizing golfers who try to play lying down

Mrs. A. T. Hert

Miss Belle Sherwin

Miss Mary Archer

© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Miss Elizabeth Marbury

© HARRIS & EWING

Mrs. Mae E. Nolan

How About the Ladies?

Are They Proving to the Skeptical "Stronger Sex" That They Can Make Good on the Dusty Battlefield of Practical Politics?

By Anna Steese Richardson

Judge Florence C. Allen

INQUIRING reporters are hurling this question at leaders of organized women everywhere The individual answer depends upon the community and on the attitude toward politics of the particular organization for which the leader speaks. Collectively, the answer is: "Women have gone a little bit further in politics than men would have gone in the same length of time, under the same circumstances."

In a government, devised by men for men, and sustained by men voters for more than a century, American women have had the general franchise for less than four years. They have voted in one Presidential election, and the Sixty-eighth Congress is the first whose representatives and senators were elected by the vote of women in forty-eight states. In state, county, and municipal elections the women enfranchised by the Nineteenth Amendment have voted once, in a few cases twice.

Project the newly enfranchised man into a woman-governed world, and how far would he be able to travel politically in a trifle over three years?

Not so far as the woman of to-day, and for good reason. He is more conservative, and he would say that he could not spare time from his business or profession to inform himself on political issues. For that matter he hasn't done it under the man scheme of government, but, assuming that he was in the position of his wife to-day, he would probably say of politics, as he does of religion for his family: "Oh, my wife looks after that!"

Neither would men be as venturesome as women. They are always afraid of disturbing financial conditions by a political upheaval. They trust their party leaders to adjust industrial, national, and international questions. Not so women. The middle name of the average woman is "Reform." If politics represents a new opportunity to exploit her pet reform, she is for politics.

Women Won't Play the Game

FOR years she has given support to various welfare movements. During the World War, she organized women for Liberty Bond drives and food conservation. Since the Armistice, she has concentrated her energies on community affairs and welfare legislation. She now offers her services, her understanding of her sex, to the political party which promises the best outlet for her passionate spirit of uplift and reform.

On the other hand, some of her virtues are obstacles in her political progress. Many women are still in what might be termed a legislative frame of mind, believing that the path of political purity lies in legislation. Others are more effective as leaders in education for citizenship than as workers in primaries, county and state conventions. Few are willing to serve their apprenticeship in petty office-holding or on unimportant committees. Women who are ardent reformers cannot get into the political machine, because they refuse to play the game as professional men politicians have played it for many generations. And until they *do* get on the inside of the machine, reformers cannot introduce the political ethics and methods which they exploit in so eloquent a manner on the platform.

These observations were born of actual experience. Thirty years ago I worked among the Colorado women who had secured state suffrage. In 1920 I studied the Republican and Democratic women actively engaged in the Presidential campaign. In 1922 I campaigned with women running for the legislature in six states. During the past few months I have watched the women on the national committees of their parties preparing to render their first big service in the approaching Presidential campaign. And from year to year history has repeated itself. There are exactly two groups of women in politics: those on the outside and those on the inside of the political machine.

Some years ago the city of Denver was being ground between two machines: the old and the new, the black ring and the reform group.

At a fashionable hotel, a group of socially prominent women, wearing lustrous satin gowns, flower-trimmed toques, and white glacé gloves, explained how the city would be saved by electing the reform ticket and what part women would play in the campaign. Amid the applause of the kid-gloved hundreds, I slipped out of the ballroom with a local reporter. In the city jail he introduced me to the woman who controlled the vote that really counted in Denver, and who would swing that vote for the machine in power or the reform machine, exactly as it suited her purposes. She wore neither kid gloves nor flower-trimmed toque. She was proud of the fact that she went to and from her day's work with a shawl over her head. She talked in monosyllables only. She was the matron of the city jail, and she knew all the underworld of Denver by their first names. Worse still, she knew their exact connection with certain eminent citizens who controlled blocks of labor votes. The woman with the shawl over her head swung the election for the bosses.

In January, 1924, I attended a luncheon given by the Woman's Press Club of Washington in honor of the National Committeewomen of the Democratic party. When the president of the club called on the committeewomen for remarks, there were strange gaps in the responses. Most of the distinguished guests who had been seated at the president's table had slipped away before the speechmaking started.

Where had they gone? To attend the secret meeting of the small inner circle of party leaders. One of the favored few told me quite frankly that certain things had to be fixed beforehand, or it would be impossible to control the body of nearly one hundred committeemen and women the next day, and to dispatch the business in the brief time allotted them.

Similar conditions prevailed at the Republican and Democratic conventions. A thousand women attended each convention at their own expense, as delegates, alternates, national committeewomen, and representatives of organizations working for federal measures, like the Child Labor Amendment, Law Enforcement, Social Hygiene, and Anti-Narcotic Legislation.

A Dozen Got There

OF THIS number possibly a dozen penetrated the inner political circle at each convention. They were not necessarily the women who received the most publicity in the daily press. They were the women who had proved that they commanded votes and could organize both men and women in precinct, county, or state work.

During the preceding four years, a woman from each state had served on the Democratic National Committee. Local, state, and national politicians had been watching her methods and her reactions to machine organization. If she had shown signs of restiveness under machine methods she was quietly dropped, as in the case of Miss Mary Archer, quite the most picturesque figure among Democratic women in Pennsylvania.

If she had demonstrated a special talent for organizing women voters or raising campaign funds she was rewarded with an outstanding post, as in the case of Mrs. Daniel O'Day, the first woman to act as chairman of the New York delegation.

If she possessed the political acumen and shrewdness of which Tammany

© CLINEDINST

Mrs. Winnifred Mason Huck

Mrs. Henry Landes

Miss Alice Robertson

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Mrs. Daniel O'Day

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Mrs. Maude C. Waitt

Mrs. Kathryn Miracle

bosses are made, she was given neither title nor chairmanship but she was admitted to important secret councils, as in the case of Miss Elizabeth Marbury.

If she was merely popular among the organization women of her state, a charming figure in social and club circles, but displaying no special gift for political organization, she was flattered by appointment to some minor convention committee, or included in the group delegated to notify the candidate for Vice President of his nomination, as in the case of—well, more women than there is space to mention here!

To the Republican convention came most of the women who had served as associate members of the National Committee for the preceding six months, and here the weeding-out process was even more drastic. These associate members had been appointed rather hastily by national or state chairmen or by the two in coöperation, to appease the wrath of Republican women workers who complained justifiably that they could not refute the statement of their Democratic sisters that Democratic women had fifty-fifty representation on the National Committee while the Republican women had none.

The Test Applied

MANY of the appointees were selected because they were representative women in organizations like the federated clubs and the League of Women Voters. If they showed the true political spirit and grasped the game as men have played it for generations, they were elected as national committeewomen. If for any reason they did not measure up to the standards set by the Republican leaders they were dropped. Subsequently a comparison between the list of associate members who met with the Republican National Committee in Washington last December, and the list of National Committeewomen now working under Mrs. A. T. Hert, vice chairman in charge of Women's Work for the Coolidge campaign, makes interesting and illuminating reading.

If so small a number of women wielded any real influence, in what way then were the two thousand political outsiders repaid for attending the Republican and Democratic conventions?

First, they acquired first-hand information on national convention methods. Most of the thinking women left the convention convinced that a better method for nominating Presidential candidates must be found.

Second, they watched an inspiring demonstration of woman's power in legislative bodies. The average woman, delegate, alternate, or what might be termed working visitor was a member of a woman's club or a League of Women Voters. For several years she had been toiling consistently, untiringly, sometimes grimly, to drag out the women in local elections. She had organized classes in good government and intelligent citizenship. She had rallied members of her organization to the support of so-called welfare measures. And perhaps she had grown a bit discouraged in her task.

But if she attended the hearings before the Resolutions Committee, supposed to draw up the platform of the party, she had her reward. She saw with her own eyes the respect paid by experienced politicians, many of them senators and representatives, to the women who represented her organization. This was especially marked when the speakers for the National League of Women Voters headed by their president, Miss Belle Sherwin, appeared before the Committee on Resolutions.

But let us travel from convention to Congress.

In the Sixty-seventh Congress Miss Alice Robertson represented Oklahoma and Mrs. Winnifred Mason Huck filled the unexpired term of her father as representative-at-large from Illinois for four months after his death. Miss Robertson created a mild sensation by working against the one piece of Federal legislation endorsed by practically every woman's organization in the country, the Sheppard-Towner Act. After accumulating numerous floral offerings, earning the general disapproval of her sex, and suffering defeat at the hands of voters in her own state, she retired from politics, which she denounced as too unclean for women.

During her brief term of office Mrs. Huck gave out many entertaining interviews, called it a day, and went back to her family in Illinois.

Nothing for us women to boast of perhaps, but I could name a dozen congressmen who have achieved less in the same length of time—especially in the line of national publicity!

In the Sixty-eighth Congress there is one woman member, Mrs. Mae E. Nolan of California, who is said to have been elected on the labor ticket as a compliment to her late husband. She has allied herself with the so-called radical bloc, she will not permit floral offerings to be displayed on her desk, and she absolutely declines to be interviewed on what she thinks of Congress, women in politics, or kindred topics dear to the inquiring reporter. She carries certain earmarks of a woman who has adopted politics as her profession rather than as a pastime.

In state and municipal government the number of women office-holders is increasing steadily.

In Connecticut, with a population of less than two million, 350 women were filling elective offices in 1923. Five served in the state legislature, and 204 on school boards and committees. In Iowa, stronghold of Republicanism and public education (it has the lowest rate of illiteracy in the United States, 1.1 per cent), a Democratic woman is serving on the State Board of Education, a Republican woman is state superintendent of schools, and in twenty-three out of ninety-nine counties the county superintendent of education is a woman.

Ohio has six women in the legislature, including one senator, Mrs. Maude C. Waitt of Cleveland. This state also elected a woman as judge of the Supreme Court, Florence C. Allen, whose legal ability and integrity have won national recognition. Pennsylvania elected eight women to the legislature and the Commissioner of Public Welfare, Ellen C. Potter, M. D., is giving the state service marked by efficiency and economy.

Some are Ciphers, Some are Not

WHEN I interviewed either professional politicians or women leaders of organizations interested in politics, I received practically the same reply to my questions. In each group of women elected as state representatives, one at least was an outstanding figure on the floor and in committee rooms.

Well, if one woman in six makes herself felt in a state legislature, or on a board of aldermen, here is as good a record as men make. If you don't believe this, study the daily reports from the legislature of your own state, the minutes of your local board of aldermen. How many men sitting in these august bodies do much more than listen for the voices of their political masters—and answer as instructed?

Speaking of municipal office-holding, one of the most interesting incidents of my cross-country study of women in politics occurred in Seattle, where two councilwomen had just been elected by the overwhelming vote of what we Americans call the better element.

Mrs. Henry Landes, a university woman with an exceptional record for civic service, was nominated through the efforts of the organization women of Seattle, who also paid all the expenses of her campaign. Mrs. Kathryn Miracle, a widow with limited business experience but great shrewdness, maneuvered her own nomination, financed her own campaign, and unquestionably was swept into office on the tide of Mrs. Landes' popularity. Many business men told me they voted for her because they thought that she could back Mrs. Landes in putting over desirable measures, while others, more gallant, said Mrs. Landes might feel more comfortable if there was another woman on the council!

In preparation for writing this article, I wired both Mrs. Landes and Mrs. Miracle, a widow with limited busi-the value of women as municipal office-holders and their political opportunities. Would they seek reëlection? The replies are characteristic. Mrs. Landes wired:

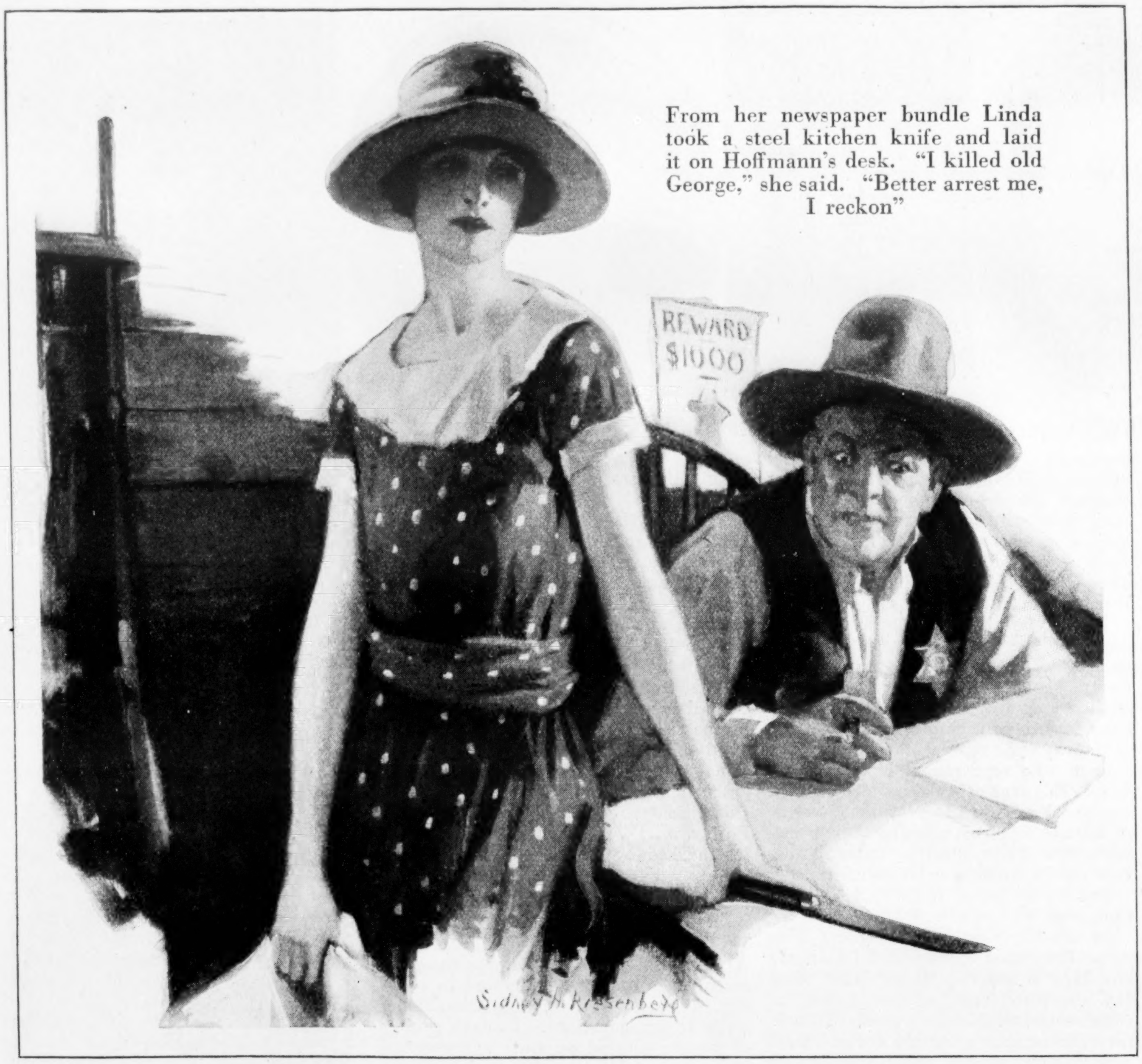
Term expires next year. Ordinances regulating dance halls and cabarets by placing control in head supervisor woman, requiring women supervisors in each hall, stopping all-night and Sunday dances and other regulations. Lacking full coöperation mayor and police chief, results good but not fully satisfactory. Seriously handicapped by open-town mayor. Good coöperation from most of the council.

Shortly after this telegram was received, Mrs. Landes was appointed acting mayor in the absence of the city's chief executive at the national convention of his party. Her first official act was to dismiss the chief of police and those of his subordinates who, Mrs. Landes alleged, had been running a wide-open town.

Mrs. Miracle's reply ran:

Present term holds until nineteen twenty-five.

(*Continued on page 39*)



From her newspaper bundle Linda took a steel kitchen knife and laid it on Hoffmann's desk. "I killed old George," she said. "Better arrest me, I reckon"

The Man Who Loved Hate

The Story of the Strangest Harvest Ever Reaped in the Five Sleep Country

By Wallace Smith

Illustrated by Sidney H. Riesenberg

IN THE spring of the year Linda Crenshaw rode into the county seat from the Crenshaw ranch, twenty miles back in the Five Sleep country. The Crenshaws kept pretty much to themselves, and so none of the people of the town were surprised at the absent way in which she replied to their greetings. She took her horse to the town corral and walked back to the New Antlers House. Half an hour later, when she came out of the hotel, she had changed her half-male attire of the saddle for a blue polka-dot dress and a hat with black cherries on it. She carried a package wrapped in newspapers. Later they remembered that her manner was that of a sleepwalker.

She walked to the office of Sheriff Hoffman, who at the time was over at the postoffice. She waited until the sheriff came back, sitting in one of those wide-bottomed chairs universal in the offices of law enforcers.

"Hello, Linda Crenshaw," cried Hoffman. "It sure is good to see you again. And how's old George?"

Linda unwrapped the newspaper bundle. From it she took a steel kitchen knife and laid it on Hoffman's desk.

"I killed old George," she said. "Better arrest me, I reckon. I did it last October. I just couldn't stand it any longer."

An undersheriff rode back to the Crenshaw ranch, huddled deep in a shadowy cañon. He found old George's body buried under a gnarled, black apple tree, the blossoms of which were a blushing, empty promise of fruit. He found other things. A shining saddle, studded with silver nails to make the initials "T. M." on a rail in the bunk house, and three empty shells that would fit a thirty-thirty carbine.

Folks of the Five Sleep country recalled many incidents that had been dismissed and forgotten in the wide range of George Crenshaw's eccentricity. Linda Crenshaw, when she went into court, told a good deal that Five Sleep folks had guessed, and a great deal more that they hadn't.

George Crenshaw would have been sixty in the spring of the year when Linda rode into the county seat. He was as tough and as gnarly as the black trunk of the apple tree. He smiled with half his mouth and said rankling words with the amused chuckle of a malicious old man—words about things that people cherished. Old George was not popular in the Five Sleep country, but there remained an ancient vision of him that demanded respect.

CRENSHAW was one of the builders of the state, one of the builders who made the construction profitable to himself.

Long before the railroad had been thrust across the desert—he took part in that too, but with a plump contract instead of a pick—Crenshaw had marched with the pioneers. He had become a back-room dictator of politics and in the state capital he was known as a man of Borgian gestures—unpitying, relentless, and always a little amused.

George Crenshaw was a wild one, even in his later days in the capital. His clothes, in that country, were miracles of fashion—neat and rather gaudy.

His drinking was the same way. And there were noisy scandals in his big house on the hill, embarrassingly near the governor's own mansion.

Then Crenshaw came to the Five Sleep country. This never was explained. Except that once, when he drove his buckboard into town for provisions, he told Sheriff Hoffman, whom he had known in the capital, that he was weary of looking at people's faces. That didn't explain why he brought Linda Crenshaw to Five Sleep with him—or why she came.

"I was very young," she said in court, "and I had always lived in the city and I had always wanted to live where there were trees and hills and a little stream."

Her voice was calm enough when she said it, but she closed her eyes and two tears seeped under the lids and rolled down her cheeks. They were the only tears she shed during the trial.

She was thirty then. It was six years before that old George brought her to the Five Sleep country. There were hills, magic hills that gathered pools of lavender in their cool cañons while the sun, going down, still lacquered their peaks with gold, and friendly, veteran trees and a stream that laughed with its own mischief.

THE ranch cabin was comfortable enough. Old George even tapped a spring and piped fresh water into the kitchen. He sent for a phonograph, too, and she played the six records over and over until they were worn flat. One day, when he came back from a long hunt, and found her playing a piece—it was selections from "Pinafore"—he chuckled in that rankling way.

The next morning, when she tried to play the scratchy records, she discovered that the machine wouldn't run. He did a lot of things like that, she told the jurymen.

The folks of the Five Sleep country had shaken their heads many times over old George's ranch. Every spring he plowed the stony tilting fields and even hired men to help with the task. But the fields were never reaped.

"In the fall," Linda Crenshaw told the amazed jury of farmers, "he would go to the top of a hill and look over the fields of ripe grain—and laugh. He was always in better humor those nights."

Crenshaw's cattle were likewise treated. They roamed without care and might turn up anywhere. Once it amused him to run a blooded bull from a neighboring ranch. This had long been gossip in the Five Sleep country—gossip that seemed corroborated by the marks of yearlings among Crenshaw's vagrant herds. But nobody would believe it, until Linda Crenshaw told it under oath, because it did not seem possible for a man to go to such effort to improve cattle that were set adrift.

About the only thing that seemed to interest old George was hunting deer.

He was a dead shot. He had been a professional hunter in the early railroad days. And, close to sixty, he boasted that he always brought meat back to camp. He hunted with an old model thirty-thirty carbine. It had a wobbly sight, which he repaired from time to time with a hammer and a file. He scorned the dressy ways of city hunters. It delighted him to take the trail in an old smoking jacket, moccasins on his feet and a cocky velour fedora on his gray head. In the pocket of the smoking jacket he carried three cartridges.

"If I can't get meat with three shells, I'll do without meat," he used to boast. And, "I never shoot more meat than we can use on the ranch."

He always chuckled over that, she said, because practically all he ate of the deer was the liver. His teeth had been bad for years.

It was at planting time that Texas Marshall rode through the Five Sleep country, stopped at the Crenshaw ranch, and struck a bargain with old George. Marshall was young, with a smile in his eyes and a swing to his lean back. He ate dinner that was put on the table by Linda, and after dinner asked Crenshaw about work. Old George had been leaning back in his chair, eyeing the black-haired guest. He looked at his young wife too. And he refused to employ Marshall.

But, as Marshall was saddling his mount, the old man chuckled and changed his mind. Marshall shook hands with him, took off the big saddle with "T. M." marked in silver studs, and next morning went to work with the plow.

"We have funny harvests at this ranch," old George told him.

IT WAS funny that Linda Crenshaw should remember what George had told Marshall. Marshall had repeated it to her a long time afterward. He had remembered, too. Something in the way old George had said it—that nasty, rankling way he had of saying words. But she remembered. . . .

"I reckon I was lonesome," she said, when she told of her love for Marshall. "And we were young—he was even younger than me. I loved him. I wanted to tell old George about it."

It was strange to hear her call him "old George," the way the rest of the Five Sleep folks did.

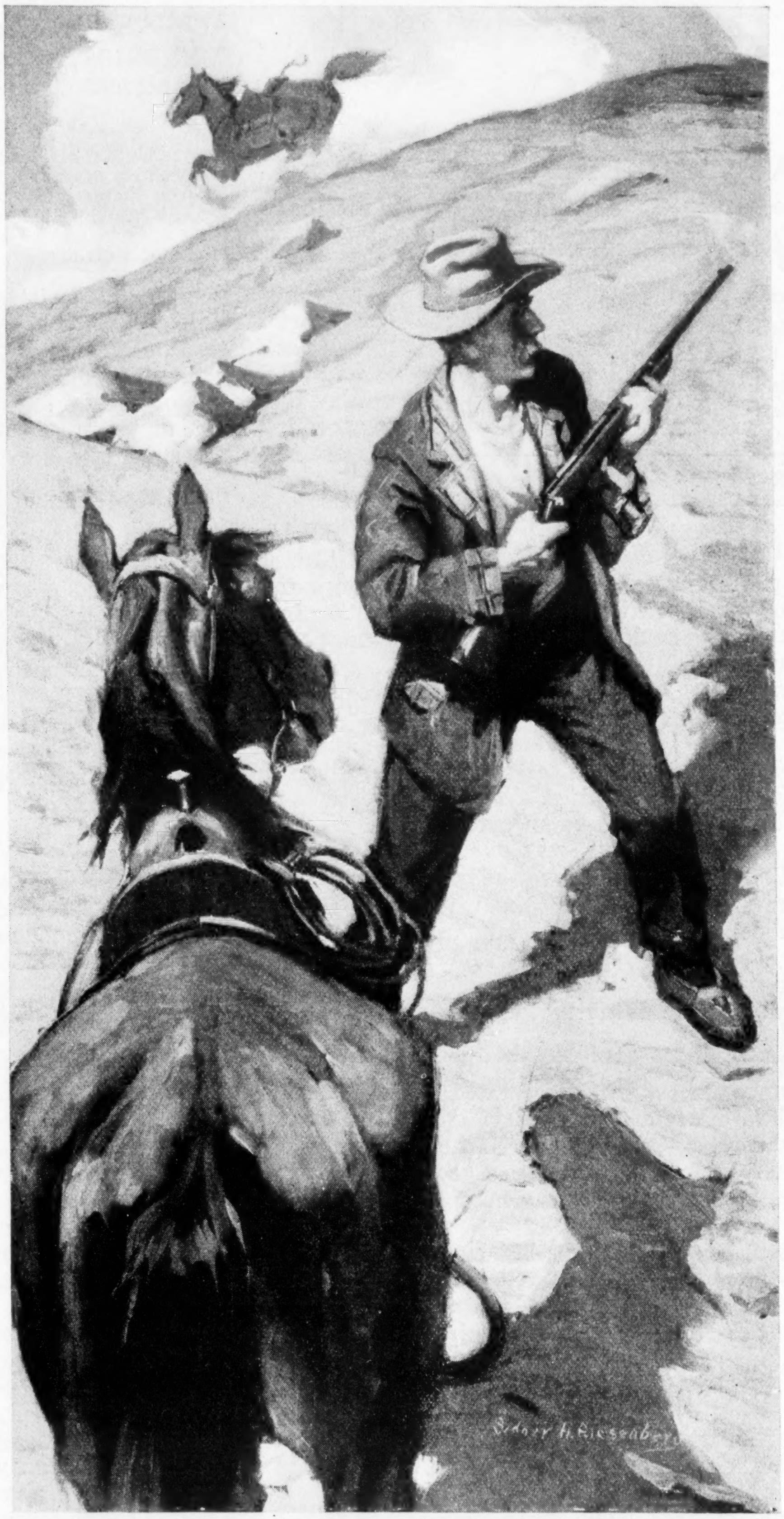
"I wanted to tell old George about it—but Tex wouldn't let me. He left Tex and me together a lot. He'd go hunting back in the hills. He could see the ranch from Pilgrim Peak. I never thought of that when I would go from the cabin to the bunkhouse where Tex lived. I was happy. I was frightened—but I was happy."

She gave Texas Marshall a ring to wear on a rawhide thong around his neck.

It was an old-fashioned little ring, with a sapphire set in it, that her mother had given her on a birthday when she was a girl. And, during the day, when Marshall was in the fields or hunting in the hills, she would think of the ring that hung against his chest. Where her head had rested and would rest again when he came back.

Marshall remained at the ranch all summer. Usually the hired hands quit right after planting time. At the end of August old George had surprised her.

"It's harvest time," he said at breakfast one day. "This year we'll have a harvest."



A shot sounded—old George's last cartridge

Tex Marshall saddled early and rode into the hills to look for some sign of old George's favorite horse. She remembered the details perfectly, because old George was going to hunt deer, and Marshall was to come back as early as he could. He had asked her to wear a pinkish kind of dress which he liked.

Old George chuckled as he fooled around the house. He hammered at the sight of his carbine and chuckled again as he put three cartridges into the pocket of his smoking jacket.

She sang little songs as she cleared the dishes and swept the cabin floor. Even old George had trouble finding fault with her housekeeping. She baked pies and early in the afternoon put on the pinkish dress to await Marshall. After a while she went on to the cabin porch to scan the east trail, down which he had promised to return. She remembered watching a hawk tracing lazy loops against the sky.

Far across the hushed, sunshiny distance a shot sounded, then a pause, and two more—old George's three cartridges. She wished Marshall would hurry. Old George would have his deer packed to the ranch before sundown.

The lawyer halted the testimony to have her strike her hands together to give the jurymen a true notion of how the shots were timed. She did it coolly. Once, and then, after a pause, two more, closely together.

SHE waited on the porch in her pink dress. Finally a rider emerged from the green screen of the east trail. It was old George. There were tears of disappointment in her eyes as she turned into the house to hurry with supper. She was so disappointed that she had not noticed that old George had brought no meat back with him.

He was smiling with half his mouth when he came in. It was twilight in the cañon, although the hills were crested with gold and vermilion. She sensed his high humor, the sort that he brought back after he had laughed at the fields of rotting grain.

"All dressed up for your husband?" he chuckled. "You're pretty as a picture."

He sat by the table. The lantern carved sinister, smiling lines into his shrewd old face. He took three empty shells from his pockets and ranged them neatly on the table.

"Three shells," he said, mournfully, "and no meat. I'm getting old, I reckon. Eh, Honey? You think I'm getting old?"

He chuckled again—a malicious old man's chuckle.

"I saw Marshall on the east trail," he said. "He's not going to work here any more. He's gone away."

She turned from the range so sharply that she upset a pan. She stooped to pick it up and faced old George with it in her hands. She saw his eyes on her. Cruel, smiling lines cracked their corners. He reached into the other pocket of his old smoking jacket.

"Does this belong to you?" he asked.

Beside the three shells he tossed the old-fashioned little ring. The sapphire made a tiny gleam. The rawhide thong curled stiffly, like a little black snake in the light of the lamp.

More or Less Human By Fred C. Kelly

I KNOW a man who makes it his business to carry home a new funny story every evening to tell to his family at the dinner table. Whether this is as an antidote to household woes he will hear recited at the table, or whether it's to match something equally funny his wife will tell, I can't say. But it sounds like a first-rate idea.

A CHARMING hostess recently gave a dinner and invited a celebrated wit. The other guests felt subdued in his presence and were afraid to take much conversational initiative. This left him without any foil for his talents. The dinner was a fizzle. Wits should always be asked in pairs, that each may be sure of a sparring partner.

I HAVE just been staring at the face of my old dog, Badger, marveling at the serenity and benignity of that countenance. During the ten years of his life old Badger's one big motive has been to make himself as agreeable and useful as possible to those he loves. His whole career has been one of service and unselfishness. He has never once done anything mean. Gradually his face has taken on an almost spiritual quality. My point is that if you have true nobility of character this is likely to show in your face even though you may happen to be a dog.

A WEALTHY New York banker employs a man to stay in Washington to find out what is going on behind the scenes, and keep him informed. The banker is no longer active in financial affairs but wants the pleasure of observing to friends: "Ah, yes, we have a man in Washington, and the facts are these."

The only trouble with the scheme is that it doesn't work. He doesn't get any important information from his Washington man. Those behind the scenes at Washington know why the man seeks information and don't bother to tell him anything.

IT WAS Justice Sutherland of the United States Supreme Court who coined the phrase, some years ago, when in the Senate that a Progressive is a man who has started and can't stop, while a Standpatter is one who has stopped and can't start.

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SEPTEMBER 27, 1924

More and Better Politics

SOMETHING goes wrong in our governmental affairs and immediately there rises the cry: "Too much politics!" The average citizen seems to believe that if we could cut out politics altogether we'd have a paradise on earth. It's the same idea as shooting the patient to cure disease.

Waste in handling a war: Too much politics.

Oil scandal: Too much politics.

Stupid legislation: Too much politics.

When, as a matter of fact, we haven't enough politics. We make the mistake of thinking a lack of statesmanship to be an overdose of politics.

We need 100 per cent politics. We need leaders who are playing every trump card to win the approval of the public—the whole public. We need citizens who talk politics, argue it, live it, and *vote it!*

We don't care half so much about a man's ideals as we do about the nation's welfare. The only ideal a public official need have is honesty of purpose.

We've too many wild ideals floating around now. Too many of our "statesmen" are propaganda hounds for pet schemes created in their own minds, and unrelated to the welfare of the country.

The President is—and always must be—a politician. If he's honest, forceful, and a straight thinker, he invariably makes a good record. The same is true of members of Congress, of governors, of all public officials.

The best interests of the nation will be served by the big, clean, ambitious, hard-working politician—the man who will give us *more and better politics*, the man who will make us all realize it's our election, our country, our affairs, that he's thinking about. Manipulation, cleverness, trickery—these things are not politics.

This is Worth Watching

THE Grain Marketing Company, organized through the American Farm Bureau Federation and other organizations, promises to be one of the most interesting corporate experiments ever undertaken. It is capitalized at $26,000,000, controls 5,000 grain elevators with their subsidiary connections, and plans to market two thirds of the grain crop of the country. It may control an even larger amount. No other corporation in the country so nearly approaches being a monopoly. The authority for organizing the corporation is derived from laws which, in effect, exempt farm organizations from the Sherman Law.

The scheme of the company is unqualifiedly good. But the troubles of the farmers lie deeper than marketing—you can't market something you haven't. And this corporation ought to do something toward demonstrating the inflexible relation between farm work and farm pay.

Large corporations do not commonly succeed excepting when they are of slow growth, because only in that way can the personnel of management be built up.

After the first hubbub of organization, most of our big mergers go through a long, hard period while the managers are trying to catch up with what they are supposed to manage.

This grain corporation has a hard row ahead of it. The pressure will be in the direction of shortsightedly serving the farmers' interest by boosting the prices of grain. It may be caught in the "stabilization" net. It will succeed and be a public benefit as the managers grow into a realization that the best interests of the farmers are identical with the best interests of the consumers.

The Land of Joy

EDOUARD HERRIOT, Premier of France, has written a wise and friendly account of his visit to America a year ago. In it he says:

> To define the United States as a land of big buildings and mass production is to take a very narrow point of view. For it is also the country of free living—of natural living—it is the Land of Joy. Yes, the United States is a land of joy, of healthful joy, of a free life beneath a wide blue sky. It is a calumny to represent it as the slave of mechanical civilization.

So many silly and twisted comments are made by foreign visitors—and by Americans about Europe—that we have to take our hat off to M. Herriot for seeing past the Woolworth Building and catching this true glimpse of the real life of a happy people. May the people of France and Germany and the rest of the world speedily become as happy! This could be a world of joy—if there were more statesmen like Herriot.

Let's Keep the Schools on High

THE biggest human business of all has resumed active operation. The schools reach more people, hit them harder, change them more fundamentally, and get more lasting results than does any other industry. That's because all the people have made this general education peculiarly their own affair, and on its own merits.

In November we elect a President, governors, legislators, and city fathers galore. But the schools are not an issue.

No one is urging the voter to support his party because it aims to keep the folks of some particular race, region, religion, or calling shut out from the benefits of education, or to monopolize certain learning for a privileged class. Such matters have been red-hot political issues in modern times and in leading countries.

The only school issues of any importance in America are: How much can we spend? What best results can we get?

The schools still have battles and victories ahead. But to-day more and more of us see public education as the counsel ground of the generations, the place of decision where the child and the community get together to their mutual aid, and for the enormous advantage of the future. Good morning, Teacher!

A Great "Yard" Lawyer

WE KNOW a lawyer with a big old-fashioned office looking out upon a brick-walled yard. There is nothing dynamic about him: he handles his clients, his birds, and his trees with unhurried thoroughness. In the walled yard there is one tall tree that towers above the housetops, and several slender saplings.

He uses the yard as an outdoor office: in fair weather he can be seen there strolling up and down while he talks with two or three resentful-looking men, or perhaps a sullen man and a bristling woman.

"When people have a misunderstanding, the main trouble is that they are just different, like sparrows and pigeons," he will say, and then his hand slips into his pocket and comes out full of cracker crumbs. He whistles a moment, waving his hand above his head, then scatters the crumbs, and pigeons and sparrows begin to come down out of nowhere into the yard. The lawyer smiles. "Still, pigeons and sparrows can manage to get along together very well," he says, as he points to the birds hunting crumbs in the grass, and then he goes on talking with his clients, strolling back and forth.

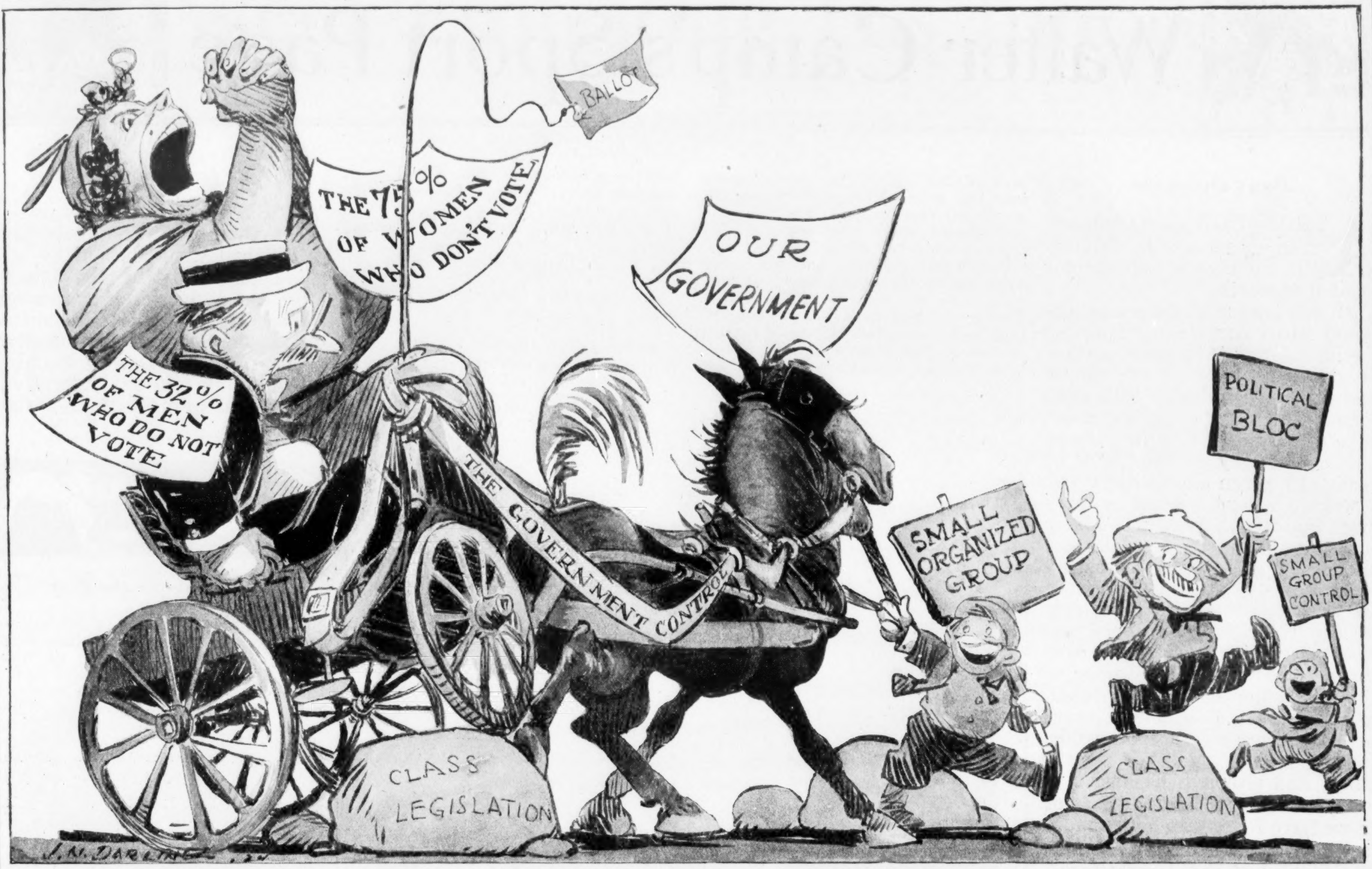
He is not a great court lawyer: he is a great yard lawyer with a gift for keeping people out of court.

Missed It by Seventy-seven Years

HERE are a few sentences taken from a best seller:

> I followed her into an apartment finished, without hangings, in wood, with a floor of polished wood. I was prepared for new devices in musical instruments, but saw nothing in the room which by any stretch of the imagination could be conceived as such.
>
> "Please look at to-day's music," she said, handing me a card, "and tell me what you would prefer. It is now five o'clock, you will remember."
>
> The card bore the date "September 12, 2000," and contained the largest program of music I had ever seen. It was as various as it was long, including a most extraordinary range of vocal and instrumental solos, duets, quartettes, and various orchestral combinations. She made me sit down comfortably, and, crossing the room, so far as I could see, merely touched one or two screws, and at once the room was filled with the music of a grand organ anthem.

Evidently from a current novel which mentions the radio, you say, and yet are puzzled by that date, "September 12, 2000." As a matter of fact, this is from "Looking Backward," in which Edward Bellamy, nearly forty years ago, pictured his conception of what American civilization would be like in the year 2000.



Folks who won't use the reins and whip on their own horse shouldn't complain if it's led off the road

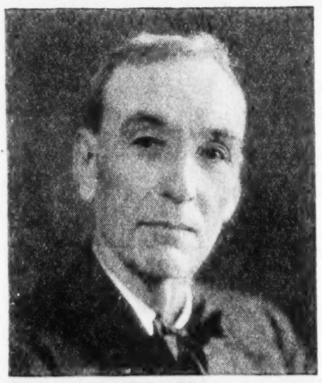
The Jail at the End of the Rainbow

By Ed Howe

I SHOULD like to know the name of an Associated Press writer in Berlin, that I may credit him with writing the best thing I have seen in print this year. The writing appeared in morning papers of Monday, August 11th, and, in spite of being hurriedly written, and transmitted by cable and telegraph, its simplicity, eloquence, and importance appealed to me as nothing else has done in a long time. Here was reading to repay me for much that was dull and of little importance.

I have a son in the employ of the Associated Press in Berlin who has also served in Russia, Poland, Latvia, and on the late battle front. But I have no hope he wrote it: it's too good for our family.

The story concerns Abraham Baron, of the horde of foreign adventurers who come to America and are more indignant at the unusual prosperity and opportunity they find here than they were over the real poverty and oppression prevailing in the countries they came from.



E. W. Howe

Abraham Baron made headquarters in Chicago, where radicalism, I sometimes think, is a little more bloodthirsty and foolish than elsewhere. With the widow of one of the men hanged for inciting and participating in the Haymarket riots he conducted a paper called "The Alarm." The name indicates its character: its editors were alarmed over the starvation, slavery, oppression, and lack of opportunity in the United States, actually the most prosperous, the freest and fairest country the best men of the civilized world have been able to produce.

For months the pages of "The Alarm" were devoted to foul charges against a good country—charges which anyone might have known were untrue. A good writer, Abraham Baron strangely sought a small market for his talent when there was a larger and more worthy one. His name became a household word in a certain class of households, where children lisped his name as the children of better men lisp the name of Lincoln and Washington.

With the success of the Russian revolution, Abraham Baron saw the dream of a radical Utopia come true, and its leaders everywhere were invited to help usher in the New Day.

Being a radical of radicals, he went to Russia, where he found the dawn of the New Day worse than the sunset of the oppression from which he had fled. Free speech, free thought were actually suppressed, and the masses actually enslaved, terrorized, arrested, killed, and starved in the unhappy land where he went to rejoice.

Being a natural reformer, he rebelled, after working for a time with the Soviet and discovering that a handful of madmen were oppressing the people of a great and populous nation. His wife was soon shot, and now he has been taken to a lonely place in the Arctic Circle to die of cold and hunger, to a village very properly called Golgotha. Over its entrance might well be placed that famous and gloomy line: "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here."

No one ever escapes from this Golgotha of the Soviets. There reigns the starvation, the suffering, the lack of liberty, the hopelessness Abraham Baron so eloquently pictured in the midst of plenty and freedom in the United States. He has written a letter to his former friends in America in which he says:

> We leave to-morrow for Golgotha, in the Arctic. It means merely death from cold and starvation. I leave nothing but sorrow behind me; I have nothing, and leave no will.

A pitiful, a thought-provoking story that should be printed in millions and distributed everywhere with the enthusiasm displayed by the Gideon Society in placing a Bible in every hotel room in the United States, or with the enthusiasm with which we have sent missionaries to every corner of the world. Here is a sermon so powerful all may understand the message. Even Abraham Baron himself, on his way to Golgotha in chains, must be thinking of the moral of his own pitiful story, which is that many millions of foreigners have prospered in blessed America with industry less irksome than he displayed in sentencing himself to failure and death.

E. W. Howe

Walter Camp's Sport Page

Don't Overtrain

A THOROUGH sportsman and keen observer is talking. His opinion is offered for what it is worth.

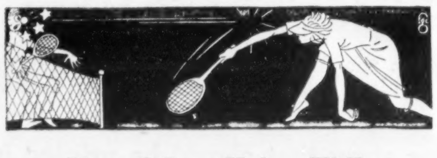
"I am gradually becoming opposed to American training methods. Not that the discipline of giving up tobacco, late hours, and other dissipations isn't good for both body and mind, but much of our training results in burning out men simply so they may be ready at a given moment to break a world's record. What happens after that is unimportant. I have just come back from England and on English golf courses I was impressed by the fine appearance of the elderly Englishmen I saw there. Their color was good and there was vigor written all over them. I saw practically none of the worn, nervous type so common here. The Englishman takes his sport more calmly than we do. He plays chiefly for love of the game, and although he hasn't as many world's records to boast of as we have I think he gets a more lasting benefit from sport than our highly geared competitors."

Concerning "Sandy" Weiner

Bill Tilden is the greatest tennis player the world has ever known. On this page I have defended the position that a tennis-writer may also retain his amateur status. I now wish to offer a friendly criticism concerning his coaching of young players.

Tilden has played a great deal this year with seventeen-year-old "Sandy" Weiner, his latest protégé. Tilden, like all great competitors, hates to lose. Several times when he and Weiner have faced defeat Tilden has poached on his young partner's territory to stave off a beating.

"As a man thinketh so is he," and self-confidence is more important to any potential champion than even perfect technique. Weiner to-day lacks confidence. Whenever he loses a point he turns instinctively toward Tilden in a most apologetic manner. Tilden can prove himself to be even greater than he is now if he will stay in his own territory when playing with Weiner and allow the youngster to take what lickings he has coming to him without outside aid. A licking never hurt anyone. Being afraid of one has ruined hundreds of brilliant prospects.



Hats Off to Helen Wills

Mary K. Browne of California was the only entry in the recent women's tennis championship able to give Helen Wills any real competition. Miss Browne was the national champion in 1912. Miss Wills was then only seven years old. That Miss Browne was able to put up such a gallant fight this year against the greatest American champion is not only a tribute to her skill and courage but also a glowing testimonial of the value of sport for women.

Miss Wills, by her decisive defeat of Mrs. Mallory, gives promise of becoming the greatest woman player the world has ever known. The year that has passed since she won her first championship has given her body more strength and firmness, and she is consequently faster in starting and stopping than she was in 1923. She is placing herself better, but she still fails to follow a forcing shot as courageously as her game warrants. There is no further doubt, however, that she will in time become as brilliant a star as Suzanne Lenglen. While all this is going on she is an honor student at Berkeley. All of which seems a good answer to the absurd theory that athletics discourage good scholastic work.

"Mental Attitude" Bunk?

"All this talk about the influence of the mental attitude in sport is foolish," H. W. P. writes. "What has mental attitude got to do with winning or losing when it is all a matter of how strong or how fast you are?"

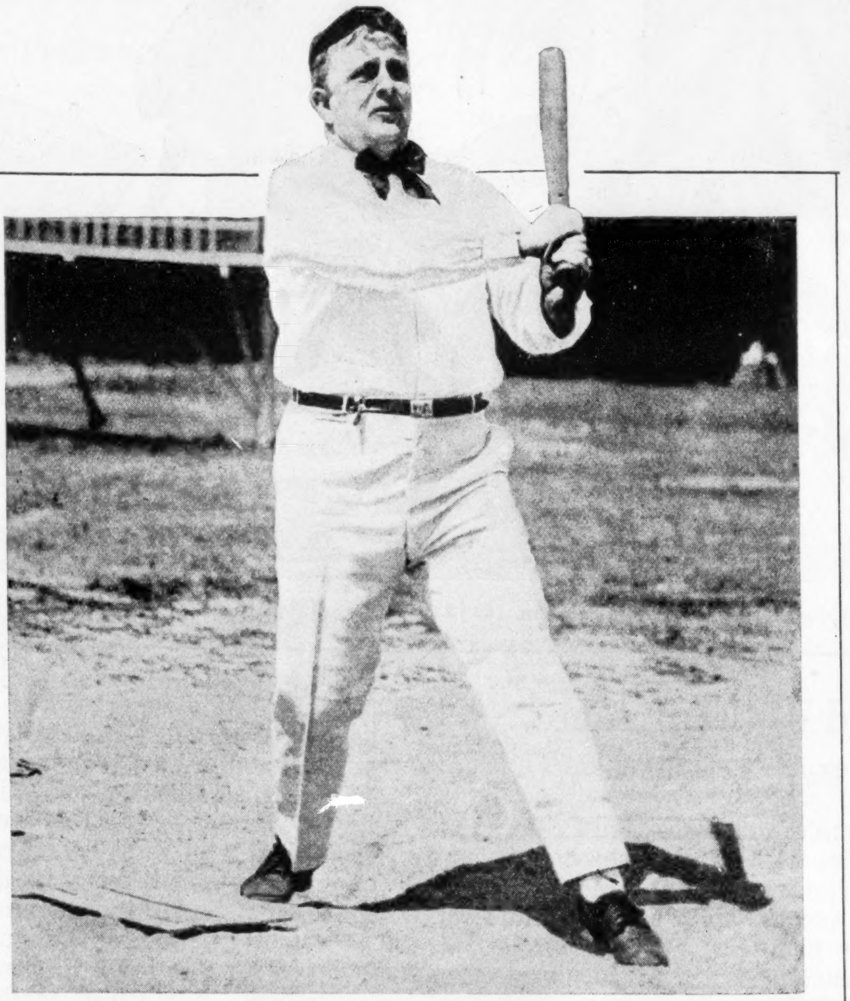
Certain great pitchers have been easy for particular batters. The answer has been mental attitude. Tail-end ball clubs can frequently and constantly make life miserable for world's champions. Again mental attitude is the explanation. Perhaps the best present illustration of the power of the mental influence is Walter Hagen's dominance over a professional star who can beat everybody except Hagen.

"Hagen can always beat Blank," the insiders of golf declare, "because Hagen is perfectly certain he can beat Blank, and Blank agrees with Hagen."

A Tennis Problem

A serious and utterly ridiculous situation exists to-day in American tennis. During the recent national doubles championship in Boston both the Australian and the French teams were serious contenders for the title. Yet with a national title to be defended we have the spectacle of Tilden playing with the inexperienced "Sandy" Weiner, and being beaten in the second round, and of the Kinsey brothers and Billy Johnston and Peck Griffin as the only experienced doubles combinations entered.

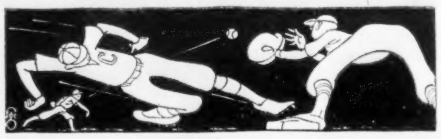
In international track meets the coach tells his men what races they will run and who they will team with in the relays. In the golf foursome matches for the Walker Cup the captain pairs his men as he sees fit. A violent rash of temperament seems to have broken out in tennis and it is high time that the United States Lawn Tennis Association effected a sudden cure by insisting, when a foreign invasion demands it, that certain players pair up for the doubles. Any temperamental refusal to accede to such a demand could be handled by barring such a player from both national championships.



Secretary of Labor James J. Davis believes in keeping fit. Even on his frequent trips to Mooseheart, Ill., where he is a managing director of the school maintained by the Loyal Order of Moose, he takes part in whatever sport is seasonable

Note for Football Fans

IT IS suggested that any reader of this page who feels that football would benefit by any rule changes that he may have to offer can do his offering through Collier's. The Rules Committee has the spectators in mind as much as the players in framing the rules, and the said spectators are invited to make their wishes known.



Collins Shows the Way

Eddie Collins, well up in the batting averages and leading all the base stealers, is a brilliant example of what strict attention to training rules means. Most players at Collins's age are back in the minors or out of the game. While Collins may have missed some of the pleasures of those who have "eaten their way out of the big leagues" and have otherwise dissipated, he still knows the keenest thrill of all, the thrill of traveling in big-league company.

Balance the scales and I think it will be found that Collins has had the most fun.

One of the quaint sights of sport is that of a baseball player, in perfect shape at the end of a season, reporting for spring practice overweight and short of breath and forced to go through agonies to round into shape again.

Collins hasn't belonged to this type, for he has kept in shape twelve months a year. It is the only sensible plan, for eventually nature refuses to play ball with a cheater.

We All Have a Chance

Hazen Cuyler, the brilliant Pittsburgh star, is rated as a possible second Cobb or Speaker. Cuyler has everything—speed, power, and the baseball instinct—to justify that promise. Whether he does or not depends on what he does with his ability over a stretch of years. Wherein he resembles a great many of us, for the greatest inspiration of life is that at birth most of us receive shining gifts from the gods. The most depressing fact of life is the way those gifts are subsequently mishandled.

"What Makes the Champion?"

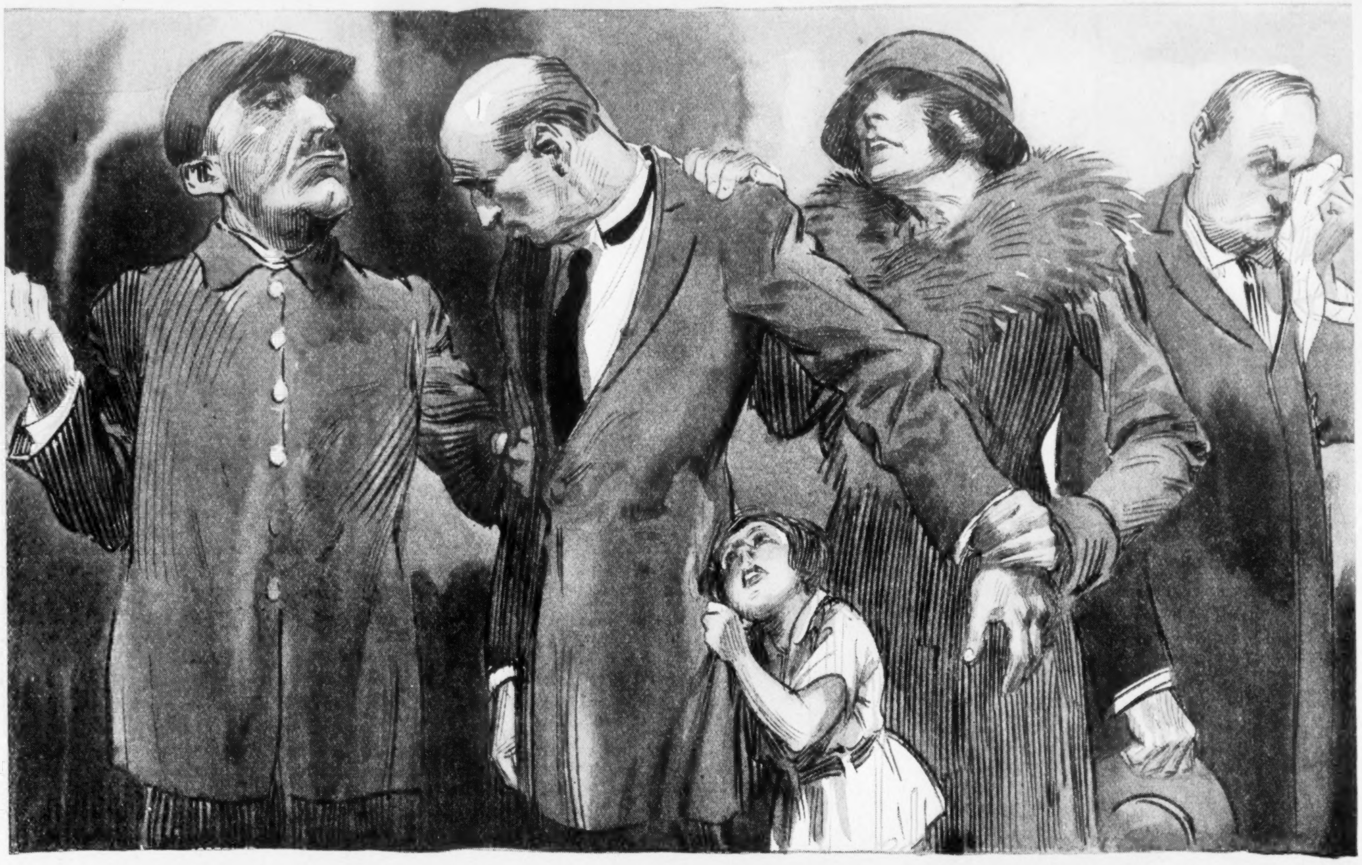
"Almost everybody I meet would like to write fiction for a living," an author friend informed me recently, "and almost all of them could if they wanted to badly enough, for all of them have had human experience and most of them have vague ideas for stories. But before I write a story I always run into a sort of mental fog. On the other side of that bank of mist is the completed plot of my story, and going through it is always an agonizing experience. But I go through it and I make a lot of money, and other people think that mine is an easy and especially interesting profession. It is interesting, but I make big money because other people won't go through that fog I mentioned."

What has this to do with sport? Well, one of the most frequent queries in sport is:

"What makes the champion?"

He Went Protesting His Innocence

Uncle Henry Says It's the Innocent Bystander Who Gets Sentenced to the Vice Presidency



"The sergeant at arms came up to lead him off. The little ones begged, 'Don't take our papa away,' an' the brave wife said she'd be waitin' for him when he came out"

"THERE don't seem to be any decency left in the world," bitterly complained Mr. Stubbs as he raised shocked eyes from an article on birth control. "People talk about things nowadays that nice folks would've been shamed to mention when I was a young man."

"That's so," agreed Uncle Henry. "Reticence has gone the way of the dodo, the tonsil, the cozy corner an' the mustache cup. I used to consider pants the badge of a proper modesty, but now I put on my ear-muffs first when I get up in the mornin'. In my day we didn't speak of the colon even in connection with punctuation, an' now at modern gatherin's I understand they serve bismuth in order that everybody can follow the conversation intelligently.

"Why, this here passion for knowin' the truths of life has even reached a point where you can't pick up a paper without seein' long pieces about Charlie Dawes an' Charlie Bryan. Yessir! Tellin' what they like to eat, their favorite hair tonic an' skin food, photographs of their napkin rings, where they have their toothpicks made, what life means to 'em, what side they sleep on, how often they have their shirts washed, their views on bobbed hair, roller towels, flappers, suspenders, an' all the other tremendous facts that the press has hitherto revealed only in connection with Presidential nominees.

"In my time a Vice Presidential candidate was like a wen on the nose—there was no disguisin' the fact that you had one, but nobody ever dreamed of makin' it the subject of public comment.

"Every step of the way, from convention to election, there was a conspiracy of silence that had the hush of the grave. We never even nominated a Vice President until the sergeant at arms had ordered women out of the galleries, an' cleared the hall of all reporters except those over twenty-one or who could prove that they'd ridden on a Pullman smoker. There weren't even speeches. Either we made 'em draw lots or else we stuck a hatpin through the city directory an' nominated the name the point came out at.

"Election worked no change in the program of concealment. The losin' candidate, of course, was never heard of again. Now an' then stories would crop up to the effect that a walkin' frock coat had been seen in the darker recesses of the Chautauqua, an' ever so often a sheep herder would come down out of the hills with a tale that he'd heard somethin' or somebody snufflin' around his camp at night, but respect for the family kept even the Hearst papers from followin' up these disturbin' rumors.

If It Moves, It's a Chair

"AS FOR the winner, only milkmen an' other early risers were ever privileged to see the sad scenes that took place at the doors of the Senate as the unfortunate creature entered to begin his sentence. Surrounded by his wife an' children an' a few faithful friends—tears streamin' down his face—his last words were usually a passionate protestation of innocence, a sobbed denial of any criminal intent an' a call upon his Maker to bear witness that there was no guilt on his soul.

"'I didn't even *know* that it was a convention,' he'd cry over an' over again. 'I happened to see the crowd, an', as it looked like a wrecking crew at work, I availed myself of my constitutional guarantees to stop an' watch the buildin' bein' torn down. What right is more sacred to the American citizen? And as I was standin' there, doin' nothin' an' sayin' nothin', all of a sudden men grabbed me an' told me I was accused of bein' the Vice Presidential nominee.'

"Only the pen of a Dickens would be poignant enough to describe the agony of that partin' as stern-faced sergeants at arms came up to lead him off—the little ones on their knees beggin' 'em, 'Don't take our papa away,' an' the brave wife, tear-ravaged, promisin' to call every visitors' day an' tellin' how she'd be waitin' for him when he came out. A last good-by, the clang of iron doors, an' nothin' remained to mark the spot where the body was buried.

"See this here watch charm made out of abalone shell and tobacco tags? That's the handiwork of a Vice President, 'Lonzo. At home I reckon I must have close to a hundred horse-hair bracelets, onyx scarf pins, an' ships in bottles, for I never went to the Senate without buyin' some of the stuff they spent their time in makin'. Once I remember stoppin' by Tom Marshall as he toiled away at a German silver paper knife, an' askin' him if it wasn't tiresome work. 'Yes,' he said, 'but we thank God for the occupation. It keeps us from thinkin'.'

"'Anyhow,' I said, 'You're not doomed to solitary confinement.'

"'No,' he answered, lookin' at Hiram Johnson, 'that's the worst of it.'

"For a long time I never got to see a Vice President. Day after day I've gone into the Senate an' strained my eyes in the vain effort to locate him an' at last I reached the conclusion that the reports of his existence had been greatly exaggerated. Just as I was losin' hope a friendly reporter tipped me off to the secret. 'Look where I'm pointin',' he said. 'Do you see somethin' that has all the appearance of bein' a big oak chair?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I see it.'

"'Well,' he said, 'keep your eyes on it. If it moves, it's a chair. If it don't move, it's a Vice President.'

"The first human note ever struck in connection with the office was when the Public Health Service led a protest against the barbarism, pointin' out the poisonous nature of exhaust fumes, an' demandin' that the Vice President be allowed to get out in the fresh air every now an' then. That's when they decided to let Coolidge sit with the cabinet wasn't much of a change from the Senate, but nine men aren't as bad as ninety-six, an' Mellon never uses conversation in any form.

"No question about it bein' a tremendous change, but I never dreamed it would go to a point where the two conventions would publicly go on record recognizin' Vice Presidents as people. Why! 'Lonzo, both at Cleveland an' New York they named the candidates right out loud, an' had a man who speeches for 'em too.

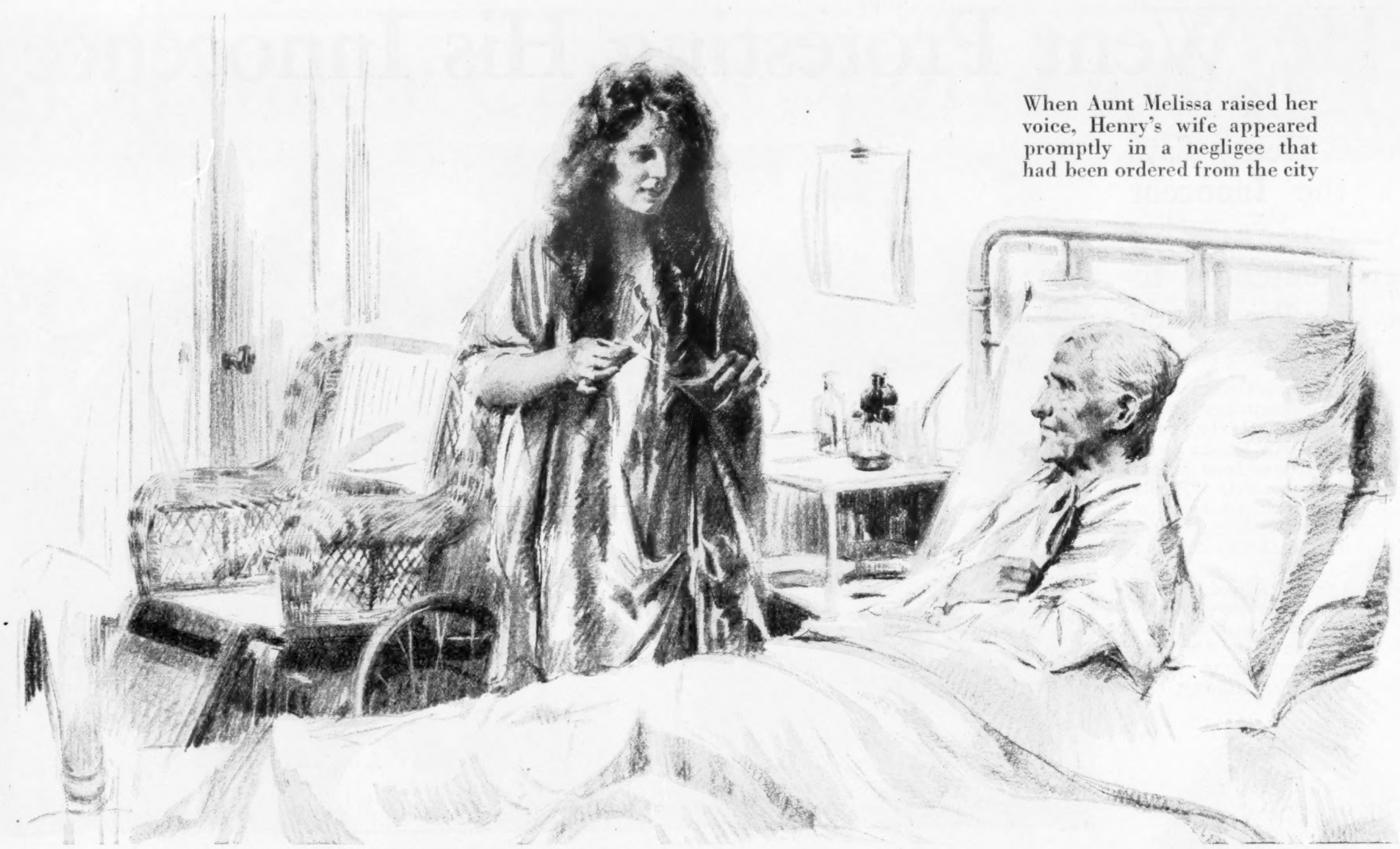
"No matter which is elected, I'm goin' to have a ringside seat at the Senate next session, for there's bound to be somethin' doin'. Dawes, of course, looks to be the better man, for he's said 'hell' right out in public on several occasions, an' there's every reason to believe that he has other cuss words in his repertoire. We're a religious people, but when it comes to addressin' the Senate, even the pious feel that ordinary language isn't enough.

When a Bald Man Fights

"BUT don't make the mistake of thinkin' that Bryan lacks a wallop jes' because he's never been heard to say 'Damn.' He wears a silk skull cap, an' if that isn't the sign of an indomitable nature I don't know what is. Baldness has a way of crushin' the average man, depressin' his bump of combativeness until you can put your fist in the dent. The sun beats on him, flies figure him as so much parkin' space, an' he accepts it all with dumb resignation. Any time you see a bald-headed man puttin' up a fight, especially with a skull cap, you can bet he's got a heart of oak. Yessir, I look for big things from Charlie Bryan."

"What do you think of La Follette?" anxiously asked Mr. Stubbs. "Will he cut much figure in the campaign?"

"I don't believe so," said Uncle Henry. "The country's old enough to be through sowin' wild votes."



When Aunt Melissa raised her voice, Henry's wife appeared promptly in a negligee that had been ordered from the city

Mrs. Nesbit

By Charles Merz

Illustrated by W. B. King

THE trouble with Mrs. Nesbit, you used to hear it said, was that nobody could tell what she'd be up to next. It was amazing the way her interest shifted. "Can't tell anything about that woman," the town agreed. "Just like a bird. Never still a minute."

She had an opulence of leisure. There were no Nesbit children to be cared for. Henry Nesbit was the richest man in Centerville. In a community where the servant girl was a luxury shared only by the prosperous few, Mrs. Nesbit employed a cook, a laundress, and a well-trained maid.

That may have been one reason why so many sudden passions dipped into her never-flagging zeal. There was that brief era, for example—shortly after the end of war in Europe—when Mrs. Nesbit took up international politics. Her interest was devoted while it lasted. But the world moves on. And when her Study Club had got as far as freedom of the seas, she left it flat and took up auction.

That lasted for a little while. Then came communion with the dead. From spiritualism Mrs. Nesbit's interest shifted to psychology and Freud.

IT WAS at this juncture, to the consternation of Mrs. Nesbit's friends, and the pleasure of her savage critics, that news of Aunt Melissa's coming reached the town. Centerville remembered the old lady from two cyclonic visits in the past: A woman well along toward sixty; imperious, quick-tempered, and a finished egoist. For years she had been a chronic invalid. She spent her days in a wheel chair, or propped against the pillows of her bed. Her heart was subject to fits of agitation. Her throat was delicate; she couldn't stand the slightest draft. Sudden noises drove her to distraction. She wept herself from grief to uncontrolled hysteria now and then because from some small oversight on the part of her exhausted sister she felt herself ignored. What chance, said Mrs. Nesbit's neighbors, had freedom of the seas and Freud?

She arrived, now, with chattels accumulated during the long period of her illness—smelling salts and armchair, medicines and worsted mufflers. Henry Nesbit's wife had the guest-room ready. She had moved the walnut bed across the hall, and put one in its place with shiny white enamel sides, and all the up-to-date devices of the hospital. She had put a sanitary chiffonier between one window and the fireplace, its rows of neatly labeled bottles bearing titles "Iodine" and "Alcohol" and "Calomel." She had ordered from the city shops a chair with wheels that did most things but start itself and climb the stairs. She had installed a new gas heater and a night alarm that rang a bell in case of sudden need. Aunt Melissa's illness had no complication that could catch the household unprepared.

For thirty years the chief satisfaction Aunt Melissa had derived from life was causing someone else a creditable amount of trouble. It seemed to ease the pain she felt, at certain times—to cry impatiently for water when a tumblerful sat on the table at her bedside. There was no end of solace in complaining, if someone left the window open in the hall, that no one seemed to care what happened to a poor old woman, ready for the grave. Best of all, she liked to feel, when it fell her lot to have a sleepless hour before dawn, that if her heart was going to stop, at least it wouldn't be until one startled scream had brought the household to her chamber.

Small satisfaction in these pleasures, if you like, but all the satisfaction Aunt Melissa had. And even of that little it seemed in these first weeks of Centerville that fate intended to deprive her. A window open in the hall? Not once; not once so much as half an inch. Henry's tireless wife patrolled the hall—and had an extra layer of weather stripping put along the panes. So long had Aunt Melissa had no chance to shiver slightly, draw her worsted shawl around her throat, cough twice, and look up wearily with patient eyes, that there seemed a chance she might forget the way to do it. As for turning out the household at some hour on the other side of twelve and a good way short of six: twice when Aunt Melissa raised her voice this wife of Henry's had appeared so promptly on the scene, so attractive in a negligee that had been ordered from the city for the very purpose, so unruffled in her spirits, and so willing to abandon thoughts of her own bed, that Aunt Melissa gave it up as scarcely worth the effort.

There were times in those first weeks, if the truth be known, when one burnt breadcrust on a piece of toast would have been a godsend, and the soul of Henry's Aunt Melissa yearned for freedom like a long-imprisoned bird.

WEEKS made way for months. December brought the holidays. Aunt Melissa got no end of shawls and electric bed pads from her nephew's wife. But Mrs. Nesbit made her stay in bed; it wouldn't do to risk excitement. Aunt Melissa could remember better holidays than that; holidays when she had sat in her sister's parlor and complained to Christmas callers that the smoke of burning candles made her head ache.

At rare intervals her friends met Mrs. Nesbit on the streets. Had she lost her interest in the Study Club? Wouldn't she make a fourth at Mrs. Gregg's for bridge?

But Mrs. Nesbit only shook her head to such invitations, and said she couldn't think of it. There was Aunt Melissa.

"You'll forgive me, dear," she would explain, "I'd love to come, but nowadays I have other things to keep me busy. That poor old soul just waits and waits for me. And then, you know, I've started a little schedule now. It's very interesting. There's a little pad that hangs on the back of the door, and a pencil that goes with it. Just like the one they have in the city hospitals.

"Every hour of the day there's something to be done. Aunt Melissa says it keeps her busy just being weighed and tested. She's a little more rebellious these days. I have to watch her all the time. She wants to get outdoors. Isn't it absurd, as sick as *she* is? Just pinin' for a little air, she says. Wants the windows open, and of course I can't have *that*. Even wants to leave her chair. Actually thinks that she could walk again—just fancy—if I'd let her."

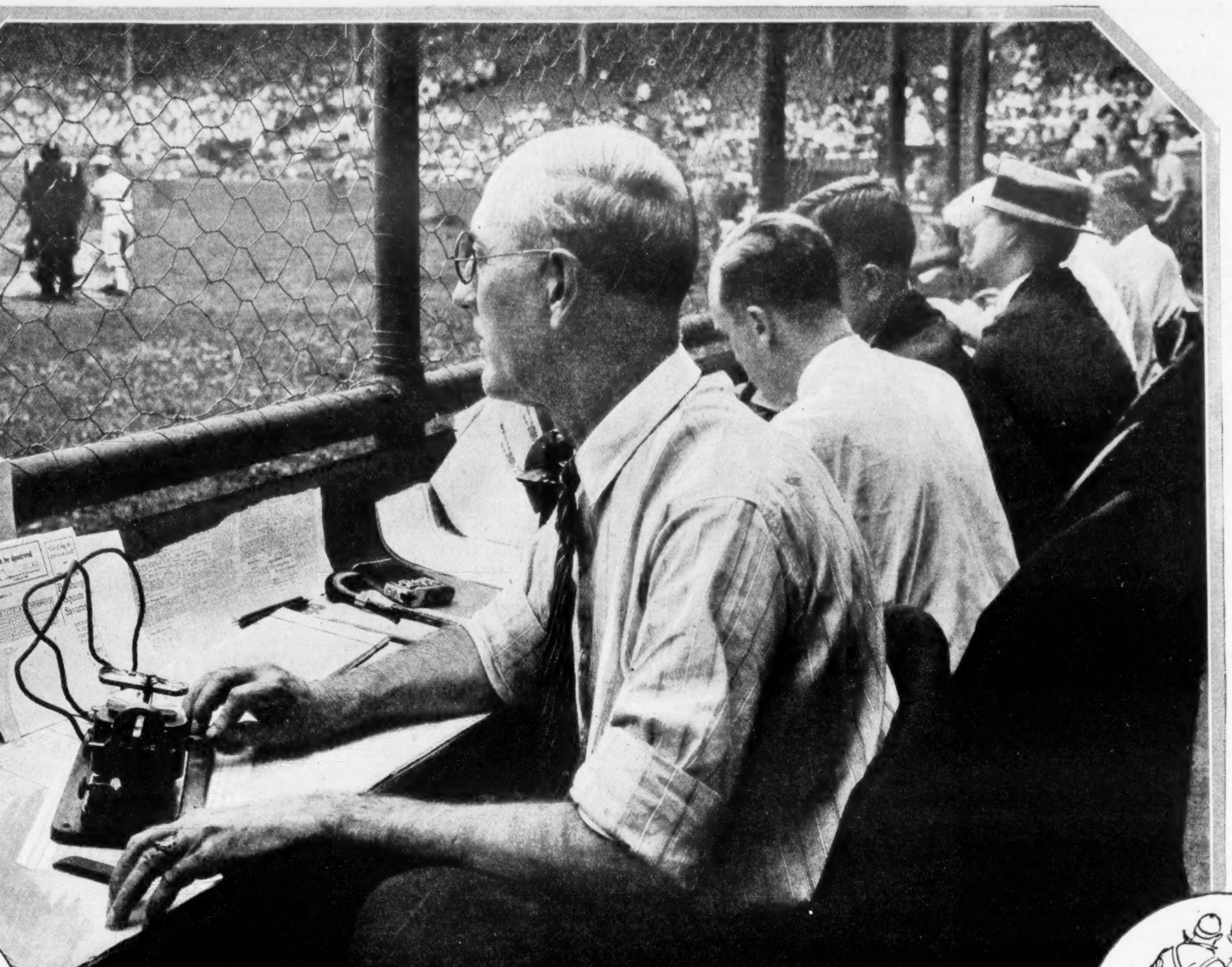
It was puzzling. For a woman who had spent her life at fads to settle down this way. Mrs. Nesbit's critics couldn't understand it.

Aunt Melissa could.

Mrs. Nesbit came home one afternoon, at the end of one of these infrequent lapses in her constant guard, and found a note propped on the mantelpiece. Aunt Melissa, content with what one suitcase carried, had gone back to her sister.

Gone back. And Harvey Ross, whose shoe store fronts the railway station, declares that when she came it was without assistance—on her own feet, as if she weren't an invalid.

Moreover, Harvey Ross avers that when he saw her she was running.



After thirty years of baseball, after sending out twenty thousand plays over the wire without a single error, Edson S. Brewster can well afford to say: "I have been accurate"

The Man Who Must Be Right

Once—in Thirty Years—They Thought He Was Wrong; But He Wasn't

By John R. Tunis

TO FANS in Seattle and Savannah, in Birmingham and Boston, in Portland, Me., and Portland, Ore., he is talking. He is talking to fans in Cuba and China; in Porto Rico and Paris; in Mexico; in Japan; in England; in South America. Indeed, if you ever watched the report of a World's Championship over a ticker, or stood before an electric scoreboard in front on a newspaper office, he was talking to you as well. When he speaks the world listens. For Edson S. Brewster is the crack baseball man of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and every year during the big baseball series he talks directly to some fifty million fans scattered pretty much all over the globe.

He it is who sits at the sending end of a great wire which penetrates to the far, forgotten corners of the earth, to places the world over where baseball fans are gathered—and where are they not gathered in early October, when Giants and Yanks clash under the shadow of Coogan's Bluff? Crowds attend these contests every day, but for every person who is actually at the grounds a thousand others are receiving the play-by-play report of the game by telegraph. And high up above the field ensconced in the press box is Edson S. Brewster, the representative of these unseen millions who are unable to be at the game themselves.

What's he like, this man Brewster, who has been following baseball for thirty years? Well, he is about medium height, spare, with a thin face, and glasses covering steely blue eyes. Keen eyes they are, trained eyes that miss nothing, eyes just a little tired from watching thousands of games of ball; but eyes that have a twinkle in them nevertheless. He talks with a tang in his voice, a real down-east Yankee voice, and he gazes right at you as he speaks. When he smiles, a boyish look comes into his face, a look that belies his fifty years, a look that comes only from close association with youth, with outdoor sports, with the open air. That's Edson S. Brewster.

Brewster Knows Baseball

BREWSTER has seen every game at the Polo Grounds in New York since 1893, when, because he had played professionally in his younger days, he was chosen to cover baseball. A high official of the Western Union Company told me in a few words why he was picked for this extremely difficult position.

"Three things," he said, "a baseball reporter for our company must have. First, absolute mastery over his instrument. Second, an absolute mastery of the game. He must know it inside and out, from every angle. Third, he must have an absolute mastery over himself. He must have no personal prejudice, no desire to see one side or the other win. He is stationed in the press box to see the facts as they are."

A mastery over his instrument is expected of every telegraph operator; but few men in the world have Brewster's mastery over baseball. He cannot make a mistake. Others in the press box, even the official scorers have been wrong. But he has never been caught. During the past thirty years he has attended over five thousand ball games. And never once has he been in error!

Last summer I sat next to him in the press box at the Yankee Stadium during a tense series between New York and Detroit, with the former team leading the league by a half game. In the ninth inning, with the score six to five in favor of Detroit, and the leadership of the league in the balance, players and umpires clashed. A hundred policemen, ready for just such an emergency, invaded the field, while in the stands and the bleachers fifteen thousand excited spectators stood up howling and yelling.

Through all this backwash of the game Brewster sat impassive at his instrument, his straw hat over his eyes, his fingers on the keyboard. The game reached third, and then the mighty Ruth came to bat. Still the man at the mechanism remained the cool, impartial observer, while around us frenzied fans stood on their chairs and howled for a hit. A run to tie, and two to win. Even when it came, that homer far to the stands, even when the thousands swarmed out onto the field, he was as always the unbiased onlooker.

Later on that afternoon he outlined some of the things that make his job so difficult. "The average sporting reporter," he said, "has little trouble even with a big event like the World's Series. He sees the game, takes a few notes on the margin of his scorecard, and then goes back to his office where he sits down and writes the story of the afternoon. My job is more trying. I am seated in front of my instrument and must give out the play as it occurs. Fifty millions are waiting for that play, and they want it at once. Further, they want it right. I cannot make a mistake. It's impossible to send out a correction after I have said that Ruth tripled to right. Half a thousand scoreboards all over the world have put Ruth on third; they cannot change it. So it is necessary for me to wait until the play is over before sending it out.

"I remember a play that took place in a series several years ago. The bases were filled with two out. The batter hit a high fly over the box. Catcher, pitcher, or third baseman could easily have caught it. One of the telegraphers at my side took a chance and flashed that the side was out. But I waited. I had seen that play before, and experience had taught me that nine times out of ten a fly of that sort went safe.

"What happened? All three players ran for it, stopped dead, and then cried, '*Yours!*' The fly dropped safely, and two men scored. Meanwhile my rival had a bad ten minutes. Luckily I had played safe. I cannot catch an error, so I must wait. Newspaper men can catch these mistakes."

"Who, in your opinion," I asked Brewster, "is the greatest ball player of the present?"

"Ruth," he answered decisively. "Unquestionably the greatest ball player not only of the present but of all time."

"What is the chief difference between the game of to-day and the game of thirty years ago?"

The great difference is the terrific speed of the modern game. Everything is sacrificed for speed. A baseball game takes half as long as it used to take. Bone, muscle, everything is sacrificed for speed.

There are Fans in Tokyo

THE mechanism with which Brewster talks to a waiting world of fans is an ordinary large type Western Union repeater installed several days before the series starts by a trained crew from the company's office. Its wire is forty-five thousand miles long, and stretched around the globe would encircle the equator twice.

Scoreboards the world over get Brewster's message. At Vancouver a wire relays it across the Pacific to Japan, where fans in Tokyo, Yokohama, and Osaka get the play-by-play account of the games. Last fall the Tokyo "Jiji" and the Osaka "Ashahi" had scoreboards that would do credit to any big daily.

Over Brewster's desk in the main office of the Western Union Company on Walker Street, New York, is a card bearing the words: *"I will be accurate."* Just how accurate he is may be guessed from the fact that only once in his career has he differed from the official scorers, those high priests of the game whose word is final, who must of necessity be always right. That was in the Cleveland-Brooklyn series in 1920, when with one out and the bases filled, Griffith, the batter, hit to short. The Cleveland shortstop with a quick throw forced the man at the plate, and O'Neill, the catcher, then threw to first in an attempted double play. The ball hit Griffith on the shoulder and rolled into right field, where it was scooped up by the fielder and thrown home. It was just in time to nail the other runner who was trying to score from second. The side was out!

Now every writer in the press box save Brewster called that a double play. He did not. Someone was right, and someone was wrong. On one side were the official scorers and all the baseball reporters at the game. On the other side was the Western Union man.

When Someone Was Wrong

THE next morning he was called upon to explain his version of the play. The high officials of baseball were there, the high officials of his company were there, needless to say the official scorers were there also. In a few simple words he reminded his hearers that a double play must be continuous. When O'Neill hit the batter with the ball, preventing the put-out, he made an error. The second out was distinct and apart from the first. He was right in his contention, and the authorities of the game were wrong.

This was the only time he has ever been questioned, the only time his description of a play was ever disputed. And that one time he was right.

This Time Clock's Worth Watching

Continued from page 16

bacilli to factory pressing under six layers of cloth, and injected them into more fortunate guinea pigs; they put the finished product through every known test. And the result was a unanimous clean bill of health.

However, the inspector for the United States Health Service—he was a captain in the Medical Corps and a T. B. expert—threw a fearful scare into Mr. Hochhauser.

"I have one very serious criticism to bring against you and your methods," he said as he finished his inspection.

Mr. Hochhauser, as he faltered "What is that?" saw visions of sensational headlines in the yellow press, of a wrecked enterprise.

What the Captain Said

"YOU lack courage," said the captain. "You don't carry this thing far enough. You are working only with convalescents. There are thousands of first-stage or slow chronic cases who would do much better here than in a sanitarium. And with your system, they'd be just as harmless to the public."

The committee had to admit that. They had shrunk from carrying the thing to its logical conclusion. So they began tentatively to admit active cases in certain conditions of that most eccentric and variable disease. At first they worked the "actives," in a separate room, then in the common room with the rest. And while the time is too short and the number of cases too small to form a basis for reliable statistics, so far it seems that the results are as good as those with the convalescents.

The business aspect of this experiment is just as interesting and nearly as important. The factory operates on certain definite principles. It tries to stand on its own feet. In buying raw materials, in selling the finished product, it does not ask charity.

It competes at the market. It tries to turn out the best goods and therefore the highest-priced goods in any commodity which it undertakes. It does not undersell. It pays a trifle better than the union scale of wages. It avoids all labor controversy. If a firm for which it is doing a contract job has either a strike or a lockout, it cancels the contract on the spot.

The committee began operations on the traditional shoe string. At first the company had so little capital that it rented most of its machines—inferior ones at that. For lack of proper machinery and trained employees, it was forced at first into contract manufacture—the stitching of piece goods cut, finished, and marketed by other factories. This contract business faces tight competition and yields small profits.

During the first two or three years the enterprise lost money. In the absolute, that is; it could have lost a great deal of money and still been an economy to society and to organized charity, for nearly every dollar paid in wages went toward the support of a family hitherto living wholly on philanthropy. Then came our venture into war, bringing a demand for military and naval clothing. The factory, working at full capacity, took contracts for naval blouses and other parts of uniforms; for two years it ran far ahead of the game. The profits so made it invested in an equipment of new machinery. For the committee wanted to get out of contract work and establish the business on a manufacturing basis—performing all its own processes from cutting to finishing, and selling its products in open competition.

Thanks to the war profits, he accomplished that. During these post-war years, the factory kept a little ahead of the game.

Then came 1923, and a bad period in the clothing business. The cost of raw materials rose; owing to certain trade conditions, sales prices could not be advanced proportionately. Also, it was necessary to reorganize the sales department. In the dead of winter the old heating system broke down. An ordinary factory might have gone on nevertheless. But no risk of colds and chills could be taken with T. B. convalescents. The factory shut down for six weeks. The year's balance suffered a loss of $10,000. However, the books prove that in 1923, $47,000 was paid out in wages.

Cold vs. Profits

NOW, under old conditions of home treatment very few of these workmen would have been earning wages at all. Thirty-seven thousand dollars—the difference between wage payment and losses—pretty nearly expresses the saving of this enterprise to the organized charity bill of New York City. And this in its very worst year.

A business man whose specialty is salesmanship has of late reorganized the sales department.

Meantime, the tuberculosis specialists had become converted to the idea. In fact, doctors and charity workers were reading at their congresses enthusiastic reports on this philanthropic factory.

Striking while the iron was hot, the committee passed the hat. And before the end of next year they will have their own new plant—scientifically lighted, heated, and sanitated, provided with a glassed-in rest-room on the roof.

The site has been purchased; excavation begins this summer.

I stood with Mr. Stein one day viewing this site.

"It was all a dream in the beginning," he said. "But we made it come true. I've a few other dreams. For example, I believe that when we get the new factory working, our profits will carry the home-work with the families of our patients—that the whole business of caring for convalescents will pay its way. I've proved that our scheme can be self-supporting. And there's a bigger dream than that. When we tackled tuberculosis we selected about the toughest question in social rehabilitation—an infectious disease of which nearly everyone is afraid—and all that. There are other diseases, other causes of social ineffectiveness, to which this method could be applied much more easily. Take cardiac cases—certain forms of heart disease. As soon as we get the new factory to running, I'm going to experiment with a few cardiacs. But the biggest single class to which this method could be applied is the psychiatric cases—"

"The insane?" I ventured.

"No, I wasn't thinking of them—though I see no reason why one shouldn't handle mild insanity on this plan. I had in mind the constitutionally inept who become professional beggars, bums, and charity cases. I speak from long experience with them when I say that the trouble in the vast majority of cases is some psychological or temperamental flaw—a complex, as the Freudians would put it. Having failed in the beginning, they lose all their courage. A steady job simply means, to their minds, only another disgraceful discharge coming. They can't meet the strain of modern industry—but the inadequacy is mental, not physical. Now imagine such a system as we apply to the tuberculous, modified for diseases of the mind: examination by phychiatrists, the factory under charge of nurses and superintendents skilled in mental diseases and deficiencies, an atmosphere of hope and encouragement in place of hard competition. I believe that we can restore most defectives of this class to self-respecting self-support, and make them pay their way while they are being cured.

"We've just scratched the possibilities—one sect in one place, working on just one disease. Even then we've never had room for all the tuberculosis patients we wanted to handle. I hope to see this method tried everywhere. But it's no job for pikers or amateurs. There are a great many pitfalls. In the first place, there's the choice of a business. We picked clothing manufacture because people of the class we help are natural needleworkers. If we'd been a Catholic organization working with Irish-Americans, or a Protestant society working with Yankees, it wouldn't have done at all. But I have in mind eleven industries which you could use in this plan—"

"For example—? What would you recommend to a society working with Irish-Americans or Yankees?"

"Assembling electrical parts, for one thing," replied Mr. Stein promptly. "Then it must be a business in the main current of industry taking its own hard knocks. Little handwork shops—those have been tried—are outside of the main current. This is an age of machine work. And in its business relations it mustn't be a charity. It mustn't beg for special terms in buying and selling. As you've learned, a concern like this can lose money on its yearly balance, and still the charity which owns it will make money. So there's a temptation to undersell competitors. You must avoid that; or you're in bad with the business community.

Wanted: Brains

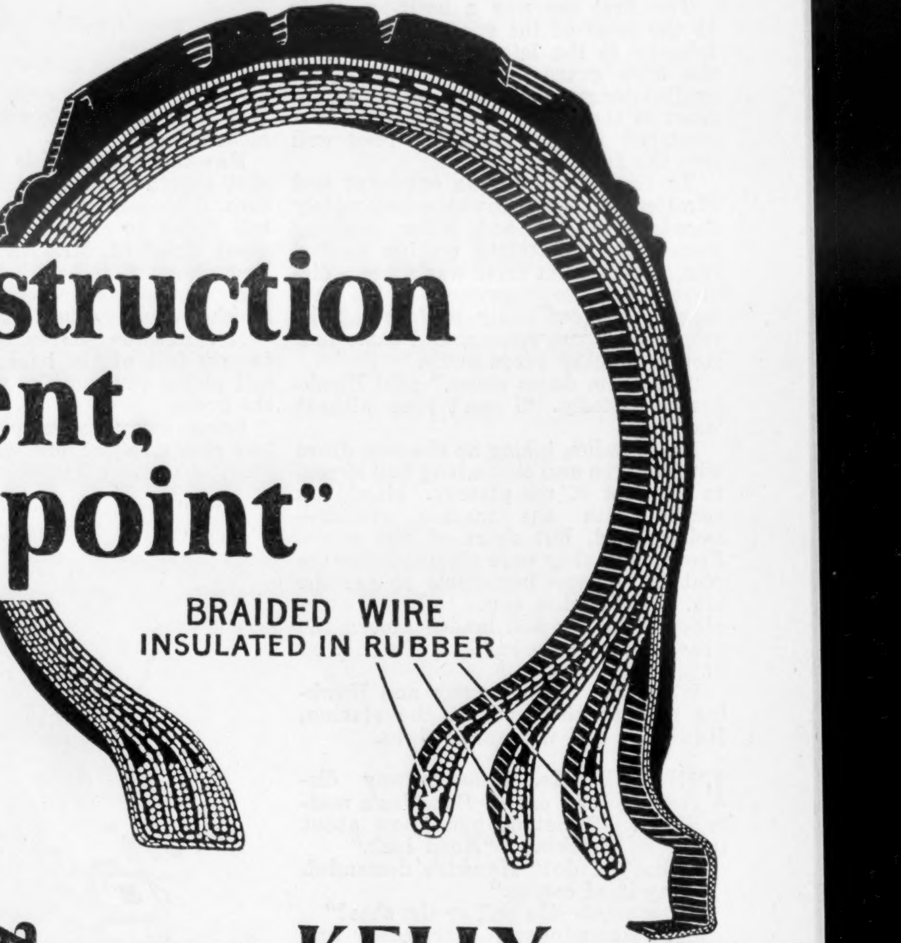
"YOU'RE working under a handicap of labor efficiency. The way to make up for that is—brains. All over the country are successful business men with brains who can help manage, as their contribution to organized charity, such institutions as this. Take us. Most members of our committee couldn't be hired for fifty thousand a year. We make them give us, part of the time, their best business brains. One supervises our buying—he's an expert on that. Another is a clothing manufacturer on a large scale; he watches our production methods. Another is reorganizing our sales department. That's the reason why, with everything against us, we're virtually self-supporting. And just such brains as we have on our committee are available all over the country."

"So that's the dream," said I.

"Yes," said Mr. Stein. "Thousands of useless lives made useful every year. And millions of dollars saved to our national charity bill. Or rather, let us say, millions of dollars saved to extend the scope of intelligent charity. We've kept this thing quiet for ten years—I've explained the reason for that.

"But we're an experiment no longer. And so now we're asking you to tell the American people about us through Collier's—so that others may learn from our experience and make the dream come true."

The new KELLY construction is a real improvement, not a mere "talking point"



What is the Integral Bead construction, and what does it mean to the tire-user?

What it is, is explained in detail at the right.

What it does for the car-owner is to give him tires of greater strength and increased flexibility.

Greater strength, because the bead is built in as a natural, integral part of the tire.

Increased flexibility, because the cords are continuous from the beginning of the inner ply to the end of the outer.

The Integral Bead is a real advance in tire construction, important to the user of high pressure tires and doubly important to the user of balloon and balloon type tires.

Not only does it eliminate what is sometimes a source of trouble, but because the cords are 12 times longer and have more play than is the case in tires built by the ordinary method, tires built with the Integral Bead are easier-riding and longer-lived.

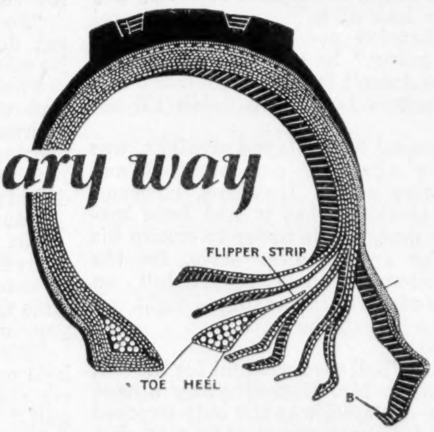
Study the pictures. They will show you why this new method of tire-building adds more definite, tangible value to the tire than any improvement since the advent of cord construction.

The new KELLY way

By the use of an entirely new and radically different process of manufacture, used only by Kelly, the bead is formed by enclosing strips of insulated braided wire in the loops formed by the cords, which, instead of extending merely from bead to bead as in the ordinary construction, are continuous, from the beginning of the inner ply to the end of the outer. Thus the bead is actually a *part* of the tire from the first, instead of being set into it later and held in by adhesion.

With the new Kelly construction no "flipper strip" (see below) is necessary, and as the cords are not cut off at the beads, but are continuous and are built in at an absolutely uniform tension the tire naturally has more "give" and flexibility. The bead *cannot* break out or separate, and since there is no flipper strip to cause a stiffening of that part of the sidewall nearest the rim, a source of possible trouble is removed.

The ordinary way



In all tires made by the ordinary method, the bead, composed of strands of braided wire insulated in rubber, is built as a separate unit in the form of a ring and partly cured. It is then fastened into the tire by the plies of cord fabric which partially enclose it. These plies are not wrapped entirely around the bead, but are cut off—at the "toe" or at the side by some makers and at the "heel" by others—so that some plies extend along one side of the bead and some along two sides, but none around all three. The loose ends of the plies are then covered by the "chafer strip," which extends from the point marked "A" to the point marked "B" in the drawing.

Most makers also use what is called a "flipper strip," which passes around the bead and extends an inch or two upward between two of the layers of cord. This flipper strip helps to hold in the bead, but it also has the effect of stiffening the lower part of the sidewall so that the point at which it ends forms a sort of hinge where the flexing of the sidewall, particularly in the low pressure tire, is localized, making an acute angle of bend.

One of the great advantages of the new Kelly construction is the fact that the flipper strip is eliminated.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

A Trout a Hole

Continued from page 14

The first tee was a built-up affair at the level of the road bounding the fairway to the left. Across the road the high grass of a steep side hill spelled danger, and seventy-five yards in front of the tee an uncut swampy area stretched from beneath the road well into the fairway.

To the delight of his opponent and Mr. Hemmingway, Hawkins deliberately faced to the left and, after teetering somewhat uncertainly on his unshod feet, drove. That drive was a great disappointment to everyone, for the ball, topped, bounced along in front of the tee, escaped the swamp, and came to a stop not eighty yards away.

"It's them damn shoes," said Hawkins disgustedly. "I can't slice without 'em."

Mr. Rawdon, taking no chances, drove with his iron and sent a long ball almost to the foot of the plateau. Hawkins's second—with the mashie niblick—looked good, but short of the green. From where they were playing below the plateau, it was impossible to see the pin. Mr. Rawdon, eager to be up, overplayed, and his ball landed among the gravestones on the knoll. He hurried on ahead glowering.

When Mr. Hemmingway and Hawkins reached the level of the plateau, Hawkins's ball was not in sight.

FINALLY Mr. Hemmingway discovered it in one of Hawkins's wading shoes. "What do you know about that," he chuckled. "Hard luck."

"What'll I do?" Hawkins demanded.

"Play it, of course."

"Play what—the ball or the shoe?"

Mr. Hemmingway shrugged and turned to see what Mr. Rawdon's condition might be.

Mr. Rawdon was sitting disconsolately on top of a sandstone slab. "I'm under that 1812 feller's monument in long grass," he called down. "What'll I do?"

Mr. Hemmingway thought quickly. He knew that graveyard of old. "Better call it a half!" he shouted back. "What say?" he asked Hawkins.

"'Sall right," said Hawkins, doubtfully. "You're the umpire, but I guess I'll put on my shoes again."

While Hawkins laced on his brogues Mr. Hemmingway explained to his friend how he had accomplished a useful half.

"He might have got out of his shoe in one," said Mr. Hemmingway, "but it's no cinch to get out of that cemetery any way you look at it."

Mr. Rawdon nodded. "Here's where we get going," he said. "He's one up, but if he doesn't lose his second ball and five smackers before we finish I'll eat it."

The second hole, played straight, was a simple affair of one hundred and seventy-five yards. Hawkins, however, seemed to think that it had been maliciously designed in order to cramp his particular and peculiar style, for the continuation of the graveyard hill an at a gradually increasing height all along the line to the left.

Whang!

Hawkins' ball sped straight for the hill, struck what Mr. Hemmingway almost tearfully declared was the only exposed stone in its grass-grown side, and shot out on the course just off the green. Hawkins won the hole, Mr. Rawdon being temporarily incapable of the necessary concentration.

TWO down with only three to go sent Mr. Hemmingway and his thoroughly irritated friend to the third tee in a very thoughtful frame of mind.

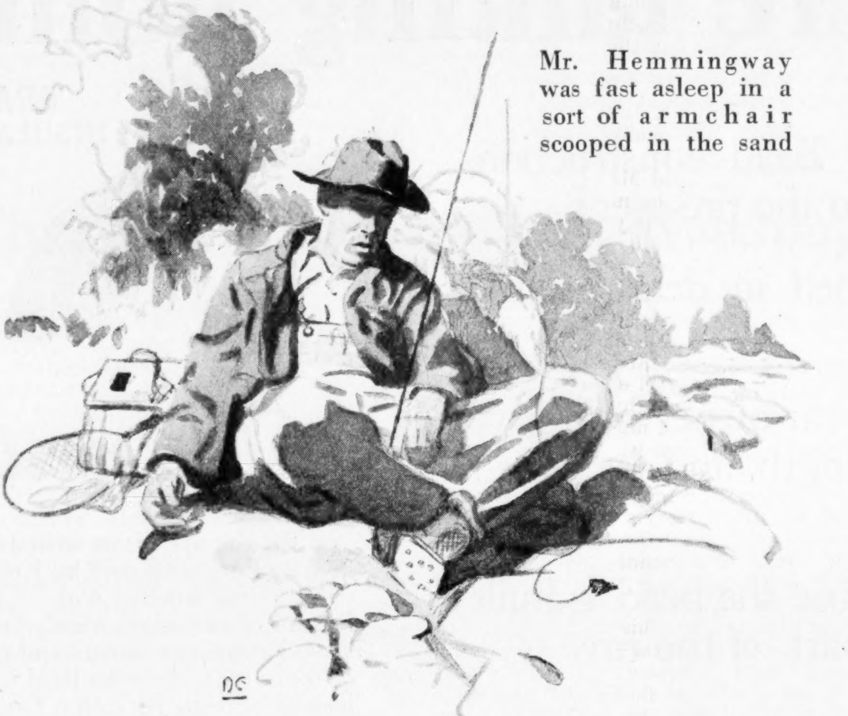
This hole, known as the "Holy Terror," was a par 3, it being possible to reach the green with an iron. But it was almost as possible to accumulate a 30, for the small, stubby green not only lay in a field of young corn, but was hidden from the tee by the almost perpendicular side hill and also was guarded by an old board fence and grass-bordered road.

Mr. Hemmingway very honestly explained the lay of the land to Hawkins, but stressed the fact that a possible three awaited a well-placed shot, and that here was ample room for the famous curve.

Hawkins stuck to his driver, and his shot should have carried far into the corn field—and oblivion—had not the ball failed to clear the fence. To the great grief of Mr. Rawdon and Mr. Hemmingway, it bounced off the fence and bumped over cups and grass bunches down to the foot of the hill.

Mr. Rawdon played safe to within twenty feet of the bank, leaving himself plenty of room for a high pitch to the green.

Being away, he played again. His ball rose straight, but with insufficient carry, and stuck halfway up the hill.



Mr. Hemmingway was fast asleep in a sort of armchair scooped in the sand

Hawkins, close under the bank, succeeded in getting his ball almost to the top of the hill, but eventually it bumped and rolled down to his feet again. In two more shots he had it precariously teed on a clump of bunch grass just below the brow.

"So this is golluf!" he gasped, and sat down on the grass to watch Mr. Rawdon play his third.

That gentleman scrambled up the hill and with great difficulty managed an awkward stance. As he swung his shortened club he slipped, and slid ignominiously to the foot of the hill. So did his ball.

"Haw!"

Mr. Rawdon whirled around and glared at the grinning Hawkins. "Funny, eh!" he yelled. "Wait till you slide from the *top* of the hill and break your damn neck!"

"Wait till I do," said Hawkins, and held up a nail-studded foot. "Mebbe this rig ain't so bad, after all, for this here golf."

Mr. Rawdon, playing again, succeeded in hoisting his ball over the fence and they both lay four. They clambered up the zigzag steps and found Mr. Rawdon's ball nestling in the grass-grown gutter on the far side of the road.

"You're away," said Mr. Hemmingway to Hawkins. "Buck up," he whispered to Mr. Rawdon. "Its hanging by a hair, and he'll be at the bottom again in a minute."

Hawkins studied the situation carefully. Then, for the first time that round, he drew Mr. Hemmingway's putter from the bag and crawled through a gap in the fence.

"What's he think he's doing?" gasped Mr. Rawdon.

"Shut up!" hissed Mr. Hemmingway, "we've got him now."

Hawkins stood above his ball, looking for a possible foothold in the face of the almost sheer bank. Finally he inserted one nailed shoe in a washed-out cup and gingerly tested with the other a grass clump three feet below. Then, with an awkward slash of the short, flat-faced putter, he struck under the grass bunch upon which the ball rested.

The two hopeful hard-luck wishers saw something white shoot from a fountain of clipped blades, soar straight into the blue above them and, to their horror, plunk dead upon the green. To make matters worse, Hawkins had not slid to the bottom and broken something which would prevent him from finishing the two remaining holes. He had managed to get his elbows over the edge and was now pulling himself up like some giant yellow slug.

He won the hole, six to seven, putting over the stubble with his mashie niblick against Mr. Rawdon's inefficient, if more orthodox, goose neck.

He also won the next—a short iron-shot hole from the top of the hill back to the flat—in three to four. His drive should have made the woods on the left, but the ball curved to safety—and the green.

Mr. Rawdon was sunk and Mr. Hemmingway low as a snake. They were four down and only one to go, with an extra five uncaught trout staring them in the face, provided Hawkins finished the last hole without losing his ball.

"Well, fellers," said Hawkins, coming up, "looks like I might get me some trout to take home, after all. Now, wouldn't it be plain hell to lose a ball on this last hole? Where is it?"

"Straight ahead," Mr. Hemmingway snapped, while Mr. Rawdon stood aside, tight-lipped and tense.

"Can't see anything like a hole."

"It's over the hill, between the tops of those telephone poles. You can play safe and then pitch, or try for the green in one. Suit yourself."

"I'll bet," said Hawkins, "I'll bet that Old Man Trouble lives over that hill, an' if my dogs wasn't hot enough to eat I'd go out there an' see. But here goes for all or nothin'."

IT WAS a mighty swipe, and the ball left the club face with a clean click that promised distance.

Out it sailed, wide to the left, as usual, but curving back to the poles as it crossed the line of hill top. It was going strong and, to the initiated, straight into the river and total loss.

Then an astonishing thing happened. The ball, forsaking its normal dropping curve, leaped straight into the air. A faint, metallic twang came back on the soft breeze.

Hawkins swung around with a question, but no words came from his open mouth. Mr. Rawdon was running in the direction of the green, uttering strange whoops as he scuttled along.

"What bit him?" Hawkins finally ejaculated.

"He's afraid you lost your ball in the river," Mr. Hemmingway explained with a grin. "That telephone wire you hit is right along the bank beyond the green."

"Ain't he going to drive?"

"Not necessary," the umpire and stake holder announced. "You see, a ball in the river is a lost ball and gives us the hole, leaving you three up on the nine. But, as it is the second and last lost ball, we win five on the side, making us two up, plus one for the match; or, to make it perfectly plain, we get three of those dollars of yours now reposing in my jeans."

Hawkins looked dazed, as well he might. This quick reversal of fortune seemed almost to stupefy him and he limped dejectedly along behind the hurrying Mr. Hemmingway.

Ahead, Mr. Rawdon stood looking down over the hidden swampy gully to the sandy green on the very bank of the river midway between the telephone poles.

Suddenly he began to dance, stamping first one foot and then the other against the ground and swinging his driver about his head. With a vicious jerk he hurled the club far out into the water and sank to the ground, clasping his head between his empty hands.

Mr. Hemmingway and Hawkins panted up and stopped short behind the hunched, hopeless figure. Their eager eyes sought the cause of this new and astounding development.

There, on the green, gleaming in the sun and poised on the very lip of the cup, lay Hawkins's ball.

Hawkins looked up at the telephone wire and down at the outrageous and unsuggested hazards before and beyond the green. Then he turned to the completely devastated Mr. Hemmingway.

"If *that* gentlemen," he said, "concedes the hole, I figger I win five up, and plus five, and one on the match; or, to make it perfectly plain, eleven nice, fresh, shiny trout to take home with me to-morrow to show the boys what a hell'ova sporting proposition this Trout River thing is."

IT WAS six hours later. Mr. Rawdon and Mr. Hemmingway sat on the bank of the river beneath the fateful telephone wire which had reversed their almost plus three into a sad and certain minus eleven—trout.

Across the stream shadows from the tangled willow thicket lengthened out over the riffles, and the distant hills at the head of the valley caught the slanting rays of the declining sun.

Mr. Rawdon and Mr. Hemmingway were not there to enjoy the soft beauty of a summer evening. They were there for the suddenly distasteful business of catching eleven trout—and canceling the written obligation which the exulting Hawkins had carried away with him earlier in the day.

"I feel like a condemned pot hunter," said Mr. Rawdon. "For twenty years I've fished for the fun of it, but, believe me, to fish for that luck-ridden blighter is no fun at all, it's distinctly humiliating."

"Let's finish it up and forget it," suggested Mr. Hemmingway, who was oppressed by a feeling of guilty responsibility. "We've got to have eleven trout for Hawkins when he stops by on his way to the train at seven o'clock tomorrow morning—if we have to fish all night and worm 'em out."

Mr. Rawdon almost shuddered. He did not believe in night fishing, and the very idea of bait made him angry. Yet the thought of a possible default beat upon his consciousness as something hideously impossible.

"Let's get busy," Mr. Rawdon said. "I'll walk down around the turn and fish back under the hill. We'll meet at the Big Pool about dusk."

"All right," Mr. Hemmingway answered. "Better save a couple of sandwiches out of your lunch," he added. "We may work late."

"Forget that 'late' thing," said Mr. Rawdon testily as he stood up and straightened his basket. He waded the stream, and entered an opening in the willows on the bank opposite.

Mr. Hemmingway pulled up his waders, clumped into the water, and began to cast carefully on the dark side of an exposed bowlder.

Mr. Rawdon, emerging from the willows, struck into a path through a pleasant little grove and shortly came out into a meadow. Through gaps in the young growth bordering the stream he could see dark runs and slow-moving pools under the shadow of hemlock-shaded banks on the far side. He knew that the water was pitifully low, yet, when he began to place his fly where experience told him it would do the most good, he began to feel more cheerful.

Distance gauged to the inch, his fly flicked an overhanging fern and settled lightly on the water. A good trout splashed—and missed. Mr. Rawdon, standing like a statue, let the fly float down on the current before he attempted to recover and cast again. The indications were good, and he smiled hopefully.

Mr. Hemmingway fished slowly along his half-mile stretch and reached the Big Pool just before dusk. He had one trout in his basket.

Downstream he could see Mr. Rawdon working up rapidly—too rapidly—as if he too were counting on the usually profitable twilight hour on the Big Pool.

Mr. Hemmingway sat down on a rock and began gloomily to eat a sandwich. No break or dimple indicated signs of feeding trout.

"What's the matter with you?" Mr. Rawdon demanded as he splashed through the riff.

"Nothing doing," Mr. Hemmingway answered. "Haven't had a rise for an hour. How about you?"

"Four," said Mr. Rawdon. "Caught 'em the first half hour, and then they quit. Didn't you do *anything?*"

"I did my darndest," Mr. Hemmingway defended. "I've got one fish."

"Six more to get," Mr. Rawdon groaned. "I suppose that means we stick it out—after dark."

"Hist!" Mr. Hemmingway whispered. "That looks like a rise over against the rocks. Go get him."

MR. RAWDON nodded and, wading out thigh deep, cast a long line over to the opposite bank. The fly, hardly discernible in the dusk, floated along on the slow current beneath the high rock shelf. He lost it for a moment and instinct told him to strike.

There was a splash as the trout floundered before boring into the depths. Mr. Rawdon stripped his slack and held the fish on the spring of the rod. After a run or two he began working him in and finally managed to net him.

"Good business," Mr. Hemmingway called across. "How big is he?"

Mr. Rawdon's arm shot forward as if he were throwing something. That something landed at Mr. Hemmingway's feet with a thud and lay quivering.

"Chub!" Mr. Hemmingway groaned, and, suppressing a desire to stamp on the inoffensive—if coarse—fish with his nailed boots, simply kicked it back into the stream.

Mr. Rawdon was casting again and Mr. Hemmingway waded across and began to fish above him. Darkness settled down upon the pool and placing the fly and retrieving it became a matter of feel and instinct.

"I'm into something!" Mr. Rawdon called. "Acts like a trout."

"Want any help?" Mr. Hemmingway called back.

"I don't know," Mr. Rawdon complained. "Can't see a thing, and I'm up to the tops of my waders now."

"I'll come down," said Mr. Hemmingway, and he cautiously picked his way until he stood beside Mr. Rawdon. "Here," he said, "I'll give you a light," and, tucking his rod under his arm, produced an electric flash and threw its beams over the water.

"There he is!" he exclaimed. "I'll get below and net him for you."

As he reeled in his line he too had a strike. At the same moment Mr. Rawdon's fish splashed dangerously in the darkness.

"Gosh!" Mr. Hemmingway exclaimed, "I've got one too!"

For a moment there was silence. Then Mr. Rawdon spoke: "Dammit, Sam, you've fouled my line! Slack up and stand still," said Mr. Rawdon gruffly.

Mr. Hemmingway did better than that. He managed to keep his flash going until Mr. Rawdon succeeded in netting the fish—unquestionably, this time, a ten-inch trout.

With both leaders and the trout in the meshes of the net, there was nothing to do but struggle ashore, side by side, and untangle the mess as best they could.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Hemmingway as he clutched in the darkness for his released line, "but, anyway, we got him."

"And we've got to get five more," said Mr. Rawdon. "You better move to the upper end, and I'll stay here."

"All right, George," Mr. Hemmingway agreed, "but first I'm going up to the store to get some big Coachmen or White Millers. That's what these fellows get 'em on at night."

"Suit yourself," said Mr. Rawdon shortly. "I haven't used anything larger than a twelve in as many years, and I *won't* fish *wet.*"

"We got to get 'em," said Mr. Hemmingway defensively, and he made his way to the path that led up to the little store and post office on the hill.

THERE he found the postmaster, George Voorhees, leaning over the counter smoking a pipe while Anderson Barlow, a stout, bearded farmer who lived near by, sat on a barrel eating an ice-cream cone in lieu of anything more comforting in the way of a nightcap.

"Keeps me busy," Barlow was saying as Mr. Hemmingway stalked in—"keeps me busy chasin' them Porter kids away from my spring. Seems like they was dead set on gettin' out them trout."

"'Evening George, 'evening Anderson," said Mr. Hemmingway. "What's the trouble now?"

"He's got two trout in his spring," Voorhees laughed, "and the kids are trying to get them away from him."

"I raised them trout," Barlow complained, "from the time they're six-seven inches. Now they're nigh onto a foot, an' they'll eat out of my hand."

"What do they eat?" Mr. Hemmingway asked. He was interested in everything that pertained to trout.

"Gave 'em some rice puddin' tother day," Barlow grinned, "they ain't particular. If you want to see fun, bring around a can of worms some time. Grab 'em right out of your fingers."

"Curious," Mr. Hemmingway mused, with a far-away look in his eyes.

He turned to Voorhees. "George, I want some big Coachmen or Millers. Got any?"

"What you doing—night fishin'?" Voorhees asked as he sorted over a pile of fly boxes.

"Trying it," Mr. Hemmingway admitted. "There's a fellow going away early to-morrow who can't catch 'em. Rawdon and I promised we'd get him a few."

"Well," said Voorhees doubtfully, "I got three good ones in the pool night before last, but I stayed out till near daylight to do it."

"Bad news," said Mr. Hemmingway. "Better give me a box of crackers and some chocolate. We may need an early breakfast."

Mr. Hemmingway selected his flies, paid for his purchases, and departed.

"Funny," said Voorhees as he prepared to close up. "Never knew that pair to fish after dark before. Must think a lot of that friend they're fishin' for."

"They're all right," Barlow answered as he climbed down from the barrel. "They'll get 'em if anybody can."

Back at the pool Mr. Hemmingway found Mr. Rawdon trying to untangle

(*Continued on page 32*)

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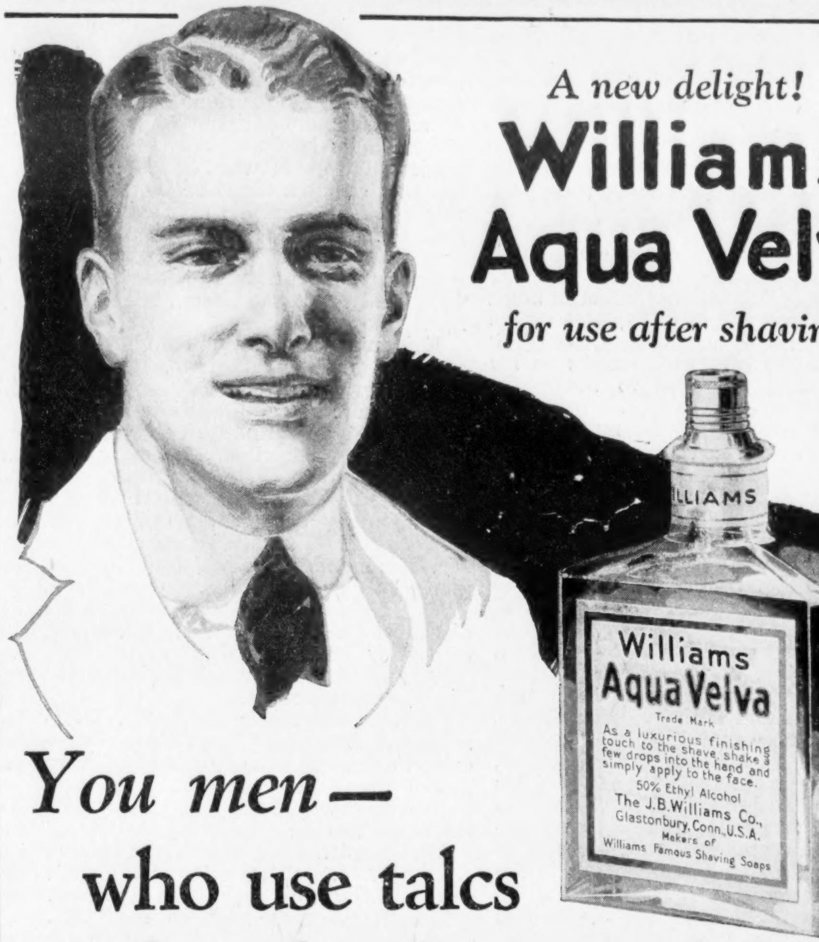
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A Trout a Hole

Continued from page 31

a badly snarled leader by the light of a small fire. His remarks about night fishing were entirely disparaging.

"I'm going to put on a heavy leader and big fly and fish *wet*," said Mr. Hemmingway. "Want one?"

"No!" Mr. Rawdon replied with some violence, as he struggled with the tangled loops.

"All right, all right," said Mr. Hemmingway, and after changing his rig, he made his way to the head of the pool.

For an hour he cast faithfully without a touch. Then, quite unexpectedly, he felt a tug and knew that he was fast to a good fish. Mr. Hemmingway was an old hand, but fishing by feel in black darkness was a new experience. He began backing up to the bank, dragging the fish after him and, thanks to his heavy tackle, managed to beach the trout and pounce upon him.

"Got him, anyway," he muttered as he unhooked the fish and examined his rod for possible damage by the light of his torch, "but I'm glad old George didn't see it."

The trout despatched and basketed, he returned to his stand with renewed confidence. Some time later, seeing the light of Mr. Rawdon's fire flare up, he gave over his unprofitable exercise and started down to see how that gentleman was coming on.

Something moved in the trodden path and he spotted it with his flash. For a moment he hesitated; then he bent over and there was a quick transfer, by hand, from grass roots to the pocket of his fishing coat. With the air of a man who has found something that does not belong to him but which he intends to *keep* he turned and walked back to the head of the pool.

The long night wore on. Twice Mr. Hemmingway visited Mr. Rawdon, reporting each time the capture of a fourteen-inch trout. "I wish you'd try one of these big flies," he urged. "You're wearing yourself out fussing with those little floaters," but Mr. Rawdon was incorruptible.

Mr. Hemmingway went away to his own place and Mr. Rawdon sat down with his back against a log. His right wrist was powerless and his calluses were hot. After a few minutes his tired muscles began to relax, his hand drooped, and he slept.

IT WAS broad daylight when he awoke and struggled to his feet. A white mist filled the valley, and all he could see of the pool was the few yards of water immediately before him. Guiltily he looked at his watch and found that it was close to six o'clock. A short hour remained in which to secure two trout and complete their contract unless Mr. Hemmingway had been more faithful to his trust—and more successful—than he.

He hurried through the fog to the head of the pool in search of his friend and found that he too had fallen. Mr. Hemmingway was fast asleep in a sort of armchair scooped in the sand; his rod with its butt stuck in the ground projected from between his knees over the water and a bight of the reel line was twisted about his crooked forefinger. On a flat stone near by sat a dejected-looking frog with a large fly hook, stripped to its hackles, hanging with leader attached from his pinned lips.

Evidently the frog, becoming tired of being fished at the same time Mr. Hemmingway wearied of fishing, had swum ashore and was waiting patiently to see what was to happen to him next.

Mr. Rawdon smiled a grim, understanding smile and, leaning over, gave the line a sharp tug. Instantly Mr. Hemmingway awoke and seized the rod.

"Ha!" Mr. Rawdon snorted, and as Mr. Hemmingway blinked at him he pointed an accusing finger at the frog.

Mr. Hemmingway's eyes followed the direction indicated. "Well, I'm a son of a gun," he muttered.

"So that's what you call fishing *wet?*" Mr. Rawdon sneered.

"Call it what you like," Mr. Hemmingway retorted, "I got three fish—one on a fly, two on worms, and I'd have gotten more if I'd had a sinker to keep that frog down. I suppose you caught the other two we need—in your sleep."

Mr. Rawdon's air of superior virtue changed to one of dejection. "I haven't caught a thing all night," he admitted.

"Then you can't pick on me," Mr. Hemmingway blustered. "I've done my share, and I don't like the way I did it any better than you do—but it produced the goods."

He picked up the frog and as gently as possible worked the hook free and released the creature, which immediately dived into the water with a protesting croak.

"What's that for?" Mr. Rawdon asked. "We've only an hour left. He might have been—useful."

"Listen, George," said Mr. Hemmingway, poking Mr. Rawdon with a bony finger, "I've demeaned myself all I'm going to for your sake. You've got to produce the last two fish, and you're going to get them in a way that will keep you from ever throwing up this night's work at me."

"Wh-a-t do you mean?" Mr. Rawdon stuttered.

"I mean," said Mr. Hemmingway grimly, "that in order to save yourself the disgrace of welching on a bet you are, with my support and connivance, about to embark upon a short career of minor crime, and," he ended, "you can thank your lucky stars for a foggy morning."

With a glance at the shrouded countryside, he led the dazed and disturbed Mr. Rawdon up the hill.

EDEN INN was waking to the activities of another day; at least that part of it given over to the necessary business of caring for the comfort of the still sweetly sleeping guests. Smoke from the kitchen chimney mingled with the billowing morning mists as a beginning breeze rolled the sun-shot cloud blankets along the hills as its contribution to the pre-breakfast chores.

Mr. Rawdon and Mr. Hemmingway, gaunt and worn, were inspecting exactly eleven trout laid out on the floor boards of the back porch. Two of the fish, black-backed, deep-bodied fellows, were still damp. Mr. Hemmingway carried himself with the air of a man who has well performed a difficult duty. Mr. Rawdon looked furtive and seemed ill at ease. The honk of a motor horn caused him to jump nervously.

"Here comes the Admirable Slicer," sneered Mr. Hemmingway as a bulky figure in noisy checks and striking cloth hat alighted from the car and walked briskly across the lawn swinging an empty creel.

"Hope he chokes on a fish bone," Mr. Rawdon muttered, vindictively.

"'Morning gents!" Hawkins greeted them. His eyes bulged when he saw the eleven trout. "For the love of Pete! Sink me if you didn't make good!"

"It's customary—in my experience," said Mr. Rawdon shortly.

"Honest," Hawkins declared, "I didn't think you could do it. My hat's off"—and he suited the action to the words. "When did you get 'em?"

"Oh, last evening and—early this morning," said Mr. Hemmingway with a careless yawn. "They won't rise during low water when the sun's high."

Hawkins beamed. "I certainly got to hand it to you fellows," he said. "You played in hard luck yesterday, an' I don't blame you for gettin' sore, but you came across like good sports—both, an' I'm pleased to 've met yer."

The driver of the car honked impatiently, and they hurriedly wrapped the trout in waxed paper and packed them in the basket.

"Some catch, I'll tell the world," Hawkins grinned.

"I'll bet you will," Mr. Rawdon sneered.

Hawkins ignored the nasty dig. He looked from one fisherman to the other and evidently Mr. Hemmingway's appearance impressed the more favorably. "Come along over to the car," he said with a wink. "Want to show you something."

As they turned away he waved a hand to Mr. Rawdon. "Cheerio, old pie-face," he said, almost affectionately, "you'll be able to hear the little birdies singing before long."

Mr. Rawdon was too indignant to retort. Glowering, he watched the pair hurry over to the car and saw Hawkins climb in. Mr. Hemmingway's shoulders blocked the door for a minute, and then he stepped back. The car started, and Mr. Hemmingway turned and came back across the grass. In his hand he held a small card and under his arm was tucked an oblong parcel.

"What's that?" Mr. Rawdon asked.

"He gave me his business card."

"Humph!" Mr. Rawdon grunted. "Fat chance he has to do business with us. What's his line—horses?"

"No," said Mr. Hemmingway. "Bootlegger!"

"Bootlegger! and we've been paying trout to a bootlegger?"

"He says he's a good bootlegger," Mr. Hemmingway explained. "Guarantees this."

"Fudge!" snapped Mr. Rawdon. "Throw it over the fence."

Mr. Hemmingway handled the stamped and sealed package lovingly. "George," he said, "I believe I'll try it. I'm all in. You look pretty tired too."

"You know my views!" Mr. Rawdon stormed. "I never touch the stuff except in illness or emergency."

"Can you look at me and say that an emergency does not exist right now?" asked Mr. Hemmingway.

"Yes, I can. A cup of coffee is all the stimulant you need."

MR. HEMMINGWAY seemed on the verge of collapse. He raised his hands—one of which held the package—and gazed appealingly over the clearing hills. His arms dropped and he wheeled around.

"Look, George," he whispered. "An emergency that even you can recognize is upon us. Be human."

Mr. Rawdon looked. "Barlow!" he gasped. "He's found us out." And then: "Do you really think *that* would help?"

Mr. Hemmingway again held up the oblong package and slowly reversed it above his cupped left hand. The bulky figure of Anderson Barlow, striding down the side hill, paused for a moment. Either the now victorious sun or a ready understanding of the universal sign language lightened the angry frown on his weathered face.

"See," Mr. Hemmingway murmured.

Mr. Rawdon saw—the one way out; the price of silence and the opportunity for honest restitution. He turned to his capable and proficient friend.

"You tell him, Sam—about our emergency—how we only borrowed his trout. I'll rustle up three glasses."

"I'll Be Governor, Not Jim," Says Ma Ferguson

Continued from page 12

base. Texas chuckled, gasped, or shuddered—according to the point of view—over this bizarre and utterly unexpected result, but the issue clarified itself in a day.

It clarified itself through Mrs. Ferguson's prompt declaration of war on the Klan. A stampede into her camp followed. The seven unsuccessful candidates—all of them—took the stump in her behalf, three appearing at one meeting. Political leaders of all sections espoused her cause; and newspapers and individuals heretofore bitterly opposed to her husband lined up with her.

Her victory was assured from the first day of the brief run-off campaign. It was so certain that she remained at home to put up her preserves and feed her two thousand White Leghorn chickens while Jim did the campaigning. He was received everywhere by tremendous and delirious crowds. "Me-for-Ma" placards overnight covered Texas by the hundreds of thousands. "Ma Ferguson's Sunbonnet" (to the tune of "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet") appeared as the official campaign song, and "took" like "Over There."

The huge majority of August 23d for Mrs. Ferguson buried the Klan.

I ASKED her: "Mrs. Ferguson, why did you enter this campaign?"

"To vindicate my family, to clear the name of my four-year-old grandson," she replied. "When they refused to put Jim's name on the ticket they were refusing man suffrage to our family, and woman suffrage had to assert itself.

"When I left the mansion that September day seven years ago I said to Jim, 'This is the most unjust thing ever done in Texas. I believe in retribution. I know we are going to come back.' Well, we have. We tried to come back two years ago, but the Ku Klux Klan was strong enough then to thwart the people's will. When they ruled Jim off the gubernatorial ballot this year I knew I had to take his place.

"That decision of the Supreme Court is what has made me the certain Governor of Texas. I would not have dreamed of making the race if Jim had been allowed on the ticket. My home has always needed me—I have two daughters, you know. But when Jim said, 'Mama, come here a minute. The court says I can't run.' I answered. 'Then *I'll* run.'"

Mama? Why, all Texas calls her Ma. It was "Me and Ma!" that sloganed Judge Robertson out of the running. More than one speaker had conjured a throbbing picture of "that good old grandmother fighting for her grandson"—and she's only in her forties.

How far in her forties?

"None of your business!" (with a tinkly laugh). "I will tell you all the little things: that I was born in this county and still own the farm on which I was born; that Jim was born only a few miles from our place; that I married him in 1899; that our younger daughter is twenty; that my hair is natural brown; that I don't object to bobbed hair for young people; that I don't recognize any such thing as a 'flapper age'—but I *won't* tell you how old I am. Old enough, however, to know my own mind."

Had she any advice to give the sisterhood? Any "message" for womankind?

"Why certainly not! Why should I?" in plain surprise.

Me for Ma!

Mrs. Ferguson carried me through her home. It is a two-story cream-colored dwelling of late nineteenth century architecture.

On the back porch was a hundred-pound watermelon, the latest gift to arrive. Mrs. Ferguson leaned down to thump it speculatively.

"Just right!" was her verdict. "Georgia may beat Texas raising Ku Klux Klansmen, but we challenge her to raise watermelons like ours. If I get another like this I'll send it to *you*."

Me for Ma!

The Barbarian

Continued from page 7

Becking, whom he had tutored so long, couldn't add to the night's fecundity! But he was glad the other had come, for there was his father's letter, and Becking's family, he knew, were real-estate operators in Martinsburg. Becking might be able to advise.

"Light up, if you want."

Harmon set his teeth and rolled to a sitting posture. A match scraped. Becking applied it to a green-shaded student lamp before bursting into shrill laughter.

"You're a picture. You'd scare children. Why don't you scrape off some of the gore?"

He dribbled water in the basin, soaked a towel, and handed it to Harmon. In front of a cheap, distorting mirror Harmon tried to wash away the stains. Through the pain of the operation crept a distrustful curiosity. Becking hadn't come for tutoring to-night. This was obviously a visit of friendliness and concern. Was the fight responsible for that?

"You took more than a champion could swallow, Jeff. If it's any comfort Simmy looks as if he'd fallen off a house."

"Simmons and I," Harmon grumbled, "ought to have better sense than to behave like schoolboys."

"Schoolboys!" Becking roared. "Wild savages, I'll say! And Simmy's still trying to square himself for hitting you while you were down."

Harmon pivoted, the wet towel dangling from his hand. "What are you talking about? Simmons never did that!"

Wide-eyed, Becking put his hands on his hips. "Say, Jeff, what kind of stuff are you made of? Mean to say you don't remember Simmy's soaking you for a goal when you were on your knees, just before you tried to stop his windpipe?"

Through his half-closed lids Harmon stared back, shaking his head.

"I—I don't remember."

"You don't remember!" Becking gasped. "You got me going, Jeff, with your gas about determination. Mean to say when once you've started a job you can go through with it even after you've been put to by-by?"

"I don't know," Harmon mused, turning away. "I hope so."

Some of the old sardonic note slipped back to Becking's voice.

"Then let me in on the ground floor, Jeff, I'd like to be an ambassador to the court of Synt Jymes. Is Professor Wilkins right? Have you made up your mind to be President?"

Harmon dried his face. Through the towel his voice came muffled: "I've heard enough of that to-night."

HE DROPPED the towel and stood alert and curious. Becking moved to the door beyond which reluctant footsteps had paused. After a moment a quick, short knock rattled, and Becking opened. Harmon faced the newcomer, surprised, embarrassed, but, oddly, without the slightest shadow of temper. Simmons stepped determinedly into the room and walked to Harmon. He had changed his clothing, but his strong, handsome face still carried a vivid record of his antagonist's determination.

"See here, Harmon," he said with the air of a small boy caught at mischief, "I couldn't go to sleep without telling you what a beast I think myself. I don't mean for picking a fight with you. You know what I mean. I hit you before you got off your knees."

Harmon was no less ill-at-ease.

"I didn't know. Becking's been telling me."

Simmons sketched a painful grin.

"I had an idea you were fighting in your sleep. I just wanted to tell you I'm glad you licked me. I deserved it. I never did such a thing in my life. You must have scared me into it."

Tentatively he offered his hand. Harmon took it. He found himself wanting to make light of the other's fault.

"It wasn't a regular fight, Simmons. Anything went. I had no business choking you."

Simmons pressed his hand.

"Decent of you to look at it that way; and I want to say I know now it wasn't fear of getting hurt that kept you from coming out for my team. I don't know what it was, but Frog Marvel's right; a pack of undergraduates oughtn't to sit as Solomons. I wish we'd had this fracas a year ago, then we might have known each other better."

For the first time in his life Harmon felt a hot desire for the friendship of men like Simmons. Was it too late? Had his selfish pursuit of one goal been after all a mistake? It was a fine thing for Simmons to do, to come there with such an admission, with so genuine a regret. He had never been in the room before. Perhaps in its cell-like bareness he would find the real excuse for Harmon's aloofness.

The ceiling sloped down on either side of the dormer window. The only furniture was a washstand beneath the astigmatic mirror, a cot, two straight chairs, a row of hooks, and a table on which the lamp rested under two pine bookshelves. On the top shelf was enthroned the one object that stood forth from the general austerity—a cheaply framed cabinet photograph of a young girl, of a pretty girl with curling light hair, and an innocence of face through which stole, scarcely discernible, a haunting quality of desire.

When Simmons's glance reached the picture he smiled. Perhaps in an effort to ease the situation he asked: "From your neck of the woods?"

Harmon nodded.

Uncomfortably Simmons put his hands in his pockets. "Does a man dare ask if you're to be congratulated? You certainly are if—"

"Emily and I," Harmon said without meaning to be enigmatic, "have known each other all our lives."

It served at least to break the strain. Simmons backed out with a smile, and a friendly and genuine prophecy: "See you in the morning, Harmon."

HE LEFT Harmon warmed and grateful. Becking recalled him, offering a letter he had drawn from his pocket.

"I found this in the box down-stairs."

He threw it on the table. He narrowed his eyes as he gazed up at the photograph.

"She writes lots of letters, this Emily girl, doesn't she?"

His voice went lower, and grew meditative, as if he sought to express his new, affectionate interest in the victor through the gift of some needed advice.

"What Simmy just said, Jeff—I mean about congratulations. That's a question, whether you ought to be congratulated or not—a man in your position."

Harmon glanced at the other, startled. It wasn't, he remembered, the first time Becking had admired Emily's picture. Tutoring, it had often been necessary to tear his regard from it to his task; and Harmon wasn't sufficiently ingenuous not to realize it was worth any man's attention. His superstition of the night, half dread, half eagerness, slipped back. What groping idea made Becking persist in his contemplation of the picture face?

"What you gaping at, Becking?"

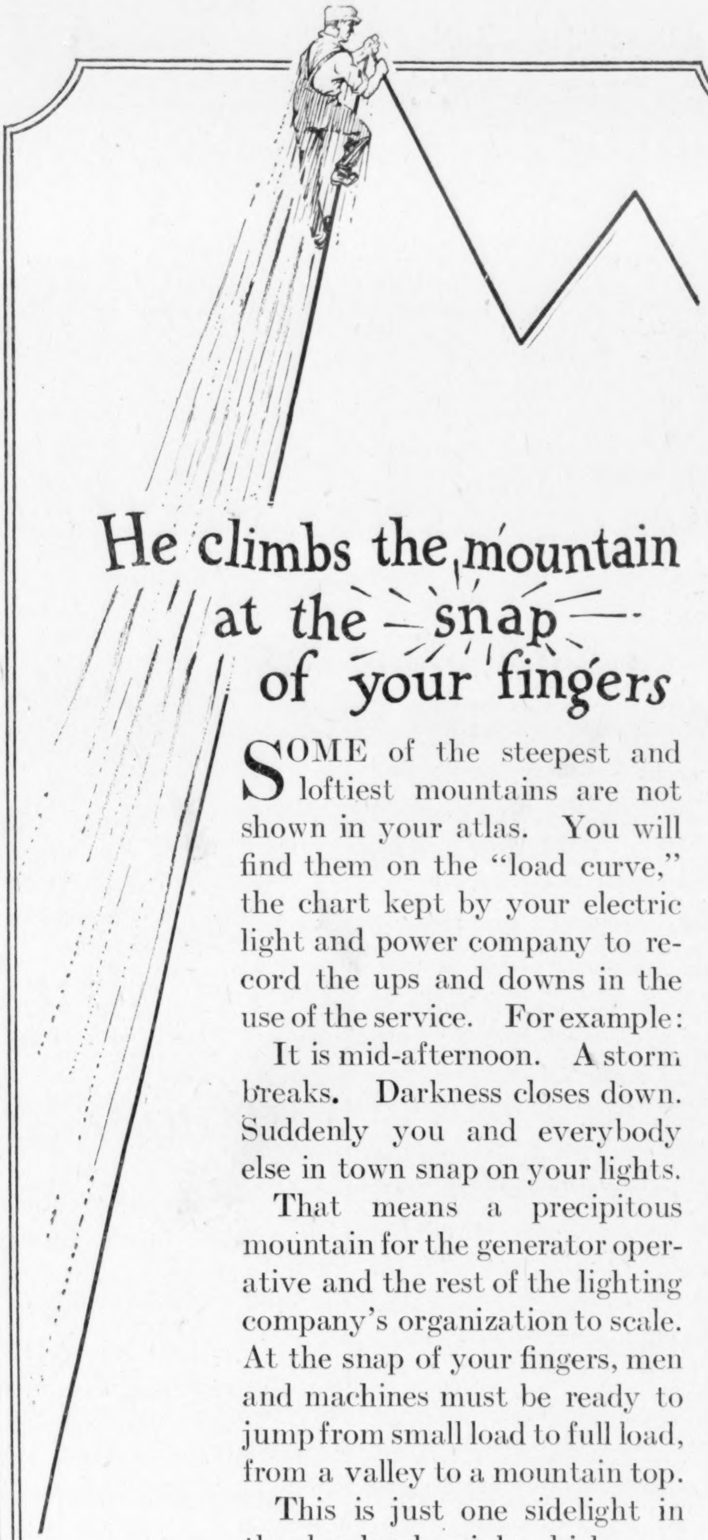
Becking sighed and sat on the edge of the table, swinging his legs. In that attitude he impressed Harmon with a sense of cunning, nearly sly, perhaps a trifle evil. He argued the thought must come from green lamplight on a face and frame long and meager to the point of emaciation.

"I," Becking answered under his breath, "am gaping at a darned pretty girl; one of the prettiest I've ever seen, or never seen. I'd like to. Bringing her to commencement, Jeff?"

"I expect so," Harmon said, attentive.

With leisurely gestures Becking lighted a cigarette and tossed the match across the room and out the open window. When he spoke his manner suggested he had quite brushed the pretty girl from his mind, but his voice came to Harmon with a rush of surprise and doubt.

(*Continued on page 34*)



He climbs the mountain at the snap of your fingers

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The Barbarian

Continued from page 33

"Ever notice, Jeff, how a lot of brainy men you expect to set the world on fire get married and are never heard of again? Ever realize that a poor girl just naturally can't help being a millstone around the neck of an ambitious man?"

Harmon's impulse was to spring at the other, shake him, and force him to take back his venomous wisdom. Had it, possibly, a personal source? Could it have sprung from Becking's long contemplation of Emily's photograph? Harmon controlled himself. He had to accept Becking's abstract manner at its face value. He had, moreover, a use for the other. So he took his father's crumpled, important letter from his pocket.

"Never had time to think about such things," he muttered, which was true enough. "I've got something else on my mind to-night. You've worked summers with your father and uncle. Know anything about phosphate values?"

BECKING slipped from the table, all at once alert, his face assuming a mask of shrewdness. "What's phosphate to you?"

"Something, from this letter," he said, "and Turner's lecturing here tomorrow night. I believe he'll want to see me about some land my father owns near Garwood."

Becking whistled. He stared incredulously.

"Stringing me? You've always let me think you and your father didn't have a sou marquee between you."

Harmon's bruised face reddened. For the first time since the fight he felt himself the inadequate pauper again.

"We haven't," he muttered, "but ever since I was born my father hung on to a piece of virgin pine hoping it might be worth enough some day to give me a start. The Gorman Lumber and Phosphate Company has been touring up some phosphate around Garwood, and we've figured there was a pocket on that tract. My father writes the Gorman prospector's made soundings and wants to buy. Dad told him that, while he held title, the piece really belonged to me. So the prospector telephoned Martinsburg and came back with the news that one of the company's lawyers happened to be visiting the university and might get in touch with me."

Becking's sharp eyes gleamed. He nodded.

"Millsdale & Turner are the Gorman people's attorneys. You watch out for Turner, Jeff. He comes of one of these old Southern families that could trade a busted flivver with a gypsy and come away with the long end of the bargain. I see what you're after. You want me to back you up and see he doesn't slip anything over on you with his high and mighty ways. He thinks he's too good for ordinary people. If you want my opinion, he's a roaring snob, but I'll look after you."

Harmon hesitated. That wasn't what he had had in mind.

"I thought," he explained, "you might tell me what I ought to ask for the tract."

"How big is it?"

Harmon glanced away, reluctant to prick Becking's gleaming bubble.

"Something less than twenty acres."

Becking spread his hands and dismissed his pose of a mature man discussing huge affairs.

"It may seem small to you," Harmon went on eagerly, "but to me it may mean the difference between a fair start and no start at all."

Becking condescended. After a moment's pondering he delivered himself of his disillusioning opinion.

"Depends on the depth and grade of the pocket. If it's first class, and the Gormans have larger deposits to tie it up with, you might squeeze three thousand out of it; perhaps another five hundred."

Even that sum, Harmon reflected, would guarantee a start, office rent, time to turn around, an opportunity to feel out the possibilities of politics.

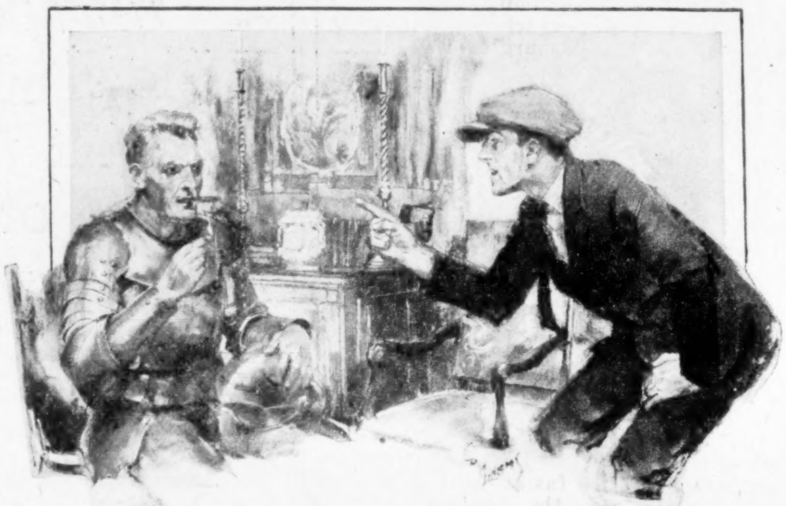
"Not enough," Becking went on with a quick glance at Emily's photograph, "to let you gamble with your future."

He backed to the door, grinning.

"Don't forget, Jeff, there are lots of women in this old world; and you put it in your book that the poor ones are the most expensive. And, say, Hercules, most women are naturally crazy about a big bully who can keep on fighting after he's been licked."

He paused on the threshold, his pose of a man of the world sharpening.

"Give yourself a chance to look the ladies over, boy. Don't want to encourage you too much, but if you sold your hair to a mattress factory, and got yourself up so you wouldn't send a good tailor to the funny house, and, provided, of course, you ever got your face back, a lot of dames might fall for you."



A New Witwer Story Next Week

It's called "Scrambled Yeggs," and the story is just as perfectly Witweresque as its title.

Also

Beatrice Fairfax. "'They were married and lived happily ever after' has gone out of fashion as a formula," says the young woman who writes "Advice to Lovelorn" for many newspapers. More than a million heart-revealing letters have come to her desk. Next week she tells what most persons want to know.

Wallace Irwin's "Giving the World the Once-Over"—a collection of brilliant memory snapshots made on his recent round-the-world trip.

A new sensation of the stage. Raquell Meller is coming to America. Paris is wild about her. She has a way of singing simple songs and ballads that makes 'em cry, and they like it. B. F. Wilson's interview with her appears next week.

WITH the air of a second Daniel, he went out and closed the door, leaving Harmon more buffeted than before. He had been right, then, to shrink from Becking's entrance, for, after all, the sharp man had brought his disturbing share to the night. Why should a series of such radical shocks be crowded within these few hours? Then he realized each had led to the next. His father's letter had given him courage to answer Professor Wilkins's sarcastic challenge, and that had involved him in the fight with Simmons; then, because of the fight, Becking had brought his sly, disturbing wisdom.

He stared at the portrait. Emily a millstone! He had never weighed the possibility until just now. As a matter of fact, however, he had thought of her as a destination, restful and crowded with delight; and that was dangerous. All their lives they had known each other, and so well that, without the formality of an engagement, without actually outlining the prospect in words, they had taken it for granted they would marry when he had graduated, or at least when the tract should be sold. Was Becking conceivably right? Would they be wiser to wait?

Anxiously he snatched Emily's letter from the table, tore it open, and glanced down the page. In addition to her customary affection and her plans for coming to the university with her mother for his commencement, he found in the note a subtle and premonitory happiness that suggested she had heard the gossip about phosphate and assumed it would have a happy effect on their lives. Only the final paragraph was wholly out of key.

"I hate to worry you, Jeff," it ran, "but your father's failing. He's thinner than ever, and he's suffering. I'm trying to persuade him to let Dr. Randall look him over the next time he makes his calls in the village."

Harmon wasn't really much concerned, for his father's exciting letter hadn't mentioned illness, and the old man, anyway, was the victim of an indigestion that waxed and waned. Puzzles more intimate and immediate crowded his brain and deadened the ache of his bruises. He blew out the lamp, walked uncertainly to the window, and with a sigh leaned over the sill.

The late moon had risen and swung like a distorted lantern, gleaming with witchery.

To-night the campus impressed his practical mind with a troubling beauty. Its slate roofs were transformed, and the shadows of its trees seemed thronged with enticing mysteries that all at once symbolized for him the slumbering future.

He wished Becking hadn't come at all, for every word the sly man had said clung and worried; one phrase more than the rest: Women might fall for him. Would there, after all, come into his life other women than Emily? The strange lantern seemed striving to penetrate and set in motion the shadows of the future. Were there women's shapes there, shrouded and indistinct? With his fresh sharpness of vision, through his drowsiness, he knew clairvoyantly that there were, and the knowledge made him dully unhappy.

Sprawled across the sill, the powerful, bruised, uncouth man drifted into sleep, his last conscious impression the near-by pine trees from whose limbs drooped tangled strands of moss to which the wanton moon gave the appearance of disordered and bewitching hair. . . .

THE hotel, low and white, seemed to shrink behind its obese screen of water oaks from the approach of the big man with the shabby clothing, the untidy hair, and the discolored face; but Harmon's chin was up, and he walked at Becking's side with an air of confidence. Last night had, indeed, accomplished a revolution in his life and in his brain. Men no longer scowled or jeered or passed him with indifference, and that avid urge to go after the big things remained in his soul, undimmed.

Frog Marvel had struck the key on the campus that morning. He had discarded his nearly perpetual grin for audible laughter.

"I suppose it was a good face once," he chuckled. "Maybe you'd rather be rough-and-tumble champion than Adonis. On my word, I would."

Then he had turned serious, and actually thrust his arm through Harmon's, and walked on to the commons with him.

"A lot of people feel perfect fools this morning for thinking you a quitter, Harmon. But, if you don't mind my saying so, you have been a good deal of a prig. Just the same, I liked what you shot back at Wilkins last night. Going to give us a chance to know you now? Mind if I drop in some evening?"

And Harmon, amazingly, had been glad, and, although incoherent, had managed a nod.

Afterward Simmons had greeted him without the least constraint: "Sympathy from one total wreck to another!"

Then the messenger from the administration building a little while ago had found him with the news that Mr. Turner had arrived at the hotel and wished to see him.

"Better let me do the talking," Becking was instructing. "Don't agree to anything unless I give the word."

He paused, slackened his pace, and stared ahead. Harmon too went slower, embarrassed, for the first time acutely aware of his scarred and slovenly appearance.

Two women sat on the hotel porch at the head of the steps. One was middle-aged, the other young; but both had an air unfamiliar to Harmon, and wholly foreign to the women he knew in Garwood. It expressed itself in a serenity of face and pose, and was accented by a rich simplicity of clothing and adornment.

"Old Millsdale's wife and daughter,"

Becking whispered. "Expect they drove down with Turner. He's supposed to be engaged to Jessie Millsdale. She's a good-looker, isn't she?"

Harmon's surreptitious glance informed him that she was, with her heavy chestnut hair and her uncommon regularity and placidity of feature. In that confusing moment she seemed, indeed, too beautiful, and too well cared for to be of the earth. In climbing the steps and reaching the door he would have to pass close to her, and he shrank from the journey more painfully than he had from the running of last night's brutal gantlet. That was, he told himself, because he could feel the pain of his face, because he could see the stains of his clothing and its slipshod patches.

He let Becking lead the way, following quickly. A faint perfume reached him, somewhat reminiscent of the scented, moon-hung night he had brooded on from his window. He breathed easier, then was a little angry; for, while Mrs. Millsdale glanced up once, the girl didn't stir, failed even for a moment to lose her lovely and slightly weary impassivity. It was as if Becking and he were invisible to her placid, unearthly eyes.

IN THE lobby when they had sent their names to Turner he swung curiously on Becking. "They're from Martinsburg. I thought you knew them."

Becking's chip-on-shoulder attitude veiled too thinly a social envy.

"No, Jeff. I don't run with that tribe. I wish Turner joy of her. Lump of ice. Shh! Watch your step now."

Harmon saw a slender, undersized man walk quickly, silently down the stairs. He wore well-cut, dark gray flannels and a broad-brimmed straw hat that made his lean, good-looking face seem almost too brown. In that face Harmon glimpsed the identical unconscious superiority he had detected in the women outside; and he read there more than that: a physical weakness that astonished him, and a mental strength that made him a trifle afraid.

Turner, like the women, appeared not to notice Harmon's scars or his worn clothing.

"One of you," he said in a pleasant, low voice, "is undoubtedly Mr. Harmon."

Harmon nodded, and felt his hand clasped in a quick, nervous pressure. Turner glanced, puzzled, at Becking, who had spread his legs and thrown out his chest preparatory to introducing himself and explaining his mission.

"Harmon doesn't know a lot about these matters," he ended, "so I've come to help him out."

Turner smiled.

"I've had dealings," his gentle voice announced, "with your father and uncle in Martinsburg, and surely I must have seen you there."

Becking's face relaxed with pleasure, and Harmon, watching, grew as doubtful of his friend as of this enemy lawyer. The sharp thought came to him that in going after the big things he could trust no man except himself. Here he was, at any rate, to lay the foundation for his quest. That was his own job. He couldn't let Becking interfere with that.

"You want to talk to me," he said to Turner, "about my father's Garwood tract."

Turner smiled, waved his hands, and sat down. Harmon and Becking drew chairs close to him. As he listened to the pleasant voice rambling on Harmon had to remind himself that the man wasn't on his side, that Becking was probably right, and that the lawyer was a shrewd bargainer in his client's interests; for Turner impressed him as being wholly frank, of wishing only to help him. He had, he explained, no first-hand knowledge of the property, but Whitehead, the prospector, an extremely fair man, had suggested twenty-five hundred dollars, and the firm had authorized him to offer that amount.

Becking's chest puffed; his voice blurted out, and was halted by Harmon.

"That's not enough, Mr. Tur—"

"Keep quiet, Becking. Go on, Mr. Turner. Why do you think it worth only that?"

"Whitehead's appraisal," Turner answered. "They must have, by the way, a quick answer, as they're shipping machinery to the neighborhood, and want, naturally, to develop the entire section at once."

Harmon's voice was as concise as ever, but his nerves were tight.

"There'll be time, Mr. Turner," he said, "for me to look the pocket over and talk to my father."

Turner frowned. "I'm not sure. They insist on a quick answer. It's a very small pocket. You may even lose the sale altogether."

Harmons' face grew more rocklike. The others couldn't guess the painful stretching of his nerves.

"This means too much to me, Mr. Turner. I'd rather lose the sale than jump in the dark."

Turner's face brightened indulgently.

"After I bore the law school, I'm starting back to Martinsburg in the morning by the coast. Garwood wouldn't be much out of my way, would it? If you young men care to come with me that far, we might all have a look at the pocket with your father, and strike a bargain on the spot."

Becking's face confessed a joyous approval of the prospect, but Harmon consented almost reluctantly. Certainly the pleasant, courteous Turner wanted to be fair with him, but Becking had made him suspicious.

Turner was on his feet, his face doubtful.

"But I've companions," he explained, waving his hand toward the porch where the two imposing women sat. "They might not like the delay. Suppose I find out."

He walked in his silent fashion across the lobby and through the doorway. Becking, flushed, caught Harmon's wrist.

"That means we'll have a ride with Jessie Millsdale and her mother."

Harmon, recalling the other's envious boast of not running with that tribe, shook himself free and strolled to the window. He could see Turner bending over the two women with an air of smiling cajolery; could hear his pleasant voice into which a note of mendicancy had crept.

"It will only be for a few hours, Jessie."

"Bring them," Mrs. Millsdale said.

The girl's placid, lovely face quickened with a smile. "Of course, Clem."

IT OCCURRED to Harmon that he shouldn't listen, but as he started away he was held in spite of himself, for Jessie Millsdale spoke again with an amused distaste:

"But Clem! The big one! The scarecrow! Wherever did you dig him up? With his bruised face and all that hair, he makes you think of an animal who's been in a deadly fight. Doesn't he, mother?"

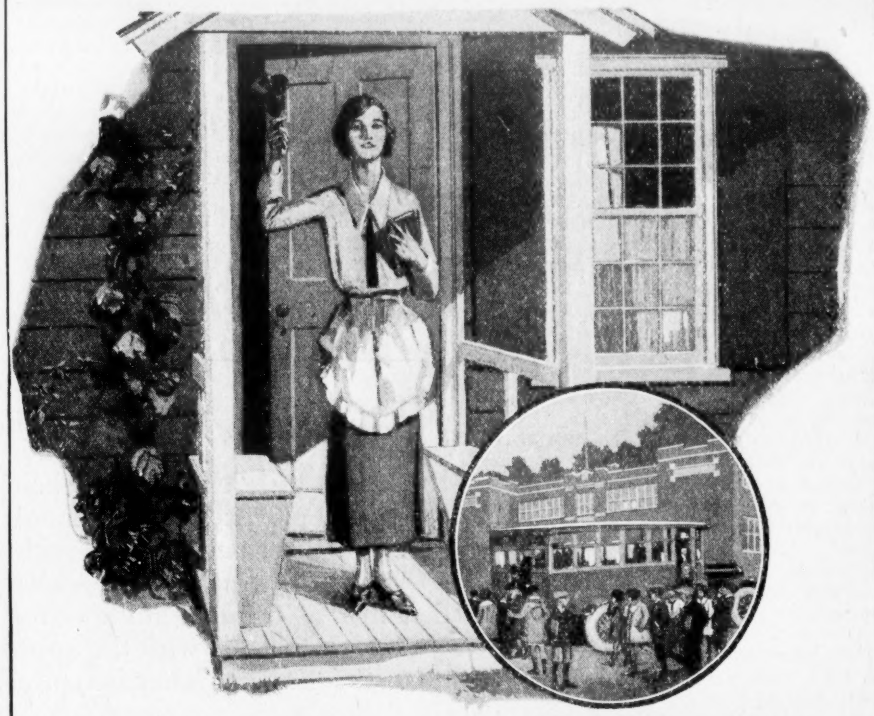
Harmon moved away then, Mrs. Millsdale's rebuking murmur in his ears. He was conscious of the blood in his face, of the shock and fury at his heart.

Abruptly he paused and stared straight ahead, captured again by last night's clairvoyant vision. Had this girl from another world lurked then with the feminine shapes made indistinguishable by the shadows of the future? At least she had come into his life to-day to force on him a mission he knew he couldn't possibly evade. He had to show her, along with the rest, more than the rest now, that he was capable and worthy of the big things; that he was more than a recluse, more than a scarecrow, more than the animal she thought him.

He had to fight back last night's weakness, for, he realized, in order to do that, he could waste no time in a country practice. It was as if she had outlined his crusade for him. With the money from the tract in his pocket he would plunge boldly, the moment he got his diploma, into the unfriendly and difficult mazes of Martinsburg, since it was only there that he could impress her and the others with the fact that his feet were on the path to the highest places.

In that moment he suffered from his angry, starving eagerness to climb.

(To be continued next week)



FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY

Little red schoolhouse, good-bye!

Gone is the isolation of the rural home; going too is the little red schoolhouse.

The motor bus has made possible the consolidated school—modern, sanitary, with better trained and better paid teachers—serving families for miles around.

Today there are more than 14,000 consolidated schools, to and from which motor buses daily carry several hundred thousand pupils. In no other part of its product does General Motors feel greater pride than in the service of those GMC buses which help carry young America to school.

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE · GMC TRUCKS

General Motors cars, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the *GMAC* Deferred Payment Plan. Insurance service is furnished by General Exchange Corporation.

A Phrase and a Fire

Continued from page 11

tinker's hullabaloo—now, *is* it, dear?"

"But, darling!" She now brought forth *her* philosophy. But, darling, you must remember how small this earth is. We are all crowded together on this little ball; we *must* be careful, one of the other. When people were still few and scattered, and weren't complicated, a few rules were enough—don't kill, don't steal. But now each of us is surrounded by hosts of sensitive and complicated beings. Each of us simply *must* smooth out his personality to fit—don't you see, dear, don't you *see?*"

He was seeing all too well. Humped up, ensconced deep into the settee, he was looking with somber eye at the existence he must live if he accepted this view, and he did not like it at all, not at all! He was puzzled. There was certainly some truth in what Clarabelle had said; but, on the other hand, *what* a life!

And in his perplexity, his obscure distress, suddenly there came with utmost naturalness to his lips the phrase which he had invented to fit just such moments of discomfort and distress. "Gee," he cried, "that certainly *is* the bumble-bee's blank!"

And left no blank, as discreetly we are doing, but pronounced fully the word we dare not mention and roundly finished the phrase.

HER nerves had become frayed of late. She now rose, and lightly but firmly left the room.

She went out into the garden, and after a while—a bird was chirping in a tree—managed to smooth out her soul. She went up to her room, and before the mirror smoothed out her troubled little face. Then she went down to the drawing-room again, all ready to forget and be once more all merry and gay.

But he was not there; meanwhile he had gone. Gone, convinced that he had given offense beyond possibility of forgiveness; torn with doubt, anyway, as to his ability to grant her what she must have; fairly certain that he could not in any sincerity promise it to her. That is to say, seething with a contradictory mess of resentment, tenderness, anger, love, stubbornness, and remorse.

Love, being a good deal of foolishness, it follows that the more violently two fond young things are in love, the more foolish their conduct is apt to be. Hal and Clarabelle were very much in love; naturally, then, the breach, thus foolishly begun, continued foolishly to widen, and Clarabelle, soon, was seen going about with Sam Dawes, the fat banker's son.

Whilst Hal, with great show of indifference, turned his entertainer's activity to the street and the mart with renewed energy. Morning and evening and day his voice could be heard trumpeting along the Roseville main. At the garage's tunnel-like entrance, before the bootblack stand, at the barber shop, in the movie hall's arcade, almost at any time groups could be seen roaring appreciation, slapping their thighs at his broad minstrelsies. Broadway was perilous to you; at any moment, across its width, you were apt to find yourself "bawled out." If you were with someone, ten to one that he'd briskly step up and begin to *dearie* her and *cutie* her right there on the sidewalk, rather to your dismay—a dismay not at all soothed by a suspicion you could not quite down that she was finding the occasion not all pure suffering and simple confusion, that in the hue of her blushes there lurked something remarkably resembling a discreet and amused admiration.

And thus, with Clarabelle going about with Sam Dawes, and Hal seemingly altogether engrossed in playing the clown, things might have gone on drifting from bad to worse, had not the yearly performance of the Roseville Knights of the Buskin happened along about this time, and the accident of which we hinted at the beginning.

Hal went to the performance, and Clarabelle did not. Everyone in the hall was aware of this fact before the curtain went up, for everyone in the hall knew by that time just who was present and just who was not. Everyone knew that Hal was there and that Clarabelle was not there. But everyone knew more than this: everyone knew that Hal knew that Clarabelle was not there.

He was sitting at the end of a row and near the window which had been a real window when the hall was still Odd Fellows' Hall, but had been nailed up, painted black, and papered when Odd Fellows' Hall had become the movie hall, and thus had remained when the pictures had gone on to the new and more splendid "Strand." From this seat near the condemned window he had been seen to rise and look the house very carefully over. So that the house knew he knew Clarabelle was not there.

This fact—and others of the same ilk—having been duly ascertained, everyone settled himself, as the curtain went up, to the enjoyment of "The District Attorney," written, produced, and acted by the best local talent—out of which Hal had been eliminated. And all went smoothly and well till, in the middle of the second act, the lights abruptly went out.

Plunged thus into instant and utter night, the audience behaved very well. A wit somewhere at the rear smacked his lips in an imitation of a resounding kiss, upon which someone else, of equally ready humor, faked the high scream of the imaginary damsel thus attacked. This put everyone in good humor. People began to strike matches here and there; their flares looked like bonfires on mountains in the distance. The stage manager announced that he had telephoned to the power house, and that "juice" would be on its way again in fifteen minutes. Kerosene lamps were brought and set about the stage. Just as this had been done, the electric lights went on again, and the play also.

ONE of the lamps, however, which had been brought on the stage, had been forgotten. It stood on the district attorney's desk (this was in the court scene), and this desk was close to the back drop. After a time a black spot made its appearance on the back drop. It began to spread as if made of grease, and someone from the audience shouted a warning. But it was too late. The spot began to climb oilily in a long smudgy streak which almost at the same time turned to flame.

The audience did not behave so well this time. It had an excuse: the hall, although, luckily, it was on the ground floor, was of wood, old and flimsy. Once more the manager appeared before the footlights. He started to explain that there was no danger, but had not yet reached the word when he found himself impelled, by the heat behind him, to leap from the stage whence already the actors had fled. It was just as well, for already he was addressing only a sea of backs: the audience, with much unison, was making for the entrance doors, at the opposite end of the hall. Almost immediately, of course, they began to be jammed.

Hal, as had been said, was seated at the end of a row, and near what had once been a window in the wall. Seeing what was happening at the front doors, he now rose and, tearing at wall paper and curtains, made of the ex-window a window once more. Continuing, with elbow and fist, he wrecked what he had restored into a gaping hole opening upon the side street which ran along the building.

He put his nose out of doors. It was tempting out there—nice and dark and cool. One could leap out without much noise, to the sidewalk only some ten feet below, and then watch from the outside what was happening inside. He withdrew inside again, his mind not quite made up. And chance would have it that at the exact moment a young woman should come rushing by him on her way to the jammed entrance doors.

"Here you are, dearie, this way," almost automatically he cried, seizing her in his long arms.

He bundled her out through the window, and keeping hold of her hands so that he could slow her descent a little, let her down to the street. And almost immediately another young thing went rushing by.

"Hold on a minute, cutie, I'll get you out, sweetie," he cried, and out she went through the window.

A little weeping girl followed, and her mother, eased down only the least bit more decorously with a "There you go, mamma—watch out for the petticoats!"

A young man came, hugging the wall—a disheveled young man. Hal saw the silhouette, black against the window's opening, and as he had witnessed it done when a yell leader on the football field, charged in headlong tackle. Out went the silhouette with a great surprised flopping of long arms and legs. Hal was having a good time.

The stage, fortunately, was not very rich in scenery, and the fire, after its explosive inception, was now working more quietly at woodwork and creeping along ceiling, so that, although the temperature was not exactly as cool as a day in May, and there was a deal of smoke, Hal was finding it still quite bearable. Standing at his window, he was barking like a fakir at the fair. "This way, ladies and gentlemen, and especially ladies," he bellowed, making good use of his old Glee Club tenor, seeking to persuade with words those that were beyond the seizure of his long tentacular arms. "This way, this way—do not neglect little Egypt's sideshow! This way for the hooded lady, the bearded cobra, and the dancing hippo!"

Business was coming to him. He was switching toward the window many madly on their way toward the jam at the entrance doors; from that very press, people now and then detached themselves to his bugle calls, and, resolutely facing toward the fire, through the smoke came running to him the half length of the hall. Between the yapping shouts of his spieling, his voice sank to low and tender exhortations, slipped into soft warm ears. "Here you are, little one—hold on to your pettie skirtie—down we go." "*That's* the way, little love, hug your papa tight—down we go!"

But it was getting hot. Very hot. Perspiration poured down his nose, his clothes seemed to be drying to tinder upon him, the smoke made him sneeze, interrupting some of his best vocal efforts. He staggered a little now and then. "This hall surely needs some air," he complained to himself.

A GROUP of his townsmen had formed beneath his window, outside on the street. They watched him, paralyzed and goggle-eyed, as, up there as if upon a stage, obscured in turn by smoke or sharply revealed by the fire's red glow, infernal and jocose, he clowned for them as so often he had done before garage or bootblack stand.

"This way, this way, ladies and gentlemen. Dinner served in the dining car this way. Last call, last call, last call—hurry, the soup is getting cold!"

But no one from the inside now answered his call. Looking through the smoke toward the entrance doors, he could see that the crush had finally broken; those who still remained were trickling out smoothly.

The group of admirers outside had regained their wits and their voices. "Jump, jump!" they were shouting to him. "Jump—everyone is out—you'll burn!"

He sent another look toward the doors. The arcade now was clear; everyone was out. "Jump! Jump!" came the urgent cries from the outside. But just then he felt something about his feet, and, diving down in the smoke, came up holding by the looseness of his breeches little Billy Buttons, little bawling Billy Buttons. Billy, at the first crackle of the catastrophe, had thrown himself under a seat, and there had remained till a rare instinct had sent him crawling at the last moment toward Hal's number tens. Hal, still holding him by the slack of his breeches, threw him out to the throng under the window, which was yelling madly now, "Jump! Jump! Jump! Everybody is out! Jump!"

But the finding of Billy had placed a doubt in him as to the accuracy of the information received from the outside. He stood a moment longer, hesitant, peering through the smoke, sending a last, long searching look to make sure no one remained in the hall, now rapidly becoming a furnace.

A long, lean flame licked out from the burning stage. It went almost the length of the hall, elastically snapped back, circled him an instant like a whip, and was gone.

But brief as the embrace had been, seemingly it had been enough. Hal went rigid and gave a small shudder. "That," he said thickly, "was sure the bumble—"

But he stopped himself with a great effort, shook his head, and began again. "That," he said, "was sure the terrapin's soup!"

For the day before, after a long consultation with himself, he had decided never to use again the phrase about the busy flyer which gave Clarabelle pain, and in its stead had invented this one about the terrapin—which surely could pass muster among even the most delicate.

Stiffly, like a dummy, he toppled

What Should We Teach Our Children?

TOO little emphasis is being placed on the moral development of our school children. As a step in the right direction, Collier's, with the help of its readers, is preparing a Moral Code—what might more popularly be called a "conduct guide"—for use in all our public schools. It is doing this with the approval of many religious leaders. The following letter is typical of a number received:

> Collier's conception of a Moral Code for the public schools is timely and commendable. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The children of to-day are the nation of to-morrow. By inculcating the highest ethics in the young we make secure our country for the next generation.
>
> GEO. W. MCDANIEL,
> President, Southern Baptist Convention.

Help us to prepare that code. We want suggestions. Send us your ideas. They will be welcome. And they may prove invaluable to us.

across the window sill, and to the ground like one dead.

Those that now rushed forward picked him up and dragged him away, just as the Roseville fire laddies came bustling up with menacing hose, and did, as a matter of fact, believe him to be dead. But soon after, signs of life, discerned in him, caused him to be taken to the hospital instead of the morgue. Those signs of life were at first entirely verbal. "Terrapin's soup," he was heard to murmur stubbornly. "Terrapin's soup, *not* bumble-bee's bunions! Terrapin's soup—yes! Bumble-bee's bunions—no! No, no, no!"

HE WAS still in the hospital the next morning, in a white bed, well swathed in bandages, a bit tired, but quite alive. The big surgeon who had been called had just departed, and Jimmie Carson, the interne, was telling Hal what the big one had said.

"You see," Carson was saying, "in burns it's the *area* that counts. Burn one third of the skin area, and you're a dead Jonah. But *your burns*—why, they don't take up much room at all! The ticklish part will be that arm. It will take a lot of grafting. It *might* be that you'll never be able to use it much again—"

Hal lay there remembering all the things he did with the arm—even though it was only the left one. "Well," he began pensively, and also absent-mindedly, "that certainly would be the b—"

Whether he would have remembered in time and halted in time will never be known. For he was stopped by a soft hand softly laid across his lips.

It was the soft hand of Miss Clarabelle Luce; she had just stolen into the room. Yesterday she had departed on a long voyage. She had been caught by telephone last night, and was back this morning.

A much agitated small Clarabelle she was. Her eyes were filled with tears, her bosom rose and fell. She threw herself across the bed passionately (yet with some care, because of the bandages); the bed began to shake to the throes of her woe. "Oh, Hal, what an idiot I have been! Oh, Hal, what a despicable little fool! Oh, Hal, after this you can say anything you want to—Oh, Hal, *dear* Hal, how little it matters *what* you say!"

"Yes," said Hal, "but I've decided not to say it!"

With the strong arm that was left him, he gathered her up tight to him, tight, tight! But, because he had only one arm, and one arm is not as strong as two arms, this left the top of his head and his eyes still free. He looked up at the ceiling, and at the ceiling winked.

"That's the cat's canary!" he said addressing the blank but not unsympathetic witness.

I Am a Business Man

Continued from page 9

reach positions of great responsibility are in most cases, I am certain, influenced by the pride of achievement, and in many cases by a sense of responsibility to those who work with them in the great organization which they have created. There are exceptions of course, but they are the exceptions which "prove" the rule.

The business man of Mr. Johnston's imagination is a man who grinds down his employees and takes no interest in their welfare. No matter where you live, look into the conduct of some of your home industries. You may find difference of opinion over wages, but in very few cases will you find conditions such as Mr. Johnston has described. The employer of to-day does many things for the happiness of those who work for him.

It is easy to deal in general terms with profit-sharing. It is one of the most discussed problems in business life to-day. The subject is too complicated to deal with here at length, but it is not so simple as Mr. Johnston thinks.

Mr. Johnston also says that he would try to be less ignorant if he were a business man. On this basis we will welcome him to our ranks. He says business men are almost invariably ignorant. I shall not argue that point, but shall express the hope that they are tolerant. Fake paintings and bad taste are to be found in other places besides the homes of business men. This is a young country. It is only passing from the shirt-sleeve stage, but it is destined to be the greatest art center of the world in future generations, because we are reaching out for something better and because we are absorbing into our national life the best of the citizenship of other countries.

We had to pass through the "early Pullman" stage, but artistic standards are improving everywhere, in public buildings, in business buildings, and in homes. Curiously enough, many of these are built by business men.

It seems to be recognized, even by Mr. Johnston, that industry is necessary if the people of this country are to live. The point seems to be that it is degrading, in Mr. Johnston's opinion, to be connected with the conduct of business, even though it be vital to the welfare of the community.

They have recently conducted an experiment in Russia, headed by men who were convinced that their own ideas were better than those tested by experience. The result has been a complete failure from an economic standpoint.

I do not accuse the leaders of Russia of insincerity. I believe they were sincere, but mistaken. I accuse them of lack of ordinary common sense. Their people have starved, and their country has gone backward, while they have tried a few half-baked theories which have failed. If the revolution of Russia has proved any one thing, it has proved the necessity of intelligent leadership. Italy was almost on the verge of revolution and communism when Mussolini, a man who had been a socialist in his youth and recognized the utter futility of his early theories, dragged Italy back from the brink and applied to her national life business standards of efficiency and economy.

Our Business Men are Happy

I HAVE read Mr. Johnston's article, and its reading has made me very sad—sad because it is a perfect example of the wretched misunderstanding of the motives of others which has brought so much unhappiness to the world.

I am a business man, and Mr. Johnston says he pities business men. I hold no brief for business men who practice unfair methods, but I pity any man who is so blind that he cannot see the fine qualities of men in any class who are struggling to carry forward the standards of this country. A few business men are to be found upon the piazzas at Palm Beach, and there are many who do not achieve happiness, but it is not true that the business men of this country are any less happy than the men of any other class. They have the joy of the fight, and some of them achieve success, with the resultant ability to give to those whom they love. Many fail, with the tragedy which failure brings to men of any class. They are a vital force—perhaps no better, but, at any rate, no worse, than their fellow citizens. Their names are to be found among the managers of most of those things which are worth while, and their money is the support of most public movements.

I admire the fine qualities of those in other walks of life who maintain ideals and practice high standards of living. The writers, lawyers, and professional men of all classes have to their credit many achievements which have advanced our national life. I yield all deference to those who work in other lines than my own, but I am not ashamed of being an American business man.

Public School No. 169
New York City

Start the Children right!

Careers are founded on habit. The future of your children depends largely upon the training they receive when young.

Begin early to teach them good, useful and self-respecting habits. One of the most important is that of always looking neat and tidy.

The child who is taught to take pride in personal appearance has an advantage. It is a habit that will be retained all through life. And personal appearance is a vital factor in social and business life today.

Start with the shoes! No one can really look neat with untidy shoes. Buy a Shoe Shining Outfit for the home and see how quickly and naturally the boys and girls fall into the habit of the daily shoe shine.

Aside from its everyday convenience, a Shining Outfit is economical. It saves many a dime. And frequent shines with a good shoe polish preserve shoe leather. A saving both ways!

SHINOLA COMPANY — Rochester, N. Y.
S. M. BIXBY & CO., INC. — Indianapolis, Ind.
F. F. DALLEY COMPANY, INC. — Buffalo, N. Y., and Hamilton, Can.

"look at your shoes!"

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N. Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.

Shinola
Home Set
Bixby's
Liquid Polish
2 in 1
Shining Kit

For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-Blood Shoes

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR

By JACK BINNS.

MANY a radio fan who could give tips to Marconi when it comes to hook-ups doesn't know the letters of his alphabet. Why do all call letters in this country start with N, KD, or W?

At the International Wireless Convention in Switzerland the United States drew all of "N," all "W," and everything in "K" from KDA to KDZ. The N's are retained by the navy. The W's are allotted to stations east of the Mississippi, and the KD's go to stations farther west. Somehow KDKA at Pittsburgh and KYG at Chicago slipped in before this division.

Three Wave Lengths

WGY AT Schenectady now broadcasts on three wave-lengths, 15 meters, 105 meters and 380 meters. B. C. L.'s will now have to do some plain and fancy tuning to get all three. There are only a few receivers that will pick up the 105 meter wave, and not more than half a dozen in the country capable of bringing in the shortest wave.

The Ladies. God Bless 'Em!

MANY of my readers want to know why women's voices are so unattractive over the ether. Oh, Boy! Here's where I get in Dutch. A pessimist friend says: "Without the customary feminine lures of lace, face, figure, and furbelow no woman's voice can be attractive." One thing is certain, and I am told phonograph manufacturers confirm it, women's speaking voices are unattractive over the radio. Maybe it's a matter of pitch and timbre. No! George, I didn't say temper.

Even Sanscrit!

THE thin metal diaphragm of a telephone (or loud speaker) is the universal linguist. It speaks every language under the sun, including Nature's own jargon—Static.

What Coupler is Best

I HAVE often been asked what kind of a coupler or other form of inductance I liked best. Really more depends upon the answer to this than is apparent. In order to get absolute selectivity in a receiver it is necessary to have absolute resonance. This can only be obtained by a correct combination of inductance and capacity. Inductance is the prime requisite of a coil of wire, while that of a condenser is capacity. Both properties may exist in a coil that is badly designed or wound.

The best form of coil is that which has a minimum of distributed capacity in it. For this reason I have always advocated duo-lateral coils. They offer great facility of usage, and eliminate the necessity of taps and switches. The latter are always a source of loss and inefficiency. All the tuning necessary in a set can be done by variable condensers. This is emphasized in most modern factory-built receivers, such as the neutrodyne and super-heterodyne.

Duo-lateral coils can be readily employed in place of couplers. All that is necessary is to use suitable mounting arrangements which permit two dimensional variation of the coupling between the two coils. They may also be substituted for variometers, if two of equal size are joined in series and mounted so as to assist or oppose each other.

Stimulating Imagination

POPULARLY written articles on the recent discoveries and advances in astronomy are great stimulants for your imagination. They tend to familiarize you with the vastness of the Universe. Dr. Harlow Shapley of Harvard, one of the greatest living astronomers, has an amazing article in the August Mentor in which he tells of a new star cloud estimated to be a million light years away. Figure that out! Light travels at the same speed as radio waves—185,000 miles a second. Take a large piece of paper and a long pencil.

Radio Taxicabs

FRANK FAGAN, a Brooklyn taxi owner, survives the rate war in the metropolis with his radio equipped cab. Passengers willingly pay full legal fare to listen in while riding.

An Exhibit

A READER suggests that the Smithsonian Institute should have an exhibit showing man's progress in communication. He mentions these: Sign language, speech, hieroglyphics, writing, printing, couriers, flag signals, smoke signals, pony express, stage coach, railway, telegraph, telephone, camera, wireless, sailboat, steamer, submarine, aeroplane, dirigible, etc. Some one has said progress in civilization is a matter of communication facilities. Surely.

We Admit the Desire

ONE DX fan defending the proclivities of his ilk argues triumphantly: "Imagine a person having the time, money, automobile, and desire to visit California, riding around the streets of his own town." Speaking in a purely personal way I can truthfully testify that I have never experienced all four of those conditions simultaneously.

Loneliness Banished

A SHUT-IN writes telling me what a godsend radio is to him. His is but one class finding consolation in wireless. Others include explorers, rum runners, lighthouse keepers, and night watchmen. Loneliness, a primary cause of insanity, is now inexcusable.

Radio Weather

THE possibility of predicting weather conditions from radio observation of the atmosphere grows apace with the study of static effects. With the aid of direction-finding apparatus in England the course of the thunderstorm has been followed vast distances. Similar observations are now being made in this country and France.

Using Voltmeters

W. B. F. wants to know if it is necessary to have voltmeters permanently equipped on a receiver for "A" battery readings. It is not necessary, W. B. F., but it is of value in telling whether you are burning your filaments too much. With the thoriated tungsten filaments, such as those employed in the U. V. 201a; C. 301a; U. V. 199; C. 299; D. V. 2, and D. V. 3, this is important.

Inspiring Names

THE recent developments in radio transmission and reception are due in large measure to Marconi, Pupin, Alexanderson, Armstrong, Hazeltine, Conrad, and Heising. Their names and fame will be inscribed upon the roll of history. Their lives and work are a constant inspiration to young experimenters.

The Yodlers Also

THE tinkling of cowbells echoed from the verdant slopes of the Swiss Alps will soon be heard all over Europe now that the Helvetian government has authorized four broadcasting stations in the mountainous republic.

Death Rays

NO, GEORGE W., I would not spend much time experimenting to discover a death ray. What we need most is live rays. Put your time in on more useful subjects. Let others explore Charon's realm.

The Creative Thrill

A SUBURBAN friend tells me how he was pestered by his boy until he bought the parts for a one-tube set. Between them they assembled it, and wired it in a day and a half. Then they put up the antenna. Their joy and pride was boundless when, without trouble, these two pals—who knew nothing of radio or electricity—tuned in their first station. Father has learned a new definition of the word "pestering" now.

Letters by Wire

A VOICE-MODULATED magnetic impulse from a radio receiver can be impressed upon a steel wire. This impression is permanent, and can be transmuted into sound waves with suitable, and fairly simple apparatus. It would be quite practical, by these means, for two amateurs to send each other wire letters by mail. This answers the inquiry of J. P.

Want to Make Ten Dollars?

BY THE way—don't forget to write to me. I'll pay ten dollars each for radio stories, experiences, and suggestions that Collier's can print. Make your letters short and snappy. Address me care of Collier's, 416 West 13th Street, New York.

Get Collier's Radio Map

Collier's will furnish its readers, for ten cents in stamps, with a map of the United States showing all the radio broadcasting stations, call signals, wave length, power, and kind of service. The map also shows standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and provides a distance finder. The radio map is printed in three colors. Size, 28 x 34 inches, folded to 4½ x 9½ inches. Address Radio Map Department, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

How About the Ladies?

Continued from page 19

Will run again. Public opinion grants women successful in politics. Women found conscientious, energetic. Beneficial legislation enacted. Reports made represent council best in many years. Broad-minded women independent and with business experience necessary for larger per cent. Men coöperate but not wholeheartedly. Resentment occasionally apparent.

Could any two men in your town show a better record of achievement or answer queries so fearlessly and frankly, after less than two years of service on your city council?

Then why haven't women gone fast—and further in politics?

First, because you may lead women to the political trough, but they will not drink unless they are thirsty.

The majority of American women did not ask for suffrage, did not want it, and have not exercised their right to vote. Reliable statistics prove that only 20 per cent of the enfranchised women voted in the 1923 elections. Of that number probably 15 per cent *were voted* by political bosses and their henchmen. The remaining 5 per cent represent that comparatively small group of intelligent women who are working zealously to educate women in citizenship and politics.

Second, because the average woman would rather agitate a fresh reform than work out the wearisome details necessary to make any law, movement, or privilege function properly.

Worming your way into a political machine is like the routine drudgery of housekeeping.

So long as women would rather talk than work, so long as they would rather be photographed and interviewed than attend caucuses or vote in primary elections, the political boss will continue to speak of the woman vote with his tongue in his cheek. He knows that he and his henchmen have nothing to fear.

If I Were a Business Man

Continued from page 8

educated, there would not be so many of them when they retire, utterly unable to find an interest in life.

Fourth—I would try to be more human.

Most business men get so absorbed in the matter of accumulating dollars and of creating profits that they forget that the persons who work in their offices and factories are human beings for whose welfare their duty to humanity makes them responsible. Let anything happen to one of the machines in a factory, and it will be at once reported to the manager, but all sorts of things may happen to the human beings he employs and he will neither know nor seem to care. Suppose the next time you are talking to a business man, and after you get tired listening to his figures of production and labor cost, you ask him a few questions like this:

Does the minimum wage you pay permit the recipient to live in healthful surroundings and purchase proper food?

Are the conditions under which your employees labor conducive to health?

Are any of your workers suffering from incipient tuberculosis?

The average business man does not bother his head about such things.

Now, if I were a business man, no matter how big my business became, I would try to inject something of the brotherhood of man idea into it. I would try to make the people that worked for me feel that it was "our" business and not "my" business. I would try to discover some method of giving each of my employees a personal incentive for being interested in the business. So far as I have been able to observe there is no better method than some form of profit-sharing.

It is inspiring to record that certain forward-looking business men have already discovered this, and moreover have discovered that it is "good business" to let the worker share in the prosperity he helps to create. That business men are beginning to realize their obligation to their employees is evidenced, too, by the fact that within the past year there have been recorded several transfers of entire businesses to employees on the owner's retirement.

IN SHORT, if I were a business man I would do almost everything differently from the way business men of today do. I would be wary of the business fads of the moment, and be inclined to look with doubt on most of the "efficiency" methods that are being introduced. Most of them look well on paper, but make no allowance for the human element that is so vital in every organization. If I were in charge of a big business, I rather think I should be inclined to fire anyone who had the "conference" habit. Conferences waste a lot of time. In place of conferences. I would try the plan of making each of my lieutenants absolutely responsible for his department, with a budget for his expenditures, and let him stand or fall on results. I would replace the conferences of officials with some sort of weekly town meeting to which every one of the employees would have the right to come and speak right out. I would try at these town meetings to let the whole community of workers know just what the company was trying to do and invite their coöperation and suggestion.

Moreover, were I at the head of a big business, I would keep my door open. I would have at least one day a week, or one hour in each day, when anybody in the business could come direct to me and get off his chest whatever was bothering him. I would try to see that the economies instituted were real economies and not an added expense, as is often the case. In most big institutions you will find people with $100 brains doing $25 work because some fool auditor's system of economy will not permit the $100 man to have a stenographer to help him.

MOREOVER, I would take at least a month's vacation each year. It's a good thing for anyone—even a writer—to get far enough away from his work to think it over calmly to see whether what he is doing is worth while. A long vacation is good for the business man's physical and mental health. It would be good for his organization if he had the vision to give each of his workers four weeks' vacation with pay. In fact, if I were a business man, instead of fighting my employees' demands for shorter hours I would try to determine what number of hours bring about the most efficient work from employees.

But, as I said before, I'm not a business man. I don't know anything about business, and do not want to. About the only time I ever was put in an executive position I was told that I was the rottenest executive that ever was: that I was always looking out for the welfare of the people under me, instead of the interests of the people above me. I tried to explain that it was my theory that a satisfied body of workers would produce better results than a lot of underpaid, dissatisfied people, but I couldn't get anyone to listen.

Probably if I tried to run a business my way it wouldn't succeed. Nevertheless I'll wager that both the people that worked for me and I myself would get more happiness out of it than most of the business men I know seem to get out of their way of doing things. And to my mind human happiness is worth more than a few more figures in a bank book.

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WE SEE BY THE PAPERS
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A NEW YORK department store has taken an inventory of man-made aids to feminine beauty, and finds that on its shelves it carries 452 different soaps, 251 lipsticks, 600 beauty creams, 1,396 perfumes, and 1,675 different kinds of powder.

Someone else observes meantime that there is just one kind of woman.

* * *

LIGHTNING hit a wire clothes-line at Goshen, N. Y., and burned up everything it carried. "Like laundry," is the headline which the New York "World" prints on this item: "Like laundry, only quicker."

* * *

MRS. HARRY STEVENS, billed as "The Mystery Woman" in Coney Island's Palace of Wonders, "saw" something a few nights ago that wasn't on the schedule.

Blindfolded, Mrs. Stevens was identifying the various objects collected from the audience by her husband. "You are holding a silk handkerchief. Now it's a gold watch. I see a street-car ticket. . . . Harry!" she cried suddenly. "I see someone in the booth behind me!"

The someone turned out to be a thief who parted the curtains and made off with a collection of $134.

* * *

A LONDON zoölogist exposed several bowls containing either pure water or whisky of different brands, and found that without exception female butterflies shunned the alcohol, while male butterflies invariably took to the liquor bowls and sipped until they fell off the brim and rolled to the ground. You can write your own conclusion.

* * *

THE young Prince Regent of Japan is going in for golf, and a Tokio dispatch reports him turning in a 77 on one of his first appearances before the public.

That 77 is for nine holes, however, and not eighteen. It is likely that as Japan takes up the game the loyal subjects of the prince will find that something over a hundred and fifty shots a round is none too brilliant shooting. What then?

All these years the Japanese have been encouraged to believe that the Mikado is descended from the gods, omnipotent on earth. The young prince regent is proving himself a democratic sportsman; but what will happen to the theory of omnipotence on earth if the Son of Heaven over-runs three putts?

* * *

OUT on the Pacific Coast the Chamber of Commerce of Yuba City is planning to plant watermelons along the highway all the way to Sacramento—free for tourists along the road. Free melons every seven inches comes about as near paradise on earth for most of us when we are young as anything the imagination musters.

* * *

DR. CHARLES GRAY SHAW, professor of Philosophy at New York University, thinks that we are nearing the end of laughter and that jokes are being kept alive by professionals who resemble doctors administering oxygen.

"We used to laugh at the old maid, but bobbed hair, feminine emancipation and new light on matrimony are making the joke out of date. Then we had our laugh at the drunkards, but the Eighteenth Amendment killed that joke.

"The laugh is going fast. Primitive men did not know enough to laugh, since wit involves a certain amount of intelligence. The men of the future will know too much to laugh."

In the sober scientific world a few centuries from now, thinks Dr. Shaw, there will probably be museums to preserve our jokes and comic strips as we now keep alive the relics of the Stone Age.

* * *

IN WHAT purports to be an unadulterated news dispatch, it is related that "Beanie," cat extraordinary in London, has learned to play "God Save the King" by walking on the keys.

* * *

HALF seconds count on a railway line, and every modern railway has a special department to see that the watches of its engineers and trainmen keep good time. Amateurs can profit from professional tips.

"If you carry a watch in your vest pocket and allow it to remain there when you retire at night," reads a bulletin recently issued by an Eastern road, "hang the vest on a clothes pole or the back of a chair. This will insure the watch the proper position, and the one it occupies during the day."

* * *

AMERICANS who think of Turkey as a slumbering Oriental nation may be compelled to change their minds. The new Prefect of Constantinople, Emine Bey, has given orders that no chairs be allowed in government offices except those occupied by officers themselves.

He wants to discourage the inveterate habit of Turkish officials, comfortably installing their business visitors, treating them to coffee, and then gossiping interminably without getting down to business.

* * *

THE town of Larderello, Italy, is experimenting with volcano power.

South of the city is an area of several square miles where jets of steam and boiling springs have terrified the superstitious peasants of the countryside for as many years as anyone in Larderello can remember.

Prince Conti hitched this surplus power to an electric generator; the experiment proved a success, new machinery has been added, and to-day a heavy head of electric energy runs a score of factories in the neighborhood.

* * *

BACK from the Nazarumi River, South America, a party of explorers led by Dr. William Beebe reports that in a single quarter of a square mile of tropical jungle—believed to be the richest in animal life in the world—it discovered 777 different sorts of vertebrates. Of these, 450 species were birds—a greater variety than occurs in the whole continent of North America.

CHILDREN don't fear the dark instinctively; as a matter of fact they come into the world with no inherited fears at all, except the fear which can be aroused by sudden noise or a sudden feeling they are falling.

That is the conclusion reached after a year's experiments at the Teachers' College, Columbia University, in the course of which tests were made to determine the effect of many things on more than a hundred children—darkness, fire, animals, being alone, and the furriness of inanimate objects.

Fear starts usually at three or so, these Columbia investigators claim—and is the result of mental associations rather than instinctive caution. Only two children in a group of fifteen were frightened by a snake; those two were the oldest.

* * *

WHEN they used to predict the "Horseless Age" most people agreed that it was bound to come, but didn't realize how rapidly.

The National City Bank in New York now estimates that there are 18 million horses on the farms. It was 2[illegible] million just six years ago. That is a decrease of 15 per cent in this short shift of time.

Figure it yourself. At the present rate Dobbin leaves his barn for the last time in 1966. More than a few of us will still be here to cheer him on his journey.

A Massachusetts court has ruled that a pedestrian is not obliged to jump out of the way of an automobile.

"Maybe," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "but it takes a lot of faith, hope, and stubbornness not to."

* * *

THE number of automobiles is said to be increasing by leaps and bounds. But a newspaper in Newark (O.) suggests that the leaps and bounds which many of them take into the ditch tend to dispose of a large number.

* * *

"GOD help America," declares Mr. Jesse Lasky of the Famous Players, "if the time ever comes when it generally accepts the unhappy ending."

No one who's ever been at a baseball game will think it ever will.

* * *

PART of the public never tires of the novelty of being fooled. A jewelry firm in Brooklyn sold a "magic amulet" guaranteed to bring good luck, until the government barred it from the mails, and in six months' time took $281,250 from its credulous patrons.

* * *

THE latest thing in strike threats is the Hangmen's Union organized in Spain. The public executioners of Madrid are asking higher wages—their specialty consisting of the shorter day.

* * *

WHAT purports to be a bona fide proposal is an offer to sell or rent a volcano in Bolivia. The advertisement maintains that the volcano will produce steam enough to develop electrical energy of 400,000,000 kilowatt-hours in the course of 365 days.

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(Original letter in our file)

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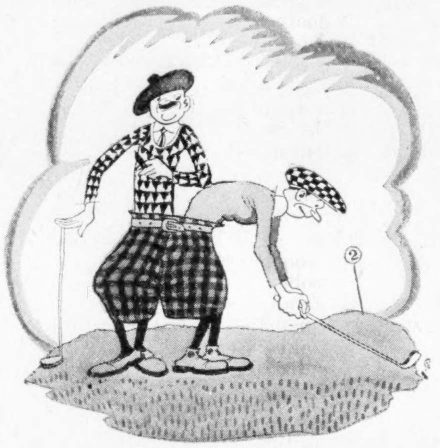
Twelve Rules for Any Golf Club

Continued from page 17

6. *Getting Into Golf Regalia.* Knickerbockers should be put on first, after donning the B. V. D.'s commonly used for field work. This year the balloon type of knickerbockers is the thing. There should be room for two golfers in one pair of knickerbockers, but under no circumstances should two players play a course in one pair of knickerbockers, except after the annual club banquet, when anything goes.

The right leg should be put into the knickerbocker first, the left following immediately. Others may follow at intervals of ten seconds.

7. *Improper Attire.* A stiff shirt is barred on all greens except at clubs that are just starting and are in financial distress. Catch-on ties are improper and the dinner jacket should be worn only with the sanction of the house committee. No badges should be worn, and carrying swords, standards, etc., is barred wherever good breeding is respected and encouraged.



There should be room for two golfers in one pair of knickerbockers

8. *Bag and Golf Balls.* A player should apologize for the condition of his bag and golf balls and clubs whether they require it or not. This is a matter of tradition. Any golfer who admits his equipment is the best he can afford and in perfect condition may be suspended if reported.

9. *Proper Approach to Caddies.* It is by observing the attitude of golfers toward caddies that their social graces may best be judged. Too many golfers obtain caddies by whistling through their teeth, yelling, "Hey there!" etc. Good form requires that no golfer address a caddie until properly introduced. He should go to the caddie master, look over the caddies and say in a low voice, "I'll take the one with the red hair. He looks sufficiently dignified." The caddie master should call the designated boy over and present him formally, saying, "Mr. Sizzle, allow me to present J. Wesley Offington, one of our most prominent caddies. Mister Offington, meet Mr. Sizzle. He ain't a bad sort."

The golfer should raise his hat, take the caddie's hand and say, "I think I have met you some place before. Do you remember me?"

To which the caddie should reply, "I caddied for you once last year. I can never forget you."

The golfer should say, "Oh, yes. Now I recall everything. Well, don't say anything about it and I'll give you the other fifty cents."

The caddie, from this point on, should be willing to treat the golfer as his equal.

10. *Play.* The general rules covering play are well known. It is our purpose here to touch only on certain points of etiquette. First of all, no player should try to borrow money from another while the other is about to drive or putt. He should wait until both have reached the first green. If the other player refuses to lend him money the matter should be dropped until the seventh hole.

To hunt for a lost ball more than ten minutes reveals one to belong to the lower strata. If a player picks up a ball belonging to another player, etiquette and good judgment require but one thing: that he stick to his story, whatever it is.

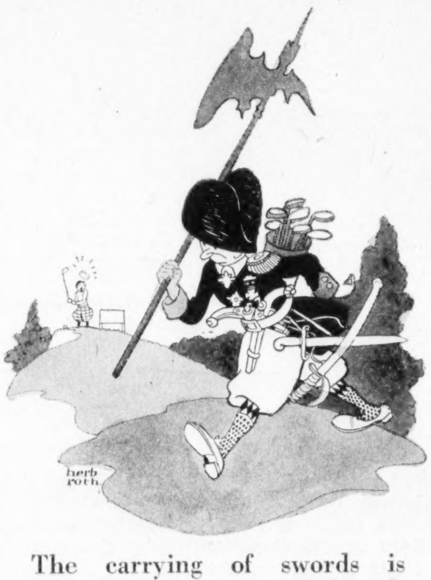
The course of any golf club should be played on the walk. Never should it be played on the run except in cases of non-payment of dues or in a case where a player is followed by a foursome of which Senator Joe Robinson is a member.

In going over the course should a player encounter a lady in evening gown presiding at a bowl of punch on any of the putting greens he should not cross in front of her. She has no business with a punch bowl on a golf links, but if you never have been introduced to her you cannot address her. Therefore she must be left until you can find some member who knows her. When presented you should raise your hat and say, "Pardon me, but isn't the next waltz ours?" Any woman who would be on a putting green with a punch bowl will agree that it is. While you take her off the green your opponent can kick the punch bowl away and play his game. You then should say to the lady, "Oh, this is a Paul Jones," and shift her to your opponent while you putt out, too.

If the lady makes any row about it buy her a new punch bowl and set her up in business again.

11. *Keeping Score.* There is really no sense doing this. It only leads to embarrassment.

12. *After the Game.* Upon the return to the clubhouse a golfer should declare, "I feel great! I could play eighteen holes more," even if he is half dead. This is called "improving his lie." He should then totter under the shower, get the water nice and warm and then howl like an Indian to convey the impression he is taking it ice cold. The soap should be held in the left hand and operated diagonally. Should a cake of it slip to the floor it should not be pursued for a period longer than the time allowed for a lost golf ball. Some players use a "repaint" cake of soap so that if lost in the water it will not be a blow financially. It is not, however, considered good form among the best washers.



The carrying of swords is barred wherever good breeding is respected

The question of a drink may be raised at any time in the process of dressing. It is advisable, however, not to raise it until a golfer has his shoes on and laced and tied. Should drinking be done in advance of this many a player might never get his shoes on.

From this point on no particular etiquette is prescribed, other than to decry the breaking of windows in the clubhouse.

In going home, as one ultimately does, keep to the right.

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Do you know any other way, short of hiring a broadcasting station or buying space in a hundred newspapers, that you can get an original idea about anything from interstate commerce to mah jongg before more than a million folks in all parts of the country? Neither do we.

THE REAL QUESTION at issue between William Johnston and Irving T. Bush, as they discuss the virtues and shortcomings of business men, is, how fairly representative is the business man whom Mr. Johnston pictures?

He pictures one very much like the hard-boiled pothunter of money who is a favorite "heavy" on the silver screen and also in popular fiction—the man who looks at everything "from a business point of view," meaning one not restricted with ethics and decency. He pursues a success computed in dollars, doesn't care a rooty-toot about the welfare of his employees, and loses all sense of life's higher pleasures and spiritual values. Having succeeded and hardened his arteries, he makes a pathetic endeavor to have a good time.

This isn't the kind of business man Mr. Johnston would be, if his lines had fallen that way instead of into journalism. But it is the kind he thinks typical, admitting that there are exceptions.

Which rather gets on the nerves of Mr. Bush—who, it will be generally admitted, is indeed a business man, one with seven points on each antler! Mr. Bush is prepared to concede that as it takes all sorts to make a world, you may come across now and then the kind pictured by Mr. Johnston—but he marshals evidence to show that they are no more representative than shyster lawyers or faking doctors would be. He thinks Mr. Johnston got his conception out of fiction, not out of life.

You've seen a lot of business men on the field or from the sidelines. What do you think?

An Ideal Political Machine

To the Editor of Collier's:

Humankind is like an automobile. It needs a Radical crank to start things, Conservative brakes to stop at grade crossings, and a good flexible Liberal motor to get somewhere. If we could remodel our political parties so that these three fundamental types would get proportional representation in our national councils, we could make better progress than with them scattered through two parties whose basic differences are those of two teams in a tug of war.

F. D. HOWE,
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Must Be the State of Gloom!

To the Editor of Collier's:

If you really want to get out the vote, why not start a bureau of instructions? Out my way the candidate for sheriff on the Democratic ticket is our leading bootlegger; on the Republican ticket, an all-round crook. Please instruct which to vote for. On both tickets the candidates for President stand for reaction and the money interests. Which do you think is the better looking?—so I can determine how to be a good American. No use voting an independent ticket, as the vote wouldn't be counted out here.

"MR. COMMON PEOPLE,"
Somewhere in the Southwest.

The Beliefs of Baptists

To the Editor of Collier's:

One cannot help wondering how any sincere, honest-minded man can feel, as Mr. W. O. Saunders does, that he can do more good in the world for the cause of Christianity outside the church than inside, but this letter is merely to point out an error that many writers make. Mr. Saunders says, "My father was a Baptist who believed that the way of salvation was only through immersion, abject fear of both God and the devil, and an uncompromising belief in the Bible from 'kiver to kiver.' "

Not knowing the father of Mr. Saunders I cannot say as to what he may have personally believed, but being a Baptist minister I do know that he could not have believed what his son says and have been a Baptist. No Baptist who knows anything about his own church doctrines believes or ever did that "the way of salvation was only through immersion."

Baptists do not believe that immersion is essential to salvation. They do both fear and love God, but they resent the foolish inference that they have "an abject fear of both God and the devil." They have no "abject fear" of God and they do not fear the devil at all since they know that they are "kept by the power of God." They do believe the Bible "from 'kiver to kiver,' " but they do not make that a test of church fellowship. For example, I believe that the story of Jonah is historical, but there are thousands of Baptists who accept it only as a parable. I trust Mr. Saunders will familiarize himself with at least a few Baptist teachings before he parades his ignorance again.

WILLIAM S. SMELSER,
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Mr. Smelser is pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Poplar Bluff.

If She Can Do It, Let Her

To the Editor of Collier's:

I suggest that Collier's ask the following question of President Coolidge:

In the name of all that is high and holy in the Constitution of the United States, why is not Mrs. Willebrandt appointed to "clean up this Prohibition mess," as William J. Burns says she can?

JOHN F. GOODING,
Long Beach, Cal.

A Tribute to M. L. C. Pickthall

To the Editor of Collier's:

I don't know when I have read a short story written in such fine style as M. L. C. Pickthall's "Coward's Courage," in Collier's. I think it may be considered one of the best pieces of short-story writing of the year. I little suspected Mr. Pickthall was concealing this unexpected turn of genius. His stories in the past, however, have hinted at it.

Your policy of printing a fairly small quantity of fiction each week and keeping it all of good genre is worthy of praise.

YORK DEXTER SAMPSON,
Sioux Falls, S. D.

Of "Coward's Courage" and the other Pickthall stories that Collier's has printed, we share Mr. Sampson's admiration. He will learn with surprise, however, that M. L. C. Pickthall was a woman, and with sorrow that she is dead.

Hot Weather in California

To the Editor of Collier's:

As I like your Magazine I must say many times you lacke the Guts of telling the truth, during the war all our papers were lies and you was right in it yourself as big as any, it surly is hard to swallow and to think that in this nice and big country of ours there is not one man that dares to come out and say as he thinks.

Can you tell me why we should go to the pools and vote. Do we as the people get what we vote for No we do not. Wall street has appointed our presidents for the last 10 or 20 years and they may as well keep on apointing them untill the voter can get to think. The man that votes now as things are is no American citzin not befor we can get goverment by the people and for the people I and my 12 sons will not cast another vote. You mention if we do not the time will come when tyranny will rule America my dear friend that time is here now what is the diverence between tyrannyism and Wallstreetism none at all only we want a stronger doze of it so the amanail that you call the American citizin, I tell you thay are becomming EXTINCT. Please for a repley in your next issue. Thanks.

J. F. W.,
Oakland, Cal.

But What is Success?

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am convinced that psychologically, morally, spiritually, mentally, physically the effort is often more important than the result. Wilson said, "I would rather fail in a cause that is bound to succeed than succeed in a cause that is bound to fail." "My Son John's" father, in Collier's, would not have him attempt unless certain success is in sight. If this had been the motto of the ages, of what successful failures the world would be deprived! Judged by this standard, Jesus was certainly not a success.

In my own profession few, particularly of the earlier workers, attained success in the sense of accomplishment. Semmelweiss insisted that puerperal fever was carried to the patient, and because of his persistence was banished and died in an insane asylum. An abject failure, he opened a door that revolutionized medicine and has saved millions of lives and untold suffering.

In short, is "John" to be taught that unless he can win he is not to play?

JAMES LLOYD WOODRUFF,
Salt Lake, Utah.

Dr. Woodruff's letter is inspiring, although he misses "John's" father's point, which was not concerned with triumph, acclamation, and worldly prosperity, but simply that there is nothing in tackling your task in a half-baked, haphazard way, botching it, and then claiming a "moral victory."

Hot Weather in Alabama

To the Editor of Collier's:

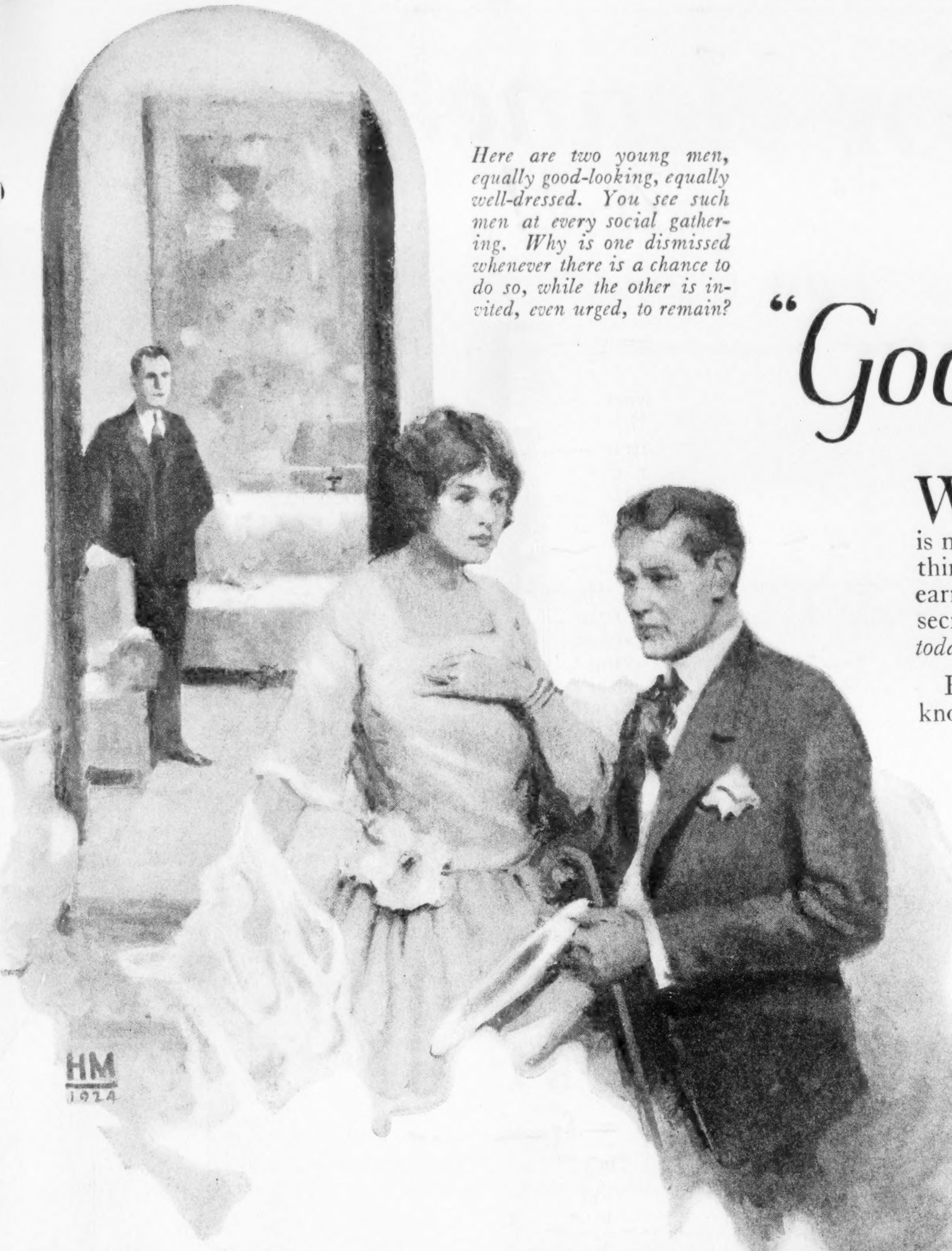
I've been reading something about the Child Labor law, not to let children work under eighteen years of age, etc., etc. That's the craziest of all laws this nation of mongrels has tried to slip over on a long-suffering public. Josh Billings used to say the first law of nature is to steal, the second to hide it, and the third to steal again. You turn loose all the youngsters of all kinds in the United States and all the United States army and navy combined with the regular constabulary couldn't control one fourth of them. The coons would steal all the fowls and everything else, and the others would get the rest. Twenty-four hours a day for a band of young rascals to do nothing but study devilment would make this country go Bolshevik overnight.

All this pretty talk and writing are no good in this case. The best boy and girl in the world are none too good, and if you turn them loose now we will have a nation of curs and mongrels worse than any body of thugs, and you will have to have a man like Brockway at Elmira Reformatory to handle the brutes in every town.

I've been a boy in four states and associated with the best and the worst, and I know that an idle mind is the devil's workshop.

T. O. MUNFORD, Uniontown, Ala.

Surely Mr. Munford doesn't mean it to be understood from his last paragraph that this letter of his is a sort of autobiography—?



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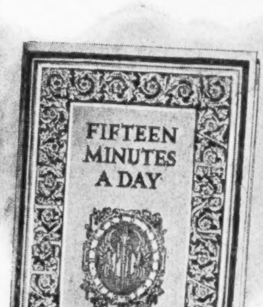

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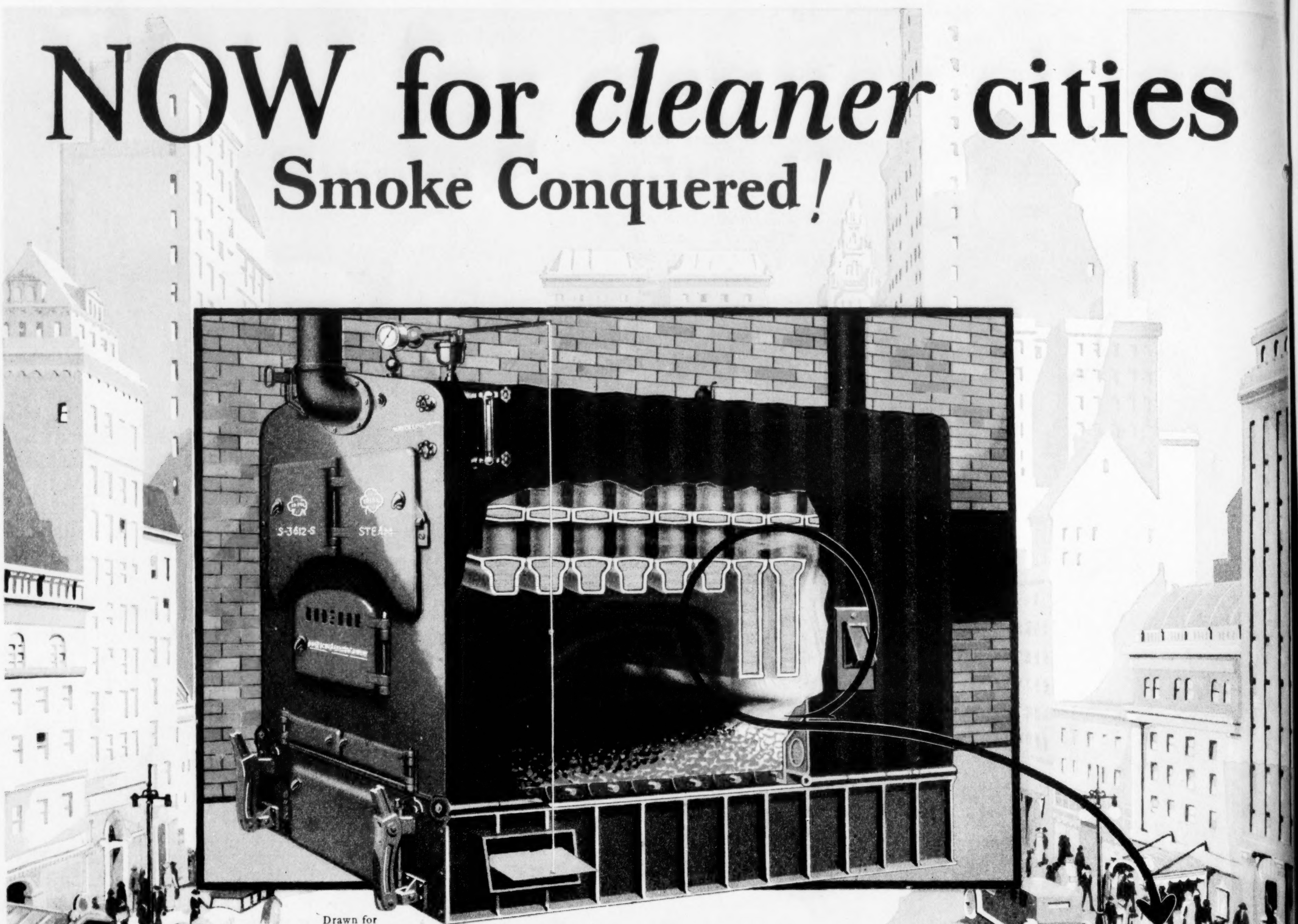

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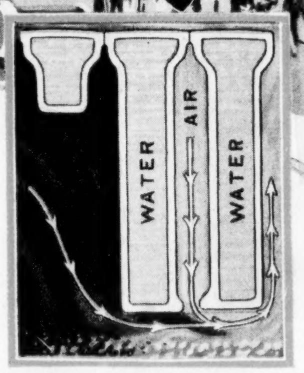

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